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August 1920

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

IN THIS ISSUE: Meredith Nicholson, Opie Read, Clarence Budington Kelland
Alfred Noyes, Dana Burnet, Wallace Irwin, W. A. Fraser, Hal G. Evarts and others

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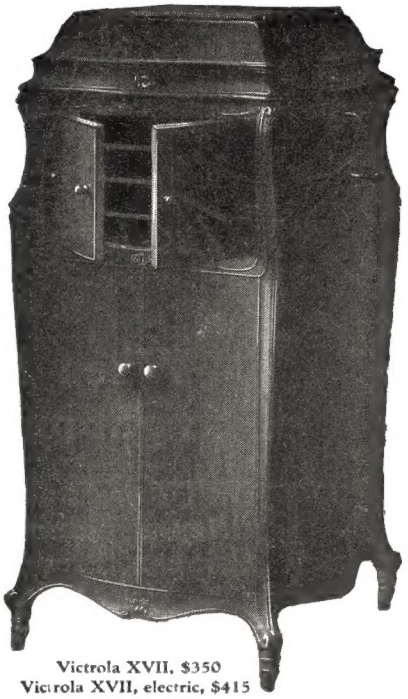

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY
Vol. XXXV, No. 4

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

AUGUST
1920

Cover Design, painted by Haskell Coffin. *Art Section,* Beautiful Women

The *Best* Serial Novels of the Year

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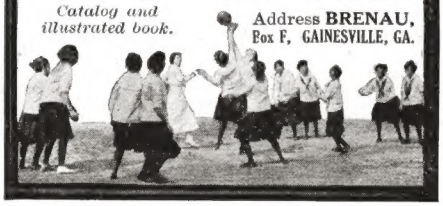

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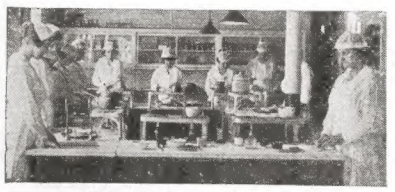

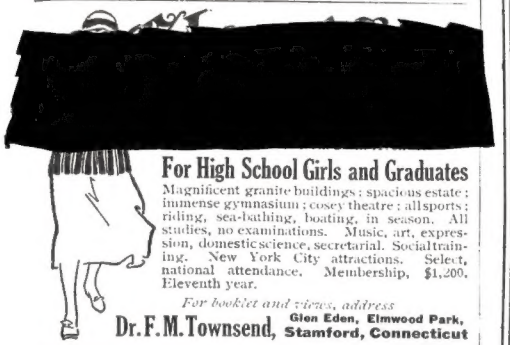

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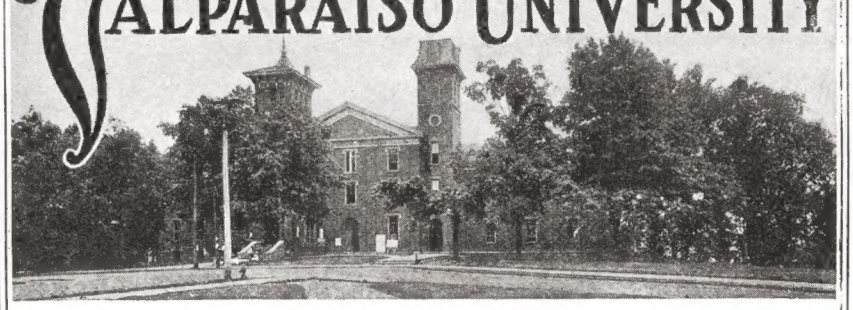

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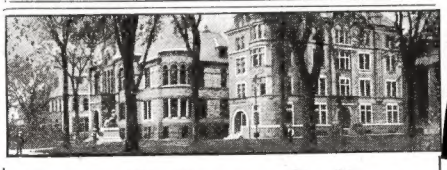

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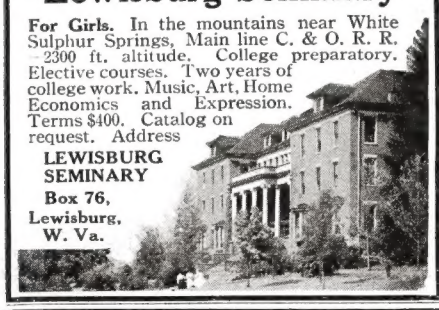

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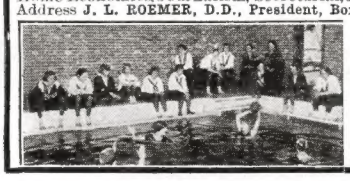

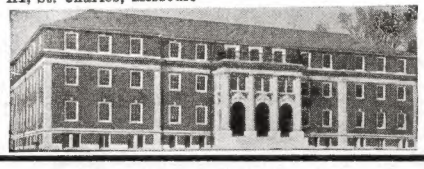

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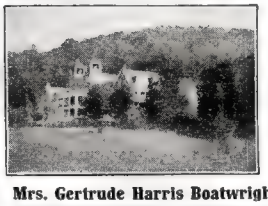

Mattie P. Harris, President
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Schools for Girls Continued on Page 16

The Most Attractive Child I Ever Met

By George Bond

I HAD stopped off on my way East to visit an old classmate of mine who lived on a ranch twenty miles from nowhere and whom I had not seen in ten years. When we arrived at his home his little boy of eight came dashing up on his pony to meet us, and while my friend drove the car round to the garage his young son, having hitched his horse, showed me to my room. I was at once impressed by his courtesy and attractive manners, at which I marveled in one brought up so far in the wilds.

But my surprise grew into wonder at dinner, and as my stay was prolonged, for, though what I first noticed was manners, it was the little fellow's unusual education that later amazed me. He displayed such an interest in the miscellaneous table talk and such remarkable knowledge of people, business, pictures, history, literature, etc., that my admiration continued to grow by leaps and bounds. After dinner he took a book and curled up in a chair to himself where most boys would have worried their mothers to tell or read them a story.

"JIM," I said to his father, when the boy had gone to bed, "I never met a child like Ted before, and the remarkable thing about him is that with all his knowledge, he is 100% real boy. Where did he get his training anyway?"

"From a school in Baltimore," he replied with a smile of pride. "His behavior, his 3 R's, his general information, we owe all to that school."

"When did you live in Baltimore?" I asked.

"I have never been to Baltimore," he answered.

"You don't mean to say you sent a boy of his age away to boarding school?"

"Oh, no!" said he. "When Ted reached the age of four, we became desperate. Neither my wife nor I knew anything about bringing up a child and though we felt our responsibility keenly, we did not know what to do. Ted was meanwhile developing traits and tendencies that began to alarm us. His education meant more to us than anything else in the world, but it seemed that if we stayed here without a school there could be no education. And if we left the ranch there would be no money for his education.

"Thus we were between the two horns of a dilemma. Then one day we heard accidentally that the Calvert School in Baltimore was training and teaching children from four to twelve years right in their own homes, no matter where they live, by laying a foundation of good habits and manners at the *age of four* proceeding with the teaching of reading and writing and so carrying its pupils on until when they finally do go to school they enter a year or more ahead of other children their age."

"I didn't know that such a school existed," I frankly confessed.

"Come, let me show you his school room," he said, and taking me upstairs into the boy's playroom he pointed out one corner set aside for the purpose of a school—with its little desk and a chair and shelf of books, one or two of which I opened.

"What attractive books!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know school books were ever made so. They weren't in my day."

He showed me the daily lesson sheets of instructions so clear that anyone could follow them and so enlightening that even with a random glance I learned things that brought forth the exclamation, "Well, I never knew *that* before!" Then I examined Ted's stories about his pony and life on the ranch, and his compositions, illustrated with pictures on art, history, mythology, science, together with his reports and certificate.

I COMPARED the work mentally with that of my own little girl in the East whom, at a financial sacrifice, I was sending to the best day school I knew of—and a jealous and even angry feeling swept over me that my friend's son, 1,000 miles from a good school, should be so much better trained.

"But who does the actual teaching?" I asked.

"His nurse at first gave him his lessons, but after a while my wife became so interested that she considered it a pleasure and a privilege to do that part herself. She found it brought new interest and delight into her own life, and I venture to say it takes no more of her time than that which your wife spends in hearing your little girl's lessons, which you are paying others to teach.

"Is the Calvert School another one of those money-making enterprises?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied. "The Calvert School was started and is maintained by a group of leading citizens of Baltimore who seek no financial benefits, but who wanted the best the educational world afforded for their own children. And they are broad-minded enough to wish to make similar advantages available to all English-speaking children. The Calvert School faculty is constantly trying out new devices, books, schemes, plans and methods, and they adopt and incorporate into their course any improvement that stands the test.

"You'll be surprised to know there are Calvert pupils in every State and 22 foreign countries, and a great many schools are using Calvert methods, though many claim to be using the Calvert School system who are not entitled to."

Inspired by my friend's enthusiasm, I borrowed a post card, sat down at once and wrote the Calvert School, asking for full information.

When I reached home, the information I sought was awaiting me, and without taking Mary, my daughter, out of school, I at once secured the Calvert instruction for her. It was not long before her school teacher, not knowing what was taking place, remarked on her improvement, and now she is at the head of her class.

WHY not find out what the Calvert School can do for *your* child? There is a course of daily lessons for each age of childhood from 4 or 5 years to 12—not a book of general instructions and advice or discussion of methods of child training, but *definite* lessons for each school day, setting down just what is to be done day by day in such simple language that anyone can follow the directions. The course of daily lessons is within the means of every home.

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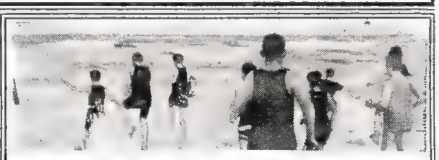

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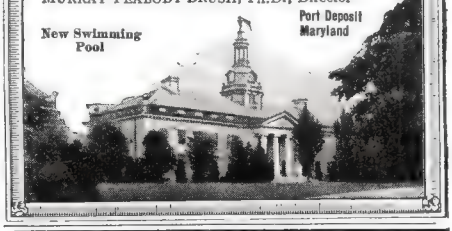

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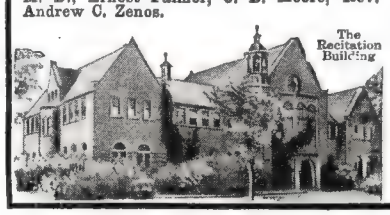

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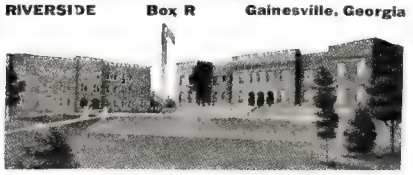

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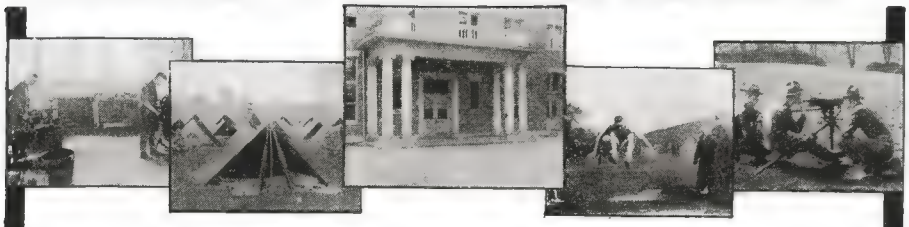

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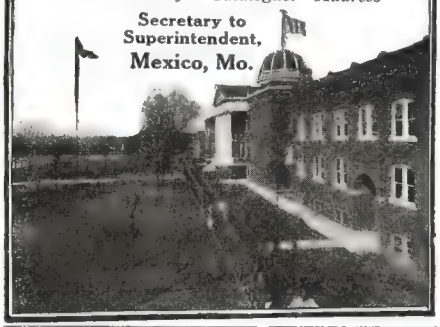

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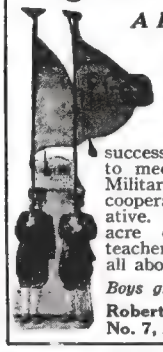

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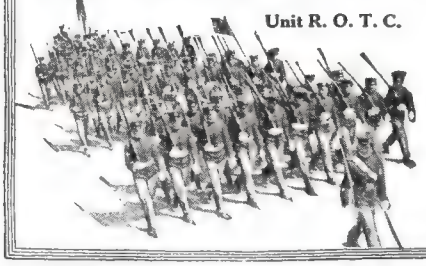

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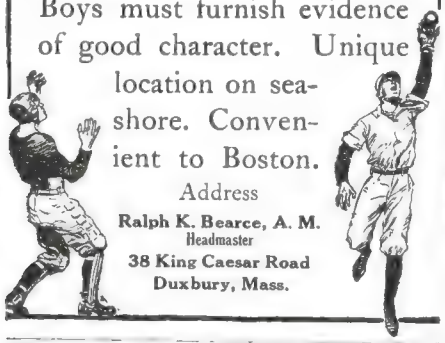

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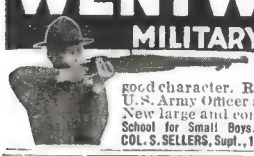

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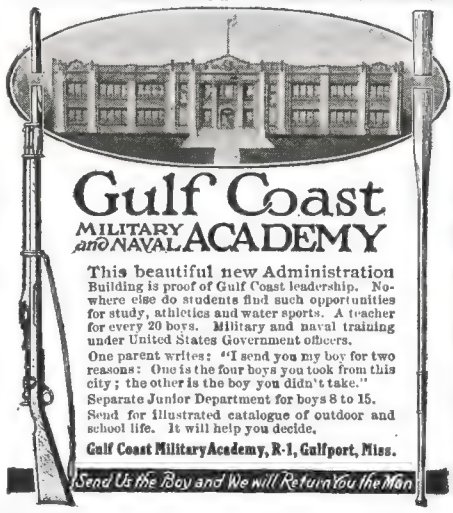

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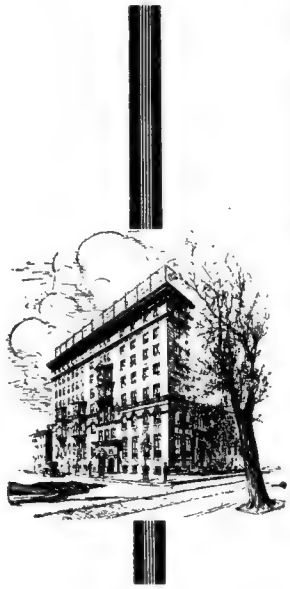

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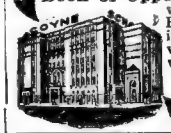

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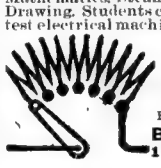

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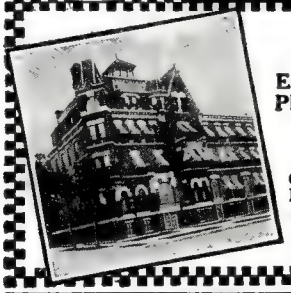

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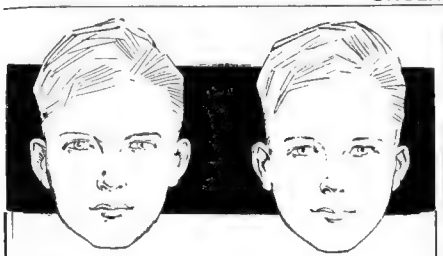

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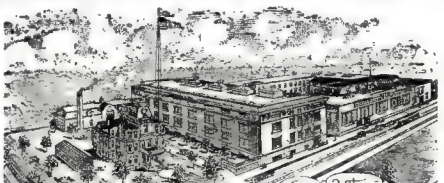

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Continued from pages 6, 7, 8 and 9.

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1466 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn. 34th year. Fits for teaching, physical training, playground work. Bureau of Appointments. Dormitories. 2 gymnasiums. New Dining Hall. 10 buildings. Enclosed 3-acre campus. Boathouse, athletic fields, 250 acres on Sound.

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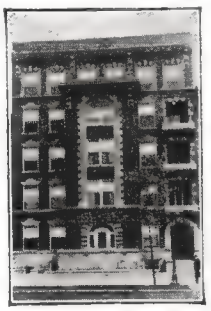

School Dormitory located in excellent residential district

Two Year Normal Course for Directors of Physical Education, Playground Supervisors, Dancing Teachers and Swimming Instructors. Thorough preparation in all branches under strong faculty of experienced men and women.

Our graduates are filling the most responsible positions in the country. High School graduates from accredited schools admitted without examination. Fine Dormitory for non-resident students.

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These Schools are an outgrowth of the educational work of The Battle Creek Sanitarium, and make use of its Hospital, Laboratories, Gymnasiums, Athletic Courts, etc.

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"Countless thousands of men and women are now doing work they dislike when they could be free from the drudgery of life—could enjoy all the happiness and prosperity of successful authorship."

"Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or a play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"OF *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easy as I do.* Any one with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

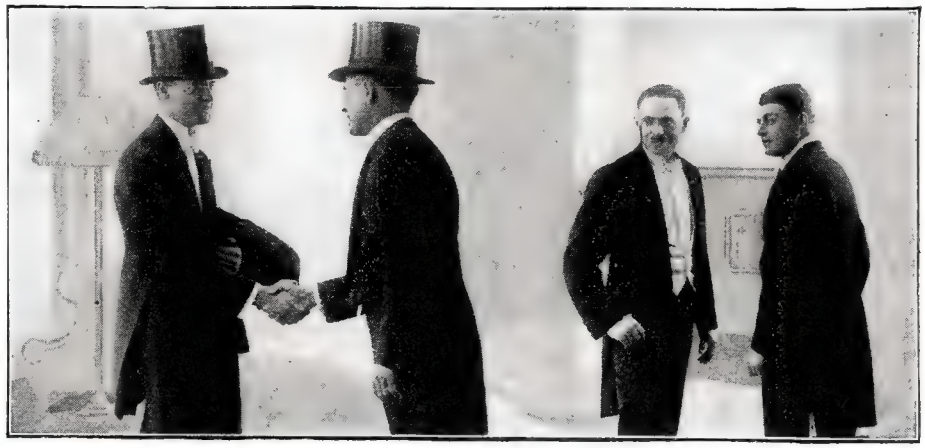
"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.



"Of Course I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle."

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other 6.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now," or "I can't remember," or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in 6 months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous. VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes triple, your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examinations.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $7 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

The Independent Corporation, Dept. R-368, 319 Sixth Ave., N.Y.

Independent Corporation

Publishers of the Independent Weekly

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You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail the Course (or Courses) or send you the price indicated after each in full payment.

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- ☐ Super-Salesmanship ($7). By ARTHUR NEWCOMB.
- ☐ The A.B.C. Method Art Course—12 Lessons ($7).
- ☐ Practical Course in Personal Efficiency ($7). By F. E. PURINTON.
- ☐ How to Read Character at Sight ($7). By DR. K. M. H. BLACKFORD.
- ☐ Ferrin Home Account System ($3.50). By WESLEY W. FERRIN.
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- ☐ Independent Weekly ($5). (52 issues—15c per copy).

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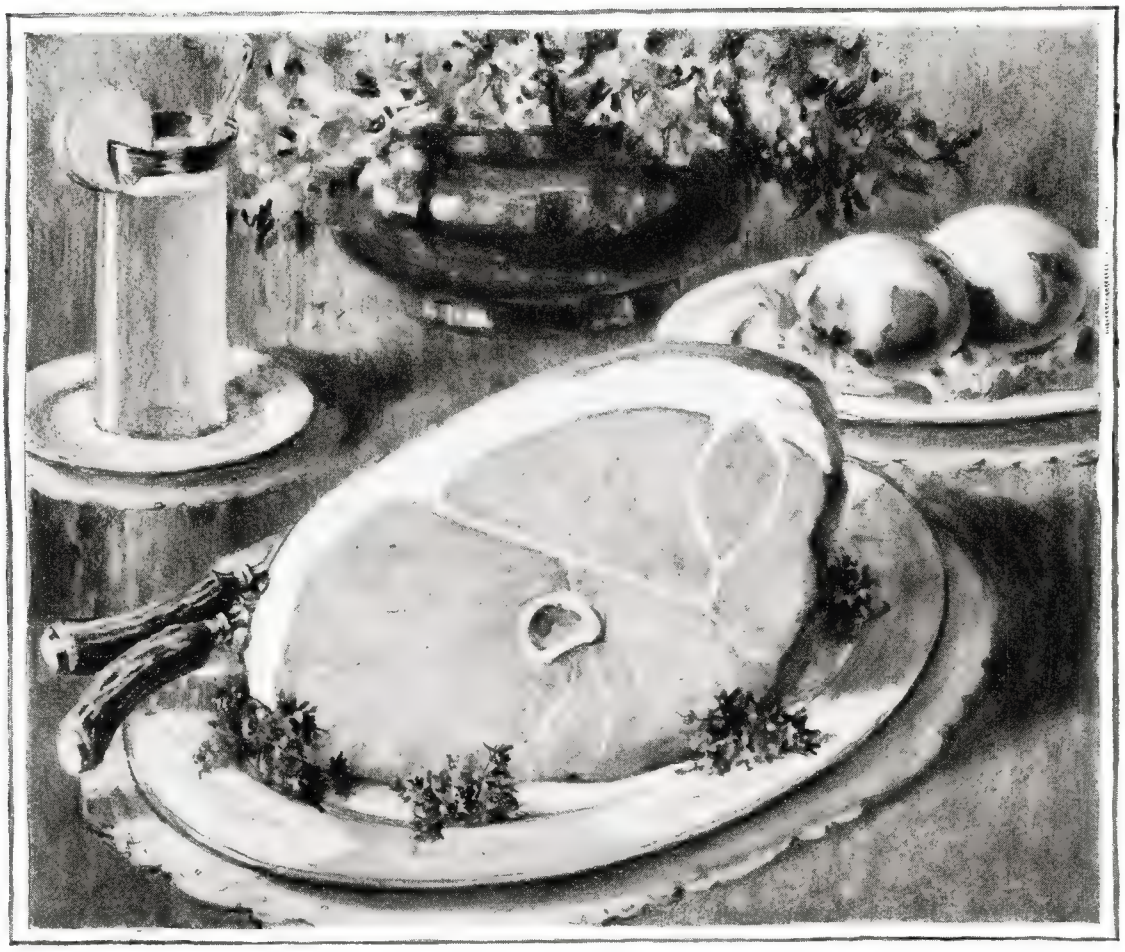


You needn't mind hot weather

When you have cold ham and salads to tempt the family appetite and keep you out of the kitchen

Cool, appetizing, and quickly prepared—these watchwords of every housewife during the "dog days"—are certainly the words to describe this inviting summer meal.

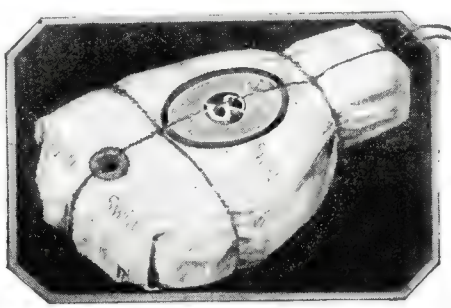
And wherever you are, in town or country, farmhouse or summer home, the vegetables for the salad are readily available and Swift's Premium Ham in the pantry solves the meat problem. Cold boiled slices have all the full, fine flavor of the hot meat. And your kitchen is cool as long as the ham lasts.

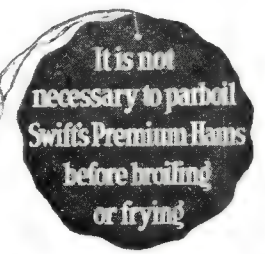
Swift's Premium Ham comes to you with a perfect cure—sweet enough—smoked enough—mild, uniform and delicious. There is no need to parboil it before broiling or frying and lose any of the splendid Premium flavor.

Give the family a treat and yourself a vacation from the meat problem by buying a whole Swift's Premium Ham.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham





Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH RANKIN

THE world holds no other street quite like "the Street of the Great Clock" in Rouen, France.

Joan of Arc, burning at the stake, gazed down this historic street. Its great bell, Rouvel, then almost three centuries old, rang the curfew on that fateful night—and rings it to this day.

Father Time has touched the street but lightly. Much of its glorious architecture has vanished—but the massive clock with its six-foot dial is still official timepiece of this ancient town.

Jehan de Fêlanis little dreamed, when he finished it in 1389, that here was the forerunner of *portable* timepieces so tiny, so amazingly accurate, that millions would be wearing them today—

Material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee ★ ★ ★ ★

Elgin Watches

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in "High and Dry"
Photo by Hixon-Connelly Studio, Kansas City

VIOLET HEMING
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DOROTHY DICKSON
Dancing in "Lassie"
Photo by Maurice Goldberg

RUTH SHEPLEY
in "Adam and Eva"
Photo C by Strauss-Peyton Studio, Kansas City

EMMA HAIG
Dancing in Vaudeville
Photo by Hixon-Connelly Studio, Kansas City

ETHEL COZZENS
in "He and She"
Photo by Apeda, New York

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OLIVE THOMAS

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

August is the Month of Fulfillment

GROWING things are reaching perfection and the Harvest Moon turns the world to gold.

This August is marked by the fulfillment of Selznick's promise to give you the stars you want in the kind of pictures you like to see pictures that charm with sentiment, lure with mystery, thrill with adventure, delight with romance.

That's why two new stars have been added to the Selznick firmament and why

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When Men Come Up to the End

A common-sense editorial by BRUCE BARTON

A VERY prominent manufacturer of pianos and pipe-organs died some years ago. And this is the story that is told of him. He was very near to the end; the family were gathered about, when a maid entered the room hesitatingly and announced that Dan, the organ-tuner from the factory, was at the door.

"Send him up," said the dying man.

"Dan, I want you to go downstairs and put the organ in first-class condition," he commanded. "We expect to have a large gathering of people here in a few days, and every note must be right."

Can you picture the scene? Doesn't it make you a little prouder of belonging to the human race?

Some weeks ago the directors of a national institution held their annual meeting in New York. The president, who has been kept alive for the past five years only by the power of an indomitable will, addressed them:

"In order that the interests of the institution may be conserved, I feel that you should at this time consider who is to be my successor," he said. And with them he discussed quite impersonally various candidates who might fill his place when he should be gone.

The doctors have told him that he cannot possibly live more than another two years, and may die at any moment. He knows their verdict; it affects him not at all. Up to the last breath he will keep going; and he will die as he has lived, fighting to the last breath.

There are those who run from the thought of death, as children run from the dark. No magazine should mention the word, they say; it is an "unpleasant subject"—morbid and depressing. On the contrary, it seems to me that there is nothing more inspiring than to see the way in which the brave men and women of the world have walked unflinchingly to the end.

"My friends, I die in peace, and with sentiments of universal love and kindness toward all men," said Robert Emmet, the great Irish patriot.

With those words he shook hands with some persons on the scaffold, presented his watch to the hangman, and assisted in adjusting the rope around his own neck.

"Carry my bones before you on your march, for the rebels will not be able to endure the sight of me, alive or dead," Edward I instructed his son. Even at the end of the path his eyes were fastened on the future, and fear was swallowed up in his determination for the success of his enterprise.

DRAW a line through human history at the time of the birth of Christ and compare the last words of men who died before that date with the words of those who passed on afterward. The contrast is illuminating. Before He came, men went shuddering into oblivion. After Him the great souls of the world passed through the gate as conquerors, merely changing their armor in preparation for a more glorious crusade.

Sir Henry Havelock, approaching his last hour, called his son to the bedside:

"Come, my son," he cried, "and see how a Christian can die."

The object of Christianity is to teach men better how to live; but it would have justified itself a thousandfold had it done nothing except to teach men how worthily to die: not as victims, not as players in a game where all must finally lose, not as angels, but *as men*—

Faithful, self-confident and unafraid.

Another of Bruce Barton's Common-sense Editorials will appear on this page in the next issue of the Red Book Magazine.

LATHER
RUB a cake of Ivory Soap between your wet hands, and watch the wonderful Ivory lather foam up in millions of lively bubbles.
Rub the lather into your skin. Notice how grateful it feels—not a suggestion of irritation. Notice that it does not dry down nor go "flat," but spreads its velvety coat over your entire body.
Dash water upon it. See it vanish instantly. Observe the clear, satiny smoothness it gives to your skin, and the exhilarating sense of perfect cleanliness which envelops you.
Do you wonder that the people who use Ivory Soap can be satisfied with no other?
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August, 1920
Vol. XXXV, Number 4

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Karl Edwin Harriman
Editor

In the next—the September—issue of this magazine will begin the most original and engrossing serial novel of life in America today that we have thus far published.

"Beauty"

By RUPERT HUGHES

Its famous author—called by his contemporaries the Balzac of America—needs no introduction to readers of this magazine in which all his great novels are first and exclusively published. You have never read a story like it, and when you have finished it, you will have a new conception of America and Americans of this day.

DUTIFUL DOROTHY

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrated by NORMAN PRICE

THE State chairmanship was wished on Ward Beckwith chiefly because no one else in the party who knew anything about the Great Game would take it. So many giants had contended in the primaries for the honorable office of governor that none received the requisite majority, and the choice was left to the State convention. Out of the prevailing distrust and suspicion rose a loud clamor for the selection of a chairman who would not play favorites. Ward had voiced the grievances of the disappointed and disaffected at a love-feast in his district—a noisy function where the love was served on a hatchet, and when the State committee met to name a new chairman, the revolutionary forces were strong enough to enforce their demands.

Ward liked to fish, hunt, play golf, drive a motor, dance and flirt, and in all these pastimes he was an adept. He worked with tremendous energy when his powers were challenged, but ordinary routine business bored him extremely. He did not trouble himself greatly about his profession, for the firm of Beckwith & Beckwith had the best law-practice in the northern provinces of the grand old Sycamore State, and the senior member of the firm had prospered otherwise through investments in coal lands. Being thus happily circumstanced, Ward good-naturedly assumed the State chairmanship, thinking he might get some fun out of it.

He went to the capital and spent a fortnight reorganizing State headquarters and listening to advice, some of which was good. The old reliables from the country districts who called to look him over went home mystified. During these interviews he remained standing, and as the Honorable Eph Howe of Patoka County remarked, didn't seem to know that chairs were made for settin' purposes. The door of the chairman's room was open to all the world—a shocking innovation, and without crawling across a broad flat-top desk, visitors couldn't get close enough to the chairman to whisper in his ear. The leading journal at the capital pointed out that Ward, being the most eligible bachelor in the State, might be expected to wield great power with the newly enfranchised women.

Mrs. Annabel Lee Scott, who had been president of all the federations, confederations and alliances of women in the State until her enfranchisement opened new opportunities for her splendid energies, gave a luncheon for the State chairman in a private dining-room of the Hotel Sycamore. He was the only male present except the waiters, and as the talk was brisk and amusing and the food excellent, he left the company with a feeling that the projection of women into politics was a beneficial thing destined to elevate the tone of American citizenship.

Two weeks of conferences and handshaking wearied him, and he decided to go into retirement for a few days and consider matters a little. The Faraway Country Club appeared to him as an admirable place for his retreat. It was an exclusive social organization where he was not likely to be molested by politicians. He told them at headquarters that he was going to Washington, and an hour later was comfortably established in one of the pleasantest rooms of the Faraway. There was no one he knew in the dining-room at luncheon, and as the June air invited to the open, he slung his golf-bag over his shoulder and set out for a leisurely stroll over the links.

AN interurban car climbed the hill in the distance and tooted for the club stop. A young woman alighted, and ignoring the usual path to the gate, climbed the fence; and after surveying the course from this point of vantage, she started across the links toward the clubhouse. Having made a satisfactory drive for the third hole, Ward saw that the young person had established herself on a bunker with her face turned toward him, apparently utterly unconscious of the fact that she might be interfering with his lawful right to the course. She responded

to his "Fore!" with a wave of the hand which invited him to proceed with his shot. This was decidedly annoying. The young lady, whoever she was, had no business to assume that his ball would clear her head, and when he repeated his "Fore!" more peremptorily, without further ado she dropped behind the bunker as suddenly as though she had been precipitated through a trap-door. An informal person, he reflected; but the way being clear, he seized his brassie and made ready for the shot. He knew by the encouraging snap that he would get the distance he wanted, and as he bent forward straining his eyes, the girl rose to her feet and mockingly threw a kiss after the ball. She stood stolidly waiting for him, her hands thrust boyishly into her coat pockets.

"That was a bully shot, all right," she remarked.

"You are most encouraging! It really might have been worse."

"Why didn't you go ahead and shoot while I was sitting on that mountain? I wasn't afraid you'd hit me."

"You should have been; and besides, it's against the rules to sit on bunkers."

"You've broken my heart! But I suppose I really might have rattled you and spoiled your shot."

"I confess that you did make me a little nervous."

HE passed the diagonal cut in the bunker and found that she was taller than he had imagined and yet not so very tall, but certainly not the overgrown child he had charitably assumed her to be from her strange antics. She might have been eighteen, but after meeting for a moment the gaze of her handsome gray eyes, he decided that she might even be twenty.

"I'll bet a cookie you think I'm crazy! But I'm not; I really am not!" she said with a drawl.

He liked her drawl; it emphasized the quizzical humor he detected in her eyes. A foursome was bearing down upon them, and he suggested that they move along.

"You're Ward Beckwith; I'm Dorothy Atwood."

"The first statement is undoubtedly correct; and I have no reason to question the second," Ward answered, amused by the downright fashion of her introduction.

"My father is Caleb F. Atwood of Loomis City. I guess you know him."

He was chagrined that he had not remembered at once the Atwoods of Loomis City. But for her unconventional invasion of his privacy, he would undoubtedly have recalled instantly the Honorable Caleb F. as the most conspicuous Atwood in the State.

"I met your father frequently during the last session of the legislature," he said. "He was State senator from Loomis County, and of course we heard much of him during the primary campaign."

"Born on a farm," she elucidated, as though reciting from "Who's Who;" "worked his way through college; studied law while teaching school; is recognized not only as one of the most powerful advocates at the State bar, but as a Chautauqua lecturer demands two hundred a night and expenses wherever the corn grows tall."

"His daughter Dorothy," he suggested, after dropping his ball on the green with a deft approach.

"Is an only child," she supplied, with a mournful intonation. "After graduating from the high school of Loomis City, Miss Atwood completed the course in domestic science at the State Agricultural College. Please let me roll the ball into the can. I don't know anything about golf, but I'm a wonder at croquet."

The ball was at the edge of the green, but she holed it out.

"I couldn't have done that myself," he remarked approvingly. "The State championship is already within your grasp!"

"Well, I may tackle this game when I'm not so busy."

"I had assumed that you came out to play this afternoon. Haven't you really an outfit over there in the clubhouse?"

"I never was here before; I'm just a simple little country lass, you know," she answered with mock demureness.

"Oh, Loomis City isn't so small! I had set you down as the capital city's newest débutante. I'm a bush leaguer myself."

She waited for him to drive, and this matter having been attended to, she further explained herself as she walked beside him.

"You're trying to guess what I came for, and with a candor which I hope is pleasing, I'll tell you that I came just to see you. Isn't that per-fect-ly aw-ful?"

She evidently understood the humorous possibilities of her drawl, and when Ward laughed, he met a stare of innocent surprise which, presumably, she knew added to the effectiveness of her speeches.

"Dreadful!" he assented, more and more puzzled, interested and pleased. "As no one knew I was out here, I'm just a little curious to know how you found me."

"Well, I called up headquarters to ask for you, and they said you had gone to Washington; and I went to the Sycamore and just happened to be standing on the sidewalk when you got into a taxi with two suitcases and a golf-bag and told the driver to bring you here. As I wished to see you on particular business, I hopped the interurban; and that brings us up to date."

"I must say, Miss Atwood, that I admire your enterprise. Shall we drop the game and go up to the veranda, or can you talk just as well as we roam the meadows?"

"Oh, I think it's more fun to stay out here. As I don't belong to the club, some one might look at me with lofty disdain and make me sad."

"I came out here to hide from the politicians and didn't expect any such pleasant encounter as this."

"Then the joke is sure on you, for I came here to talk politics."

He stopped with a mock gesture of despair.

"Great heavens! You're not a voter yet!"

"Don't bet anything on that! Anyhow, you've got to catch 'em young, and perhaps this isn't just all politics; there's a good deal of Me in what I want to talk to you about."

"The more of you the better! Please go right ahead."

"Well, you know Papa's got to have that nomination for governor. He's not at all discouraged by coming in third in the primaries, but he's got some job ahead to shake the plum from the tree in the convention."

"It wouldn't be proper for me to express any opinion on that subject," he replied cautiously. "As State chairman I've got to maintain a strict neutrality toward all the candidates, and there's a large field of aspirants."

"Oh, you needn't shy like that," she said scornfully. "Old Pop Thayer of Putnam got more votes than anybody else in the primary, but Papa isn't scared by that. He's got about half the delegates from Thayer's district in his inside pocket right now. And I guess maybe I can tell you some more things you don't know. Grimes and Hathaway were two of the other candidates, and they're still in the race, but when the time comes, you'll find they're really for Papa."

WARD was calculating an approach to the next green, but her introduction of these names into the conversation caused him to lift his head quickly.

"Grimes and Hathaway! Are you sure about that?"

"Dead sure! Papa took me to Gordon Springs right after the primaries, and while we were there, both Grimes and Hathaway just happened along. I guess they fixed things up for Papa all right."

"Um-m!" Ward answered, and overshot the green in his perturbation. "You mustn't tell me things like that!" he ejaculated. "If what you say is true and I should use it in certain quarters, it would ruin your father, and he wouldn't get within a thousand miles of the nomination."

"Oh, of course I knew if I came and talked to you this way, you'd be too much of a gentleman to do anything to injure Papa's chances."

This she uttered with the utmost innocence as she idly twirled his driver. He judged that she had not yet fully disclosed the purpose of her errand.

"Mr. Atwood didn't know you were coming to see me?" he suggested.

"Don't be silly! Of course he didn't!"

Ward had never been among Atwood's admirers, but his opinion of the Loomis City candidate rose rapidly as he contemplated the Honorable Caleb's daughter. Atwood was a political chameleon who reflected the opinions of the last person he talked to. It was astounding that that side-stepper could be the father of this girl, who clearly held strong convictions on many subjects and discussed them with refreshing candor.

"If you're not tired of me, I'll go ahead and tell you the rest," she said after he had allowed her to drive a ball and they had rescued it from a briar thicket. "You know Papa's a widower. Mamma died three years ago."

"Yes, I remember," murmured Ward sympathetically.

"Well, Papa travels round a lot and meets loads of women, and at Christmas he gets scads of handmade handkerchiefs and comforters and junk like that."

"That's quite natural, of course," remarked Ward. "Your father's fine social qualities have contributed a great deal to his success, and now that the women of our State have the ballot, they are bound to be partial to him."

The Honorable Joe Barker continued to denounce and threaten. The forces hostile to Atwood attempted to howl him down, but his shrill pipe rode upon the tempest.

"Come out of the corner! You're not getting me at all!"

Taken aback by her frank expression of displeasure, the State chairman leaned on a sand-box and stared at her helplessly.

"Let your thoughts cluster about Annabel Lee Scott," she resumed patiently. "That woman's trying to vamp Papa, and first thing we know she'll have him buffaloed! I don't want you to think I don't love Papa and admire him, but sometimes he seems to me as helpless as a baby; and now that Annabel has spotted him as a winner and is going to marry him so she can gather in all the glory there is in being the governor's wife, I'm scared plumb to pieces. That woman has all kinds of crazy ideas, but she talks smooth and wears the jazziest clothes of any woman in the corn-belt. She's not merely an advanced thinker; she marches about nine miles ahead of the procession. Her latest idea is to have all the school kids in the State wear uniforms, to make them democratic. And she has the bug that the State ought to own a big woods in every county just for the birdies, so children can be taken to see them and learn their names and how to trill their pretty songs. If she coaxes Papa to take up some of those lovely ideas of hers, he's going to let himself in for an awful licking."

"But your father would never be foolish enough to take up things like that!" Ward expostulated.

"Don't you think he wouldn't! Papa's chock-full of sentiment, and he just eats up that stuff. When I was a kid, he used to take me out walking every Sunday afternoon to point out the beauties of nature. That was all right, and I am not knocking. What I want to head off is the prospect of having Annabel for a stepmother!"

"Oh, that prospect doesn't please you!"

"Certainly not. Look here! I don't want to be disagreeable, but it occurs to me that considering you're the State chairman, you don't know much about what's going on in the party."

"You have spoken a true word," Ward assented cheerfully. "This is the most profitable hour I've spent since my appointment. Now as to the Lady Annabel?"

"When I read in the papers about that luncheon she threw for you a week ago, I wondered right away what was back of it besides her hanker to know influential people."

"You mean some hidden motive!" cried Ward.

"Yep!" answered Dorothy, jumping up and clutching at a wandering butterfly. "She was laying pipes to get you on Papa's side. She talked about him, didn't she?"

"I think she did refer to him a few times," Ward confessed.

"Of course she did! But by the time she's been the first lady of the State for a couple of years, she'll have Papa committed to so many of her weird ideas that he will be a dead one."

There was nothing vindictive in her manner of speaking of Annabel Lee Scott; in fact, her drawl gave a humorous twist to everything she said. They had now finished nine holes, and as Miss Atwood was proving so much more interesting than golf, he suggested that they drop the game and continue their conversation on a bench by the riverside.

"Thank you very much. And if you're not cross at me, I'll go ahead and tell you how we can save Papa and the party."

"You grow more wonderful every minute. Please proceed."

"Well, it's this way," she said, slowly breaking a twig into tiny pieces: "Annabel has a daughter. You met her at that luncheon. She's twenty-seven, but her mother holds her back and pretends that she's just a little schoolgirl, so she'll seem younger herself. You might think Winifred half-witted from the way her mother treats her, but she went through college and must have some brains."

"I noticed that she didn't seem very communicative," Ward replied as he speculated vainly as to what Miss Winifred Scott had to do with the political future of the Honorable Caleb Atwood.

"Annabel has too many ideas and talks too much for a politician's wife. Father's got the marrying bug and is going to marry somebody, and I've been wondering whether you and I couldn't switch him off to Winifred."

"Good Lord, you don't seriously mean that you think you can pull that off?"

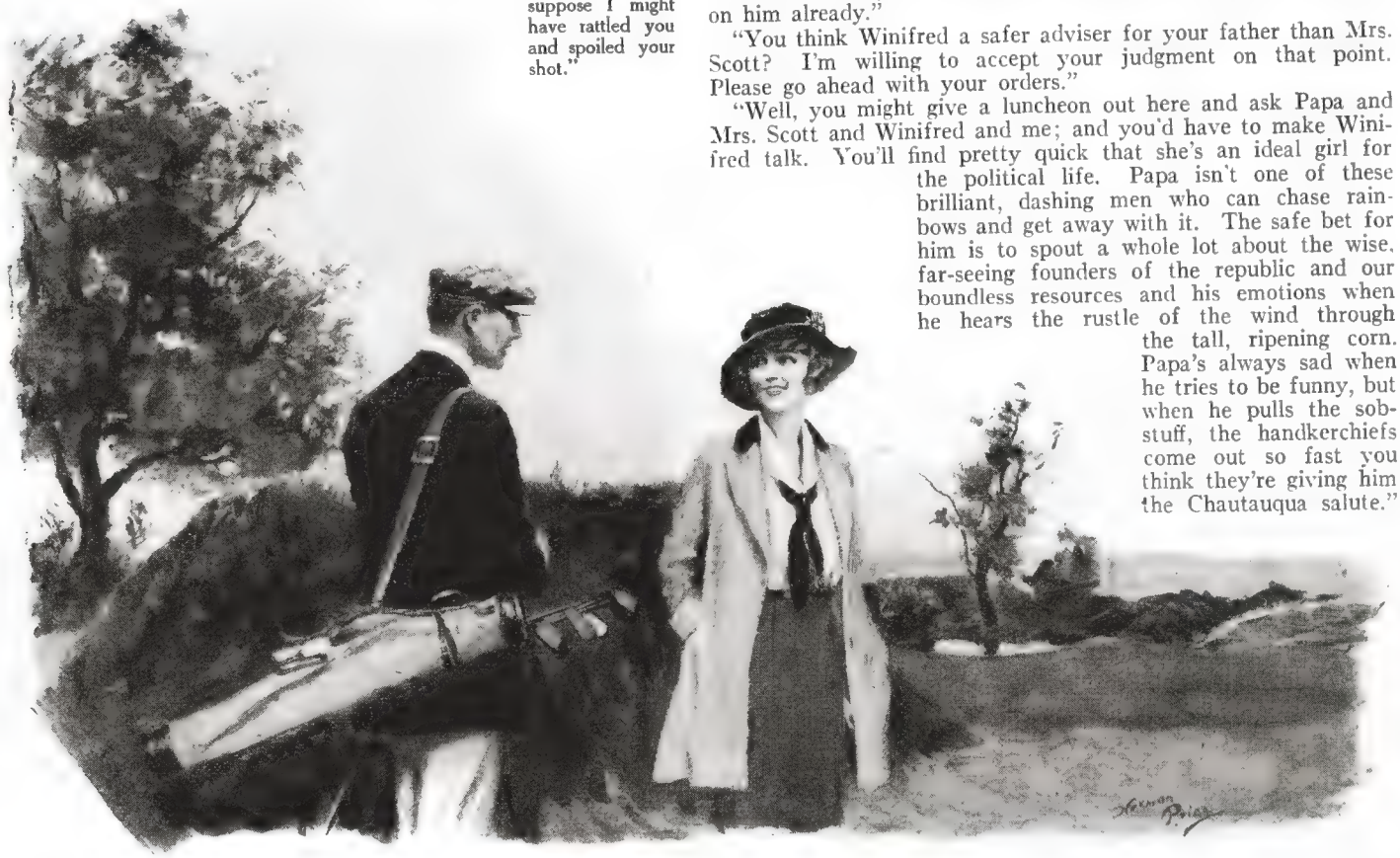
"It can be done," she replied with entire sobriety. "Winifred isn't a nut; she's only a bromide, which is very different. Annabel likes to see the kettle boil over, but Winifred is scared as soon as it begins to steam. Do you get me?"

"I follow you even as one who follows a great and beautiful light," Ward replied. "But you must remember that I'm only a committee chairman and not the official matchmaker of the State. Please tell me just where I come in."

"Well, I thought you might make Winifred your secretary or give her some kind of a job around headquarters. And if you just give her a hint now and then to keep her eye on Papa's speeches and not let him say anything that has any real pep to it, it wont be long until he'll eat out of her hand. He's just that way, you know. The strain of trying to assimilate Annabel's fancy stuff is telling on him already."

"You think Winifred a safer adviser for your father than Mrs. Scott? I'm willing to accept your judgment on that point. Please go ahead with your orders."

"Well, you might give a luncheon out here and ask Papa and Mrs. Scott and Winifred and me; and you'd have to make Winifred talk. You'll find pretty quick that she's an ideal girl for the political life. Papa isn't one of these brilliant, dashing men who can chase rainbows and get away with it. The safe bet for him is to spout a whole lot about the wise, far-seeing founders of the republic and our boundless resources and his emotions when he hears the rustle of the wind through the tall, ripening corn. Papa's always sad when he tries to be funny, but when he pulls the sob-stuff, the handkerchiefs come out so fast you think they're giving him the Chautauqua salute."



"You've broken my heart! But I suppose I might have rattled you and spoiled your shot."

"Precisely!" ejaculated the Honorable Caleb rapturously. "Anything that enfeebles the sense of civic duty weakens the fabric of the whole body politic."

She had expressed so perfectly his own ideas as to the moral and intellectual range of the Honorable Caleb F. Atwood that he was bewildered. It was incredible that any one so young and agreeable to look at could be so wise.

"Dorothy," he said gently, "do you know that you and I are conspirators? I'm putting myself in your power, and if you tell on me, I'll go to jail?"

"Aint it dreadful!" she ejaculated, turning a scornful glance upon him. "I'm not afraid of you, and you're not afraid of me. Papa only needs to come out strong on an Annabel Lee Scott platform to get a licking, and if the party doesn't win while you're chairman, you're out of politics."

"Well, if I thought it was not just your father you wanted saved or the party, but me—just a little—"

"Look here!" She turned toward him belligerently. "Don't you try flirting with me! This is strictly business."

"My dear Dorothy, I hadn't the slightest intention of flirting with you! It just occurred to me that if I could be sure you really wanted me to win, it would hearten me up a lot."

"There you go again! Can it!"

With all his good qualities he was not without the conceit pardonable in a young man who knows that he has a certain value in the matrimonial market. The emphatic declaration of Miss Atwood that he need not look upon her as a likely subject for his powers of fascination took his breath away.

"Please look upon me as an old friend, Dorothy," he said quickly to hide his confusion.

"Shake on that!" she said gravely, and extended her slim brown hand. "I guess we've got everything set now except the date for that luncheon. The convention is just three weeks off. When do you think you can get the bunch together?"

"If your father will be in town next Monday, that would suit me very well. I must give Mrs. Scott and Winifred a little notice, and of course I want you to make sure of your father's acceptance before I issue the other invitations. I'd be in a nice box if you and your father failed to show up."

"Trust me to deliver Papa right on the dot! It's time for me to skip. I can just about catch that next car, and I want you to sit right here on this bench for a little while and think about all the things I've told you. We've got to keep Papa from being made a monkey of by Annabel Lee."

She jumped up, and snapping her fingers, danced before him, quoting mockingly:

> "The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
> Went envying her and me;
> Yes! that was the reason (as all men know
> In this kingdom by the sea)
> That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
> Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."

When he insisted upon driving her into the city in his machine, she darted across the links toward the road. She ran as a boy runs, with head down and elbows drawn in. He stood on the bench the better to watch her flight over the rolling course. At the first toot of the approaching car, he saw her suddenly increase her speed, and when she reached the fence, she flung herself over and gained the platform a second ahead of the car.

The flutter of a handkerchief from the vestibule gave him an assurance that he sorely needed that he had not been talking to a wanderer from Elfland but to a veritable girl and the most remarkable representative of her sex that it had so far been his privilege to know.

IT was with a distinct thrill that he heard Dorothy's voice on the telephone next evening. She and her father were dee-light-ed to accept his invitation for luncheon on Monday. He told her of his receipt by special messenger of a note from Mrs. Scott saying that she and Winifred were charmed by his thought of them and would be proud to avail themselves of his hospitality.

"So far, so good!" said Ward. "What have you been doing today?"

"Well, if you really want to know, *(Continued on page 136)*

Breed

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, famous for many years for its fiction of the great American out-of-doors and the wild life that is so rapidly passing, has never published a greater story of the sort than this.

THE YELLOW HORDE

THE wolfer lay in his cabin and listened to the first few night sounds of the foothills. The clear, piping notes of migrating plover floated softly down to him, punctuated by the rasping cry of a nighthawk. A coyote raised his voice, a perfect tenor note that swept up to a wild soprano, then fell again in a whirl of howls which carried amazing shifts of inflection, tearing up and down the coyote scale. One after another added his voice to the chorus until it seemed that the swelling volume could be produced by no less than a full thousand musical prairie wolves scattered through the foothills.

Wild music to the ears of most men, the song of flat wastes and deserts and limitless horizons, freighted with a loneliness which is communicated to man in a positive ache for companionship—and which carries a wealth of companionship in itself for those who have lived so long under the open skies that the song of the desert choir comes to them as a lullaby.

It moved Collins, the wolfer, to quiet mirth. Always it affected him that way, this first clamorous outburst of the night. He read in it a note of deep-seated humor, the jeering laughter of the whole coyote tribe mocking the world of men who had sworn to exterminate their kind.

"The little devils!" Collins chuckled. "The little yellow devils! Men can't wipe 'em out. There'll be a million coyotes left to howl when the last man dies."

From this oft-repeated prophecy Collins was known to every stockman in three States as the Coyote Prophet, the title a jeering one at first, then bestowed with increasing respect as men saw many of his prophecies fulfilled. The coyote's larger cousin, the wolf, ranged the continent over, but the coyote himself was strictly a prairie dweller. For twenty years Collins had predicted that wolves would disappear in settled districts while the coyote would survive—not only survive, but increase his range to include the hills and spread over the continent from the Arctic to the Gulf.

There were rumors of coyotes turning up in Indiana. Then came the tale that a strange race of small yellow wolves had appeared in Michigan. Those sheepmen who summered their sheep in the high valleys of the Western mountains complained that stray coyotes quit the flats and followed them into the hills to prey upon the flocks. The buffalo wolves that had once infested the range-country were gone, and it was seldom that any of the big gray killers turned up on the open range except when the pinch of cold and famine drove a few timber wolves down from the north. Men saw these things and wondered if all of Collins' sweeping prophecies would come to pass. In the face of conditions that had placed a value on the coyote's pelt and a bounty on his scalp, there was no apparent decrease in the numbers of the yellow horde from year to year.

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Collins listened to the coyote clamor and knew that they had come to stay. The concert was suddenly hushed as a long-drawn wolf-howl, faint from distance, drifted far out across the range. Collins turned in his blankets and peered through the window at the black bulk of the mountains to the north of him, towering clear and distinct in the brilliant moonlight.

"If you come down out of those hills, I'll stretch your pelt," the wolfer stated. "I'll pinch your toes in a number four."

The wolf whose howl had occasioned this assertion was even then considering the possibilities of which Collins spoke. Men called those of his kind breed-wolves, half coyote and half wolf. The breed-wolf stood on the high divide which was the roughly separating line between the haunts of the two tribes whose blood flowed in his veins—all wolf except for the yellow fur that marked him for a breed. The coyote voices lifted to him, and Breed read them as the call of kind; for although he had spent the past ten months with the wolf tribe of his father, his first friendships had been formed among his mother's people on the open range. The acrid spice of the sage drifted to his nostrils and combined with the coyote voices to fill him with a homesick urge to revisit the land of his birth.

But he would not go down. Breed well knew the dangers of the open range—the devilish riders who made life one long gamble for every wolf that appeared, the traps in which he had seen coyotes caught; but those things gave him small concern. It was still another menace, the poison baits put out by wolfers, which held him back. Not that he feared poison for himself, but coyotes writhing in convulsions and frothing at the mouth had always filled him with a terrible dread. It was an epidemic of this sort which had driven him to leave the sagebrush land of the coyotes for the heavily timbered country of the wolves. The memory of it lingered with him now. Would he find these stricken, demented creatures there?

Breed moved down the south slope of the hills at last, the sage-scent luring the coyote in him, but moved slowly, and with many halts occasioned by the wolf suspicion which urged him to turn back. When dawn lifted the shadows from the low country, Breed was prowling along the first rim of the hills.

Two dirt-roofed log cabins showed as toy houses, small from distance, and he could see the slender threads of smoke ascending from others, the houses themselves beyond the scope of his vision. The range was taking on fall shades, the gray of the sage relieved by brown patches of open grass-lands and splotches of color where early frosts had touched the birch and willow thickets that marked each side-hill spring. Tiny dark specks moved through it all. Meat! It had been long since Breed had tasted beef, and his red tongue lolled out and dripped in anticipation of the feast.

But he would not go down until night. Twice during the early evening Breed howled, and Collins, down in the choppy country below, turned his glasses toward the spot to see what manner of wolf this was who howled in the broad light of day. The second time he centered Breed in the field of them. The yellow wolf stood on the rims half a mile above, looming almost life-size in the twelve-power lens. Collins noted the yellow fur.

THE AUTHOR is a dweller, and has been for years, among the scenes that he describes. He has trapped from Lower California to the Arctic, and his story has all the vast sweep of his own experience.

By HAL G. EVARTS

Illustrated by
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Shady

"A breed-wolf," he said. "The most cunning devil that ever made a track. He'll never take on a feed of poison bait or plant his foot on a trap-pan. He'll come down—and I'll ride him out on the first tracking snow."

Just at dusk Breed howled again and dropped down to the broken country at the base of the hills, skirting the flats and holding to the roughest brakes, then swung out across the rolling foothills.

The wind soon brought him the message that coyotes were just ahead, and he traced the scent up-wind, anxious for the first sight of his former running-mates. Two coyotes ran swiftly before his approach, each carrying his own piece of a jackrabbit which the pair had caught and torn apart. Breed did not follow but held steadily on in search of more. The urge for companionship was even stronger in him than hunger, and he sought to satisfy the stronger craving first. Twice more he veered into the wind, and both times the coyotes slipped away as he advanced. He followed the line of one's retreat, and the coyote whirled and fled like a yellow streak in the moonlight. Breed was puzzled by all this, but the craving for food had grown so strong as to crowd out all else, and he abandoned the hunt for friends to hunt for meat instead.

Out in the center of a broad flat bench a mile across, Breed made out a group of slowly moving specks which he knew for cows, and headed toward them, taking advantage of the cover afforded by every clump of sage as he crept up to a yearling steer that lagged behind the rest. He had hunted heavy game animals with the wolves, animals with every sense alert to detect the approach of the big gray killers, and he fully expected the steer to break into full flight at the first warning of his presence. He had almost forgotten the stupidity of the cows on the open range and the ease with which he had torn them down when hunting them with his wolf father long before.

Breed made his final rush and drove his teeth deep into one hind leg before his prey had even quickened his gait. The steer lurched into an awkward gallop and bawled with fright as the savage teeth cut through muscles and hide. Breed lunged for the same spot again; once more, and the leg was useless, the hamstrings cut, and it sagged loosely with every step. He slashed at the other leg. Within a hundred yards of the start the steer pitched down, bracing his foreparts off the ground with his two front feet; and even as he fell, the yellow wolf drove for his throat.

Then Breed circled his kill, looking off in all directions to make sure that there was no route by which men might approach unseen. He stretched forth his head and cupped his lips as he sent his tribal call rolling across the range, the message that here was meat for all of his kind who would come and feed. A score of coyote voices answered from far and near.

Collins heard the dread cry and knew that the wolf had made a kill. He knew, too, that whenever the wolf note was heard, all other sounds were stilled, as if every living creature expected to hear an answering cry and waited for it to come before resuming its own communication. The fact that the coyotes answered the cry assured Collins that it was the breed-wolf that had howled, that coyote ears had read a note of their own kind in the sound, a note which even his experienced ears could not detect.

The yellow wolf tore at the warm meat and waited—waited for his coyote kinsmen to join him at the feast. He howled again, and they answered, reading invitation to coyote as well as to wolf in the sound; but they would not come in. An old dog coyote trotted up and down the crest of a slight rise of ground two hundred yards down-wind. Another joined him, then a third, and in less than an hour there was a half-score of coyotes circling the spot. Breed could see dim shapes moving across the open places and padding on silent feet over the cow-trails that threaded the sage. Surely they would come in. The shadowy forms were restless, never still, and prowled round and round him; but they would not join him at the kill.

Breed was mystified by this strange thing. Here was meat; yet the meat-eaters would not come in and feed. Coyotes had fed with him long ago but shunned him now. Breed could not know that then he had been accepted as one of them, having grown to maturity among them and so known to every coyote on his range—and that they had forgotten him as an individual, as he had also forgotten them. If there were any old friends among those who circled round him now, he did not know them as such, only as a companionable whole; and they knew him for a wolf—a wolf at least in size and strength. There was a coyote note in his call, but not one of them would venture in to feed with the great yellow beast that was tearing at the steer.

At last a grizzled old dog coyote drew up to within ten yards. He had lived to the limit of all experiences which a coyote can pass through and still survive. He had even known the crushing grip of a double-spring trap, a Newhouse four. This misadventure had occurred in mid-winter when the range was gripped by bitter frost. The cold had numbed the pain and congealed the flesh to solid ice. He had cut through the meat with his keen-pointed teeth, and one desperate wrench had snapped the frozen bone and freed him. There were many of his kind so maimed, and the wolfers, abbreviating the term "peg-legs," called these three-footed ones "pegs."

A second coyote joined Peg near the steer. He too had lived long and hard. He had been shot at many times and wounded twice. A shattered foreleg had healed with an ugly twist, the foot pointing inside and leaving only the prints of two warped toe-pads when it touched the ground.

Peg and Cripp circled twice round the steer at a distance of thirty feet. They had known other breeds and had found that some would share their kills. Breed went out to greet them, and they sidled away as he advanced, stopping when he stopped and

turning to face him. Cripp allowed him to draw close, his teeth bared in warning against a too effusive greeting, while Peg drew swiftly in behind the wolf. The peg-leg coyote stretched forth his nose for one deep sniff, then sprang ten feet away as Breed whirled. Cripp drew up for a similar sniff as Breed faced Peg, then leaped away as Peg had done.

Nature has endowed the members of each animal tribe with a different scent, and most animals identify enemies and friends with nose instead of eyes. That one deep inhalation had assured the two coyotes that there was a strain of their own scent mingled with that of the wolf. They grew bolder and stalked stiffly about him, appraising his qualities with eye and nose. When Breed returned to the feed, they followed a few steps behind. At first they kept the body of the steer between them, then lost all restraint and accepted Breed as a brother coyote from whom they had nothing to fear.

An hour before dawn Breed left the spot and traveled back to the edge of the hills, where he bedded for the day. He was full fed and satisfied with life. It was not until night closed down about him that he was conscious of the single flaw in his content, the one thing lacking to complete it all. Breed loosed the hunting cry, but there was no answering call. He tried again without success. When with the wolves, he had longed for the smell of the sage, the scent that spoke of home to him, and the mocking voices of the coyotes. Now that he had all these, he missed the muster cry of the pack, hungered to hear the aching wails coming from far across the timbered hills, penetrating to the farthest retreats of the antlered tribes and sounding a warning to all living things that the hunt-pack was about to take the meat-trail. But he knew that coyotes did not hunt in packs, that they hunted singly or in pairs, killing more by stealth than strength—clever stalkers and the most intelligent team-workers and relayers in the world, but lacking the weight and driving force to tear down a steer; calves were their largest prey.

Breed howled again and started on the hunt alone. Even then, though he did not know it, his pack was gathering to him. The two wise old coyotes who had fed with him the night before knew that wherever they found the big breed-wolf, there they would also find meat. They had started up at his first call, and Peg was coming swiftly from the south, Cripp from the west. Breed had not traveled far before he was aware that other hunters were abroad and running with him, swinging wide on either flank. Here was his pack! At first he was not sure, but whenever he wheeled or veered from his course, the two coyotes altered their routes to accord with his. He ran on for miles, thrilled with the knowledge that his queer pack followed loyally where he led; and when at last he singled out a steer, the two veteran coyotes angled swiftly in and ran but a few yards on either side of him.

Then Breed sounded the meat-call—and two jeering coyote voices launched into full cry and howled with him. And Collins, the Coyote Prophet, for the first time in all his experience heard wolf and coyote howl in unison over the same kill.

Every night thereafter Breed's pack of two ran with him on the hunt, and always there were the dim shapes circling the kill, padding restlessly through the sage as they waited for the yellow wolf to leave so they could swarm in and pick the bones.

At first Breed had retired to the edge of the hills to spend his days, but his habits were changed through long immunity until his days as well as nights were spent in the open country; yet his caution was never relaxed, and he bedded on the crest of some rise of ground which afforded a clear field of view for miles in all directions. He frequently saw some of the devilish riders, and occasionally one drew uncomfortably near his retreat, but always veered away before discovering his presence. His days were untroubled except by the memories of poisoned coyotes which persisted in his mind.

When Breed slept, his dreams often reverted to these poisoned horrors, and their death-rattles sounded in his ears, and his feet twitched in imaginary flight as he sought to put distance between himself and these haunting demons. Breed knew that poison was some evil exercised by man, but its workings were shrouded in mystery. Traps he could understand—and rifle-shots; for although this latter force was peculiar, yet there was sound. He understood only those things which to him were real and actual, things communicated through his physical senses. Poison seemed some sort of intangible magic, an evil spell wrought by man, and which transformed sound coyotes into diseased fiends in the space of seconds.

Always he waked snarling from these dreams, and always he was vastly puzzled by the abrupt change from night death-scenes

One after another added his voice to the chorus.

to the daylight calm of the open range. For dreams too were beyond his comprehension. They were actual scenes and scents and sounds to him—then vanished. It was only natural that his greatest waking terror should stalk through his dreams—two mysteries combined to haunt him. Also it was inevitable that these dreams should eventually link up with the personal equation.

Breed slept one day on the crest of a knoll—and suddenly it was night instead of noon, and Cripp and Peg were leaping about him in a frenzy, their frothing jaws snapping on the empty air in their madness. He faced them with bared fangs—and it wa. noon once more, but the two old coyotes stood before him in reality, their own noses wrinkled in snarls which answered his menacing actions and warned him off. The same old baffling wave which flooded Breed after each of these recurring dreams engulfed him now. Peg and Cripp were as sane as himself; yet a moment ago they had been stricken before his very eyes. It had been very real, and Breed started suddenly from the knoll and headed for the base of the hills five miles away; nor did he stop until he was far back among their sheltering ridges.

With the coming of night Breed felt the loss of the two old coyotes who had traveled with him for the past three weeks. They had been normal when he saw them last, and as this latter impression was the stronger, he knew that he would find them untouched by madness; yet the vividness of the dream lingered with him and held him back from the low country. He howled once and started on a solitary hunt through the hills. The cry drifted faintly to the flats below and reached the ears of Cripp and Peg. They started instantly in the direction from which it came.

The chain of hills in which Breed hunted was but an outcropping spur, extending thirty miles eastward at right angles from the main bulk of the hills, and he found no meat. The elk and deer were high up in the parent range and would stay there until heavy snows drove them down to winter in the valleys of the lower hills. Breed worked up the slope until he reached the crest of the divide. He prowled along the bald ridge, undecided which course to take, then whirled and faced back in the direction from which he had come. Five miles below him a coyote had raised his voice; another answered. By traveling steadily Cripp and Peg had covered much ground since Breed's first cry of the night had reached their ears, and the two coyotes were ten miles within the first folds of the hills and still seeking the yellow wolf, the leader of the pack.

Breed cupped his lips, his head stretched forth and his muzzle depressed to a line slightly below the peak of his shoulders as he sent forth the hunting cry to summon his loyal band. An hour later Cripp and Peg were with him, the three of them swinging west along the divide toward the rough mass of the main range of hills. Morning found them climbing through a matted jungle of close-growing spruce and fallen timber.

Breed chose a ridge that lifted above the trees and there curled up for the day in a clump of stunted sage. Coyotes hunt in the full glare of the noonday sun as readily as at night, and Cripp and Peg slept a bare two hours before starting once more on the hunt. They found small game less abundant in the high hills than in the flats, and they scoured the surrounding timber without success, returning at last to bed down near Breed on the open ridge. Hunger drove Breed from his bed before the sun had set, and he headed deeper into the hills, the two coyotes following even though they had small liking for this country which seemed devoid of meat.

When dawn lifted its shadows from the low country, Breed was prowling along the first rim of the hills.

The yellow wolf sampled the cross-currents of air which drifted in from each branching gulch. He crossed the cold trail-scent of several deer but was in no mood for following a long trail and therefore passed them by. It was the actual warm body-scent he sought. He stopped suddenly with uplifted nose. The shifting breezes had carried the deer-scent to his nostrils—one brief flash, and it was gone. Breed tacked back and forth across the wind, caught it again and held it, following the ribbon of scent up-wind as easily as a man would follow a blazed trail through the timber. Two hundred yards from the start he sighted his prey, a fork-horn buck grazing slowly along under the trees. Breed turned his eyes to either side to determine the location of Cripp and Peg, but they had suddenly vanished from sight.

Breed crept toward the fork-horn, standing without the moving of a muscle whenever the young buck lifted his head, advancing swiftly when the deer dropped his muzzle again to feed. The wind held steadily from the deer to him and Breed drew up to within fifty feet. The buck lifted his head and looked off in all directions, not from present uneasiness but from his never-failing caution, then reached for another bite of grass; and even as

the downward motion was started, Breed launched forward in a silent rush.

The fork-horn caught one backward-slanting glimpse of him and fled just as the wolf's teeth clashed a bare inch short of his hamstring, and Breed was off in pursuit of an animal whose speed matched his own. This prey was no awkwardly galloping steer, but a nimble beast that swept ahead in twenty-foot bounds; and after fifty yards Breed was still ten feet behind. Then a yellow streak darted over a windfall jam, and Peg flashed at the buck. The deer turned almost at right angles in his fright, and as he turned, Breed's teeth slashed his leg, but not deep enough to cripple, and the chase was on again.

Another fifty yards, and Cripp leaped from behind a spruce-trunk and struck gamely for a leg hold. The flying speed of the buck jerked him clear of the ground, broke the hold of his teeth and threw him end over end. But he had retarded the deer for one half-second, and the yellow wolf closed his jaws on a leg with all the force he could throw into the drive. Breed too was thrown, but the deer was turned again, and running with less than half his former speed, one hind leg powerless. Peg was angling across to turn him still another time, but Breed overhauled him first and slashed at the other leg; and as the deer rolled downhill, the three-legged coyote dodged the churning hoofs and fastened on his throat.

COLLINS had journeyed far into the hills to replenish his supply of meat. It was scarcely dark under the trees when he heard the breed-wolf and two coyotes howl together —thirty miles back in the heart of the hills!

"There now!" he exclaimed. "I've been telling 'em right along that the coyotes would take to the hills some day. Those breed-wolves—they'll teach 'em to live in the hills."

When Breed had eaten his fill from the deer, he headed back for the low country. The effect of the mad dream was waning before the fact that Peg and Cripp were with him in reality, sane and normal in every way. The three of them were sluggish and heavy with meat, and they traveled slowly, with frequent halts for sleep.

The following night Breed's howl sounded again in the foothills, and a score of coyotes answered him from far and near. The coyote tribe had learned that when the yellow wolf prowled the range, there would be fresh beef for all. Each night the number of shadowy forms that padded through the sage around his kills increased, waiting until the wolf should leave and they could close in and finish it to the last mouthful. They grew bolder from the fact that two of their own kind fed with Breed, and on the first night after his return from the hills, three others found courage to come in and feed upon his kill before he left it. Within a week he was accepted unreservedly as a member of the coyote clan.

Each succeeding evening Breed found more and more coyotes gathering swiftly toward him at the first hunting cry of the night, spreading out over a quarter-mile front and running with him on the chase, knowing there would be meat in plenty at the end of the run.

Collins noted a curious change in the coyote signs in his immediate neighborhood. He still found their tracks singly or in pairs where they wandered in all directions through the sage in their hunts for jacks, or padded thick round some spot where they had killed a calf; but he soon discovered that whenever he found a track which the breed-wolf had left the night before, he had only to swing out to the right or left to find the trails of many coyotes pointing in the same direction—a general movement of coyotes over a wide front. Collins had heard many tales of late which accorded with a prophecy he had made long ago; for three hundred miles north and south, men who rode into the mountains reported seeing coyotes far back in the very heart of them, and of hearing their howls from among the highest peaks. His prediction that coyotes would take to the hills and feel as much at home high above timber-line as in the flats had come to pass.

Collins studied long over the many coyote trails which always paralleled the tracks of the yellow wolf, and made still another prophecy—that breed-wolves would teach the coyotes to hunt in packs.

CHAPTER II

NO man who has lived in the open and observed the ways of animals and birds doubts that each tribe has a language of its own—the vocabulary of cadence and inflection. A man may watch a marsh teeming with waterfowl, their contented chuckles filling his ears; then every wing will lift at once, every bird roused to sudden flight by the change of a single note so faint that it makes no impression on the ear of the watching man, yet sufficient to warn the birds as surely as a gunshot. A widely scattered bunch of range-cows will graze placidly for hours, and suddenly every head will be raised and every cow gaze off in the same direction.

Coyotes catch all finely shaded inflections and interpret them as unerringly as a man notes the difference between a bawling cow and a blatting sheep. Mate communicates with mate through all the coyote refrains of the night; half-grown coyotes answer their mother's voice but are silent when another calls. All that wild outburst in which men read only an uproar of meaningless savagery is in reality the intelligent conversation of the coyote nation.

Breed's range covered fifty miles each way, and there were

They swept on past as a rider topped the ridge.

some two hundred coyotes who used the same strip, or whose range overlapped his own, and of these there were but few who had not at one time or another profited by some of his kills. Breed knew the voice of every coyote in the little band that made up his pack. Even when their notes reached him faintly through a maze of other howls, his ears identified their voices as certainly as the eyes of a man pick out the faces of his friends among a crowd. Those coyotes in whom dog ancestry was less than four generations removed betrayed that fact to him when they howled.

There are those who believe that the shepherds and police dogs sprang originally from the jackal. In any event there are more dogs that revert to the wild from these wolfish types than from all other kinds combined. The gulf between shepherd and coyote is not wide, and except when raiding coyotes and stock-guarding dogs meet in a clash of interests they are more apt to mate than to fight.

Throughout the whole of Breed's range there was but one note which puzzled him—and it was not the ancestry but the present habits of the one who made the sound that baffled him. The parental mixture was plainly evidenced in the voice. It was the cry of a she wolf, a half-blood coyote and dog, and Breed heard her howl night after night, but could not locate her. He would answer her cry and announce that he was coming, but always she evaded him. When he picked up her trail and followed it persistently, it invariably led him toward an isolated cabin. The wolf in him held him back from too close an approach to the homes of men. When he stopped, she called again from up near the twinkling windows of the house. There was a lonesome note in her cry, and it was furtive, carrying both fear and invitation in its tones, as if the she wolf felt herself an outcast and both longed and dreaded to break down the bars between her wild relatives and herself.

And she was an outcast, without doubt. Collins had trailed her mother, a renegade shepherd, to the den. He had turned in the rest of the pups for bounty, keeping her for a pet. She was slightly heavier than a coyote, and the fur of her back was dark, the badge of shepherd parentage. The yellow underfur showed through the black guard hairs of her back-strip when the wind ruffled it, the black shading to yellow on flanks and sides, and from this Collins called her Shady.

Shady's relations with men and beasts were unsatisfactory in the extreme. Stockmen hate the coyote with an intensity that they show toward no other animal, and with good reason, for the coyote meets them on a more equal footing than other beasts, his strategy rivaling that of men. He repays their cruelties against his kind by killing their sheep and calves in broad daylight and executing a well-covered retreat before the owners can exact the penalty, then returning at night to raise his jeering laughter almost under the windows of his enemies.

Collins had no stock; and though his business was the killing of coyotes, he found far more to admire than to despise in the qualities of his prey, and so did not accord coyotes the undying hatred shown them by other men. In his gruff way he was kind to Shady. Those who came to his cabin were mainly stockmen, and they hated Shady cordially. That she sprang from a renegade sheep-dog, a traitor to her kind, was even more condemnatory in their eyes than the coyote part of her.

The coyotes, less averse to the proximity of man, had investigated Shady's case by drawing nearer to the cabin than Breed would go, and so were no longer curious about her. Breed was almost two years old; yet he knew nothing of dogs. His mother had ranged a limited strip of country in which only two men made their homes, and neither had owned dogs. When north with the wolves, he had met none of his domestic cousins except those renegades or breeds that were of the wild. He had crossed the trails of others at rare intervals. Therefore he did not know dogs as allies of men and so enemies to himself; rather, Shady seemed some extra-shy wolf-creature who yet had sufficient courage to range in close to men. To Breed she seemed a daring adventurer.

It was partly this curiosity which piqued his interest in her. Then too he recognized in her a freak type—as he himself was a freak. Each stood for the first generation of a new breed, the equally divided parental strains not yet dulled and blended by further crosses; and so each of them recognized something outstanding and unusual in the other.

At first their knowledge was confined to what each learned of the other by ear alone, unaided by the testimony of other senses. Breed never once caught sight of her, and the trail-scent which she left behind told him little except that she was half coyote and half dog, as he already knew.

For a month he answered her howls, his curiosity unassuaged. And as Breed puzzled over Shady's voice, so Collins puzzled over Breed's. Collins had heard him howl more than a hundred times, and knew that there was some slight difference between his voice and the pure wolf-note. He had made a close study of animal sounds and knew them well. He knew Shady's voice from that of other coyotes. Her variations were less sharply defined, more sustained than the bewildering staccato of the coyote, and with a slightly coarser tone. Collins knew that he should be able to detect that peculiarity in Breed's howl—a difference which he felt was there but could not place. There were times when the solution rose to the very surface of his mind and struggled for interpretation into readable thought, but always it eluded him in the end.

Shady came to listen for Breed's voice among the multitude of other sounds, and in some small measure she felt acquainted with the yellow wolf. She missed his voice on those nights when he *(Continued on page 154)*

Breed flattened in his nest, resting his head between his paws.

He had come across the continent with long-horned specimens consigned to the stockyards. His six-shooter and his wit had been equally quick-triggered.

THROUGH HELL FOR HIM

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by MAURICE A. BOWER

MUCH of the world's happiness and misery is directly traceable to somebody's blunder. One of the Fates, womanlike, loses her measuring-stick, or another misplaces her scissors; some one's fortune is cut too long or too short, and hence one suffers while another rejoices. Jove, too, may nod in his Olympian easy-chair, permitting the brat Cupid to carry notes between Venus and mortal man, thus breeding deathless love, and Trojan wars and no end of pretty curses for the world.

Now, Alcis J. Bowdin—familiarly known as "Alky" behind his straight back—owned or manipulated as many beef-steers as Abraham had sheep. In his youth he had come across the continent with long-horned, long-legged specimens consigned to the stockyards; his six-shooter and his wit had been equally quick-triggered. That was how he had gotten along and up in the world. Few people had ever put anything over on Alcis J. Bowdin—which places him in a peculiarly vulnerable position, you might say, as regards the activities of the three Fates.

Surely old Alky shouldn't have suspected Ethel Cray. He had always believed in handling a yearling with a long rope, and he had given considerable latitude of action to his rather delicate Harvard-bred son, who incidentally had spent four years under the Cambridge elms and returned to the streets of Manhattan with no letters after his name. If Wilfred wanted a Japanese valet or a racing monoplane or a pretty private secretary, they were his to command, provided Wilfred never overleaped his generous allowance. From this we must not infer that Mr. Bowdin was an easy boss, even in his son's case. But how many eyes has a spider, and how much attention had the energetic cattle-baron to give to the one individual who was to inherit mightily from him, provided he did not make a young fool of himself or, as his father put it in his sparce moments of confidence, "—if he don't cut himself on his own wire."

Ethel Cray earned every cent she got in Wilfred's small offices, adjoining the plutocratic establishment over which old Alky presided. Her business was to assist Wilfred, to take his dictation, keep his files, run his errands. She was possessed of considerable personal charm, which was surely not her fault. Her brown hair had a touch of red in it, suggesting fire in a brush-heap. She had a fine pale skin and eyes which were something more than handsome; they were possessed of great intelligence. Most of the girls round the office thought them cold. Perhaps they were right in this thought, for Ethel Cray, at least to outward seeming, was not susceptible. She might have been, as some suspected, eaten with ambition.

Secretly she rather despised her employer, Wilfred Bowdin, seeing in him the second generation of a quickly made fortune, a princeling made to order and destined to squander the millions which Alcis J. Bowdin had accumulated, as rumor had it, at the point of a gun. There was something pathetic about Wilfred, she admitted. He had nice eyes, but his look was usually one of puzzlement at the business which his father had thrust upon him merely that his son might appear to be occupied. He was a dissipated cub, too, given to boasting of highballs and conquests, equally damaging to his naturally frail constitution. Seeing him day after day in a relation which she endeavored vainly to keep

on a strictly business basis, she realized the depths of his ignorance, which was sublime, like ethereal spaces between the planets. He had been over a year in his dummy office, pretending to be absorbed in affairs; yet Ethel was an hourly witness to his inadequacy. And sometimes she wished that the poor child wouldn't prattle so, boring her with confidences which any intelligent adult should have considered sacred.

One morning in late November she stood in Wilfred's office filing away letters, when Mr. Bowdin the elder came in, his hat on his head, the mink collar of his overcoat thrown back from his shoulders. It was half-past nine, old Alky's usual hour, but his appearance in Wilfred's office was nothing less than a phenomenon. He was a smallish man, like Wilfred; but unlike his son, his every line and gesture was expressive of nervous strength and unconquerable energy. As he stood there an instant, his enormous cigar moving in arcs to the twisting of his rugged mouth, his keen little eyes regarding her through bushy eyebrows, she had a feeling that Mr. Bowdin was working under a strain, that the fierce racing machine which had driven him these many years might break some day and hurl the driving brain into the sands of destruction.

"Where's Wilfred?" he asked through his cigar.

"He's not down yet, Mr. Bowdin," she replied, a little frightened.

"Hm! When does he usually get down?"

"About half-past ten," she told him, adjusting the time-schedule in favor of Wilfred, who seldom showed up before noon.

"Hm! Send him in to me when he comes."

"Yes, Mr. Bowdin."

When he had gone, she had the feeling of a little girl who had been punished for some stupidity. She was just a trifle sorry for Wilfred; he had such a pretty way of clothing his weak ideas in showy phrases, just as he clothed his weak body in fashionable garments. Then she thought, as innumerable others had thought, that the girl who married Wilfred would be mighty lucky in a worldly way. Wilfred was sole heir to the Bowdin fortunes. Wilfred would be as putty in the hands of a graceful feminine manipulator. Ethel sighed. She wasn't thinking entirely of herself, but of her brother Bob, who was now in his senior year at the Boston Tech and would be a brilliant architect some day, provided poverty did not blight him before his time for graduation. She was worrying about Bob this morning—she often worried about him; but now she was considering his case with something like despair.

Wilfred came in at eleven o'clock. He was a delicate-looking young man of about twenty-four. His mouth, a rather softer version of his father's, held a monogrammed cigarette at a loose angle. That he had already enjoyed his morning cocktail was obvious, for its perfume surrounded him like a spectral gas. He wore his clothes with a sort of quiet bravado and looked—as the sons of sudden fortune often do—like the flimsy descendant of a long patrician line.

"Morning, Miss Cray!" he began pleasantly, removing his expensively rough overcoat.

"Good morning, Mr. Bowdin."

"Boss been asking for me?"

"Yes. He was in at half-past nine."

"Doesn't he ever sleep?" Wilfred yawned. "Did he look peeved about anything?"

"Rather," admitted Ethel, none too anxious to gossip about the mighty one from whom, indirectly, she drew her sustenance.

"He's actually chewing leather," resumed Wilfred cheerfully. "Really, Miss Cray, this sort of thing upsets a fellow in the morning. I had an awful night last night—up till five. He's driving me to it, Ethel. What do you think he called me last night, right before the servants?"

"I can't imagine," admitted Ethel, her eyes pretentiously on her work.

"An ornament."

"That was unfair, wasn't it?"

She was almost sorry for the last sarcasm. Poor Wilfred looked so small and insignificant in spite of his faultless grooming.

"You see, he's continually dinging at me about getting married, and then when I show the least interest in anybody, there he goes again kicking up the dust."

Ethel winced. If only Wilfred could keep a few things to himself!

"He's waiting for you, I think," she suggested, ever so gently.

"Holy snakes!" he spluttered, and shot away toward his offended sire.

It was a quarter after twelve when Wilfred came back, and

"If you eat too many of those darned things," croaked the old man, "you'll get hardening of the arteries."

even Ethel's careless glance assured her that his interview had not been a casual affair. The soft lines of his mouth had taken a downward droop, and under the shaggy eyebrows—pathetically like his father's—his kind blue eyes were rimmed with red.

"DICTATION!" he commanded, throwing himself into a chair beside her. And before she could open her notebook: "Simeon J. Crossdick, Crossdick and Cannon, Boston. Yours of the fifteenth received and would say *in re* Omaha purchase of September 12th—"

He paused and rubbed his forehead.

"Is there any reason why the old man should put things like that up to me? Is he some sort of supreme being that he should look through the skylight and tell me when and where and how to find my wife?"

He paused again. Miss Cray's busy pencil was again at her notebook.

"What have you put down?" he asked as soon as she had paused for further dictation.

"'Simeon J. Crossdick, Crossdick and Cannon, Boston,'" she read in the impersonal voice of the stenographer. "'Yours of the fifteenth received, and would say *in re* Omaha purchase of September 12th, is there any reason why the old man should put things like that up to me? Is he some sort of supreme being that he should look through the skylight and tell me when and where and how to find my wife?'"

She glanced up and remarked the embarrassment in his look.

"Strike out everything after 'purchase of September 12th,'" he commanded. Again he rubbed his troubled forehead.

"Ethel," he resumed impulsively, "I was talking to you."

"Oh!"

"You seem to be the only person in the world I can talk to with a reasonable chance of being understood." He opened his cigarette-case, chose, lighted, inhaled, snapped the clasp. "I think the boss has gone a little crazy," he declared. "But I'm awfully sorry for him. Only it's so hard for an old man to understand a young one."

Ethel looked down at her work, uneasy because she knew that this poor soul was again turning her into his sister confessor.

"You know, Ethel," Wilfred went on rapidly, "he's been all over the lot about my marrying and setting up an establishment. Nobody can say I haven't been a pretty obedient son. I'm a bit of a man about town, you know—no angel of light. But I've been scouting among the pippins, and I thought I'd picked a winner. She's an actress—very easy to look at, and I think she sort of cottons to me. I was just on the point of asking her—"

"Do you think you ought to tell all this to me?" she asked, closely regarding his puzzled, amiable face.

"Who the devil else can I talk to?" he complained, reddening.

"You were just on the point of asking her—"

"And sometime this week the boss got on that I was smiling in that direction. He's been sore as a crab ever since. Last night he told me nothing doing—wouldn't give any reason under the sun. That's what he called me in about this morning."

"And he gave you a reason?"

Ethel's curiosity was now piqued beyond her scruples.

"It was a pretty good reason, too," admitted Wilfred, again rubbing his forehead in that helpless way of his. "The old man never told me about himself before. But this morning he loosened up. By George, how he loosened up! You see, my mother was his second wife—I never knew that before. He told me his whole history from the Apple of Discord to the Fall of Troy. I'm sorry for the boss—but why is he taking it out on me?"

Ethel asked no more questions—just sat back and permitted him to think. She studied him out of the corner of her eye. He was not even good-looking. Possibly, had he been blessed with normal health, he might have presented something of the virile, rugged front which made his father magnetic. Then she sensed a frightened, unpleasant thrill. This strange boy had taken a fancy to her! The sight of him sitting there baring his secret shrine annoyed her, increased her disgust of his weakness.

"Father's first marriage," he suddenly took up the theme, "was a pretty mess. He was a wild man, just off the range, spectacularly rich and squandering his money the way cattlemen do. She was a poor girl of splendid family, trained to like expensive things. The old man didn't say so, but I guess she married him for his money. They had a fine time for about two years. Then the silver cloud broke, and it began raining hard luck. It was just like the old man to start something about then—he's a gambler at heart, and there have been times when he couldn't let well enough alone. One morning he walked into her room and said: 'Susie, the bank's broke. If you'll take it like a sportsman, we can go back to the cow-country and get another stake. But it means a general sell-out,—horses, jewelry, houses, everything,—and we've got to go live on bunch-grass for a while.'

"The boss thought this would be simple enough, and it would have been, if Susie had stuck. But she raised an awful noise and insisted on going back to mother—and taking all her valuables with her. He had put a good deal of money in her name, and she got it out of the way so that neither he nor his creditors could touch it."

"She was a short sport," remarked Ethel, now well drawn into the story.

"She was. And that's what's the matter with the old man today. If she had stood by him, he says, he could have financed himself for a fresh start. But what she did was to trump up a divorce and leave him flat. He took to loafing round Chicago, borrowing where he could, drinking other people's liquor and going downhill on all fours. I hate to say that of the boss, but I guess from what he told me, that he must have become pretty much of a bum.

"It seems that he was nearly forty and had hit zero as far as credit or reputation were concerned, when he met the widow of a Nevada mining man. She was broke too, but hard luck hadn't made a nick in her spirit—"

"How long has your mother been dead?" asked Ethel, knowing that Wilfred had been speaking of his mother.

"Eleven years now. She was the kind that puts life into a man. She sobered Dad up, and after they were married, she got him some sort of job in a small packing concern. But the thing she insisted on was that he should go back to Wyoming, as he had first planned, and try it again. Those must have been awful years for Mother, living on the prairie, fighting off cattle-rustlers, half starved and trying to take care of a baby."

Wilfred paused and blew an alcoholic sigh. Ethel looked again at him and wondered how much early malnutrition might be responsible for his pinched physique.

"But the old man always said he could swing the gate round his way again. And he did. When I was seven years old, he came out of the West with about half a State in his pocket. He thinks pretty well of himself, you know; it was only this morning that he admitted to me that Mother was responsible for most of his resurrection. She just wouldn't let him fail. She scrubbed her fingers to the bone, but she held on and never once showed the white feather. When the Boss was down, she was up. She won for him. It broke her health, it killed her, finally; but she accomplished what she was put in the world to do—to put her man in the place where he belonged and to keep him there."

"It killed her finally," echoed Ethel Cray, regarding her weak employer with a tolerance she had never before felt for him.

"Yes," said Wilfred. "And her memory—the memory of what she did, seems to be always in the old man's mind. He called me in this morning simply to warn me against the girl I wanted to marry. 'She'll be a fair-weather wife,' he said. 'She's the kind who'll always be asking how much you can give, never considering her share in the contract. She can find a sucker somewhere, but she's got to keep out of my family. If you want to stay in the firm, you've got to choose a man's wife. You owe that to me, and you owe it more to your mother.' 'And what sort of wife is a man's wife?' I asked. Now, that's where he said a peculiar thing. 'There's just one kind,' he said, 'and she's the kind who, when the time comes, is willing to go through hell for you.'"

WILFRED stopped to rub his puzzled little forehead. "Now, what did the old man mean by that?" he asked, just as if Ethel might know.

It was a crowded minute before she answered that fateful question. What did old Alky mean by that? She saw exactly how Bowdin, Senior, stood and what he had endured. This trifling boy with both body and will underdeveloped—undoubtedly he needed such another woman as his mother had been, to direct him, look out for him. Even his vices were aimless, borrowed things from the vicious forces around him, but despair at her own grinding and hopeless condition in life, a certain ambition, if you will,—possibly an instinctive feeling that she was to be chosen,—prompted her to strike out brutally.

"Wilfred," she said, unintentionally using his first name and speaking without kindness, "since you've told me things I didn't ask to know, I'm going to say something."

Wilfred sat up, attentive and hurt as a small boy being chided by his governess.

She permitted their escort to polo matches and, rather daringly costumed, laughed with them on the beach.

"You're a weak, wasteful boy," she went on, feeling as though a voice within were speaking for her. "Your father was right, terribly right. He's built a big fortune round you; and if there's anything in money, it ought to be used to make people better instead of worse. How have you been using it? You've gone to college to learn a lot of bad habits. You've come out thinking you were a lot better than your father; as a matter of fact, you aren't fit to shine his shoes—"

"Ethel!" He said this gaspingly, and for the first time she began to realize what she had been doing in this impulsive tirade of truth.

"Oh, I know," she declared, for the tempest was still raging, "I'm only your employee. You'll take revenge by firing me, and I don't care. I can find something else, I guess. But I'm going to talk—don't interrupt me. I've got a brother in college, working like a nigger to buy books, sneaking through back alleys to hide his poor clothes. He's spending dimes where you've been throwing away gold-pieces, but when he comes out, if he lives through the struggle,"—she stopped just a moment, because the thought choked her,—"he'll come out a serious, useful man to society."

"I'm not accustomed—" he began, trying to put offended dignity into his poor voice.

"I know you're not," she snapped. "You're only accustomed to highballs and a lot of jolly fools who'll stick by you and tell you how perfect you are so long as your money holds out. What you need is just the sort of woman your father described—if you can find one who'll take that much pains with you. You've never done a useful thing in your life. I'm through. I'm going to work in a regular office for a regular—"

She was going to say, of course, "a regular man," but even her rage of truth wouldn't permit that. There fell an embarrassing silence. When he spoke, it was more astonishing than an insult would have been.

"Ethel," he said in a tone which was melancholy, hurt and gentle, "do you think you would care to—to try?"

"Try what?"

She looked at him in amazement. This was truly sudden.

"I—I care an awful lot about you," he declared in his lisping tone. "I—I—"

"Don't talk nonsense," she brought him up sharply. "Five minutes ago you wanted to marry an actress. And now you've the nerve to talk this way to me!"

It was a luxury for her to be thus scolding the high and mighty.

"All right," he conceded meekly. "Where did I leave off that letter?"

Ethel picked up her shorthand book.

" 'Simeon J. Crossdick, Crossdick and Cannon, Boston. Yours of the fifteenth received and would say *in re* Omaha purchase of September 12th—' "

She heard him mumbling the next sentence of the letter, but her eyes were filmy, her throat filling with a hysterical, unreasonable desire to cry. Suddenly she threw down her book, and rising, charged toward the little room where her coat and hat were hung. . . . .

Ethel lived through the next week in and out of her little flat, which was two flights over a delicatessen store in Brooklyn. Almost the moment after her impetuous flight from bondage in the great offices of Alcis J. Bowdin and Son, she had realized her folly. She had crossed her Rubicon and found poor picking indeed on the other side. She had seen the uselessness of applying to the Bowdins for a recommendation, and without it there was to be found nothing comparable with the berth she had just left.

During foot-tired intervals between job-hunts she had time to think, and hard necessity gave her thoughts a calculating turn. That pathetic little wretch Wilfred had as good as proposed to her! What couldn't she do with the Bowdin money? Clerkly gossip had hinted that the Bowdins were not so well off as they pretended, that old Alky's passion for plunging had more than once brought their affairs to the verge of embarrassment. However, they kept up a mighty show, maintained a big house in town, two or three in the country and drove a fleet of motorcars. Wilfred belonged to good clubs. *(Continued on page 164)*

Week in and week out she read to him, often until after midnight.

THIS is the third story in the author's series in which he chronicles the adventures that befell a child of the streets, called "Peewee," on the greatest quest in the world. Nothing finer has ever been done by Mr. Mac Harg than these studies of child imagination.

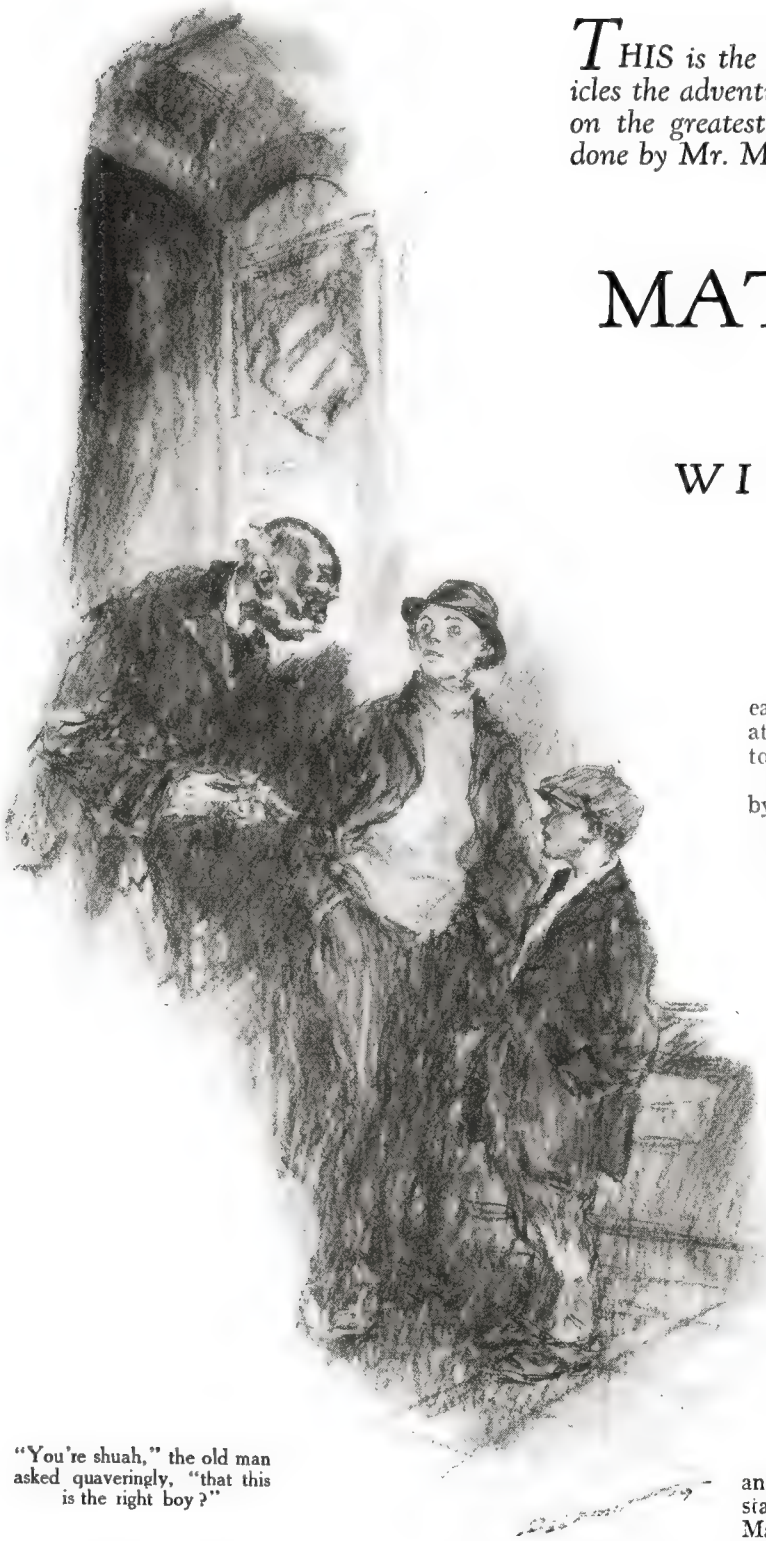
MATTHEW BEMAN

By

WILLIAM MAC HARG

Illustrated by

HENRY RALEIGH



"You're shuah," the old man asked quaveringly, "that this is the right boy?"

PEEWEE—known on the records of various orphanages and institutional homes for boys as "H. Seabury,"—a name manufactured for him in the Juvenile Court because his own name was unknown—sat on the unfinished foundation for the new Market Street bridge. The laborers engaged upon the bridge were lunching.

He had observed several among them who had brought in their tin buckets more than it seemed likely they could eat. He watched particularly one man devouring a huge chunk of bread. It was incontestable that some of the bread would have to be left; it seemed highly probable that the man might give what was left to Peewee. He had considered asking for the bread, but had feared that this might arouse opposition; it would be more certainly effective, he decided, merely to sit close by and watch.

There was still a large piece of the bread, and the man had eaten nearly all he could. Peewee moved to attract the man's attention. The man looked at him, then looked with satiety back to the bread, and threw it into the river.

Peewee sighed deeply and stood up, to find himself confronted by a larger boy.

"Hungry, kid?" the boy inquired.

The question wrung a forced reply from Peewee. "Sure."

"I know where we can eat."

Peewee doubtfully surveyed the boy. The inquiry involved in this scrutiny was whether the boy could be an emissary of Peewee's father.

Peewee's birth had been illegitimate; his father had not known that Peewee existed until Peewee's disreputable mother, before she died, had told him. He was wealthy, and had social position, and was married to a pretty lady whose name before her marriage had been Marion Beman. Before Walter Wendell Markyn—which was Peewee's father's name—and Marion Beman had been born, there had been a disagreement of some sort between their grandfathers; Peewee did not know the full nature of this disagreement. He knew, however, that the families had opposed his father's marriage, and had sent Marion abroad in the hope that it could be prevented. She and Peewee's father, before she left, had sworn eternal faithfulness to one another. Her family had kept Marion abroad for several years, and Peewee's father had grown hopeless. Then he had met this other woman.

The exact nature of the relation between his father and his mother was not plain to Peewee; he comprehended, however, that it did not do either of them credit. His father had not seen his mother after Marion came back, and Marion had never known about her. Peewee did not understand fully why the scandal of his existence was a threat to Mrs. Markyn's happiness, but he had been made to comprehend that it would ruin her life. He had met his father's wife and worshiped her. Something had made her suspect a connection between Peewee and his father's family, and she had questioned him. He had not wanted her life to be ruined, and he had lied to her; he had created for himself a fictitious name, fictitious parents and brothers and sisters who did not exist.

The knowledge that Mrs. Markyn was inquiring had reached Peewee's father, and he had started search for him. What his father would do to him if he caught him, Peewee could not guess. He knew that his father wanted to get rid of the menace of exposure which his existence entailed, and Peewee's acquaintance with the police had informed him of several definite ways of getting rid of people. He pictured terrible things which his father might do to him; that he had never seen his father, but had only been told about him by his mother, increased his fear. To avoid him, he had stopped frequenting the streets where he formerly had lived, and had kept away from everyone who might know

him. He had spent the last two nights under a tarpaulin spread over bags of cement where they were building the new bridge, and he suspected everyone who looked closely at him as persons who might have been sent to find him by his father.

He had seen this boy examining him first from the dock; five minutes later he had detected him scrutinizing him from a pile of ironwork intended for the bridge. A thick mist which had blown up the river from the lake, and which had made sponges of Peewee's broken shoes and wet rags of the too-large clothing which flapped on his short arms and legs, had partly obscured his view. But he was certain it was the same boy.

"Ever hear the name Markyn?" Peewee inquired.

He did not depend upon the boy's reply, which in any case would probably be no; he observed attentively the boy's manner. He was assured by that that the boy had not heard the name.

"What you talking about, kid?" the boy retorted.

Peewee breathed deep with satisfaction. "All right," he said; "let's go."

He climbed up onto the dock, and waited for the boy to designate their direction. The boy crossed the railroad tracks to Kinzie Street, and there moved east. His indifference whether Peewee followed him or preceded him or walked at his side gave further indication that he could not be anybody's agent.

PEEWEE did not connect the fact that he felt tired with the fact that he had not had enough to eat; physical discomfort he regarded as inseparable from life; it took now only the form of an internal anxiety as to how far the boy meant to make him go.

The boy, having traveled a half-dozen blocks on Kinzie, turned north on Rush. There were numerous small restaurants on this street, at which Peewee looked inquiringly; but he comprehended that if any of these had been their destination, they would have been traveling in the alleys; he was not welcome at restaurant front doors. When they had gone a full mile north, past the point where Rush Street merged into State, the boy again turned east and north, and Peewee began to study him with disturbance. They were on a street of fine houses, which he spelled out was "Astor Street," and the inhabitants of these houses, he felt sure, would not extend any courtesies to a small and very dirty person like himself. Yet the boy could not be merely taking him through this neighborhood; it was bordered within sight ahead of them by Lincoln Park. He followed the boy doubtfully through a narrow passage between two of the houses, and emerged behind another dwelling which, Peewee's immense experience of the backs of houses and of areaways and yards assured him, must face upon the Lake Shore Drive. He could not remember ever having seen a larger house.

He halted suspiciously to observe the boy. To his amazement, the boy pushed open a basement door, and Peewee, bewildered by his guide's temerity, followed him in and looked curiously around a large, square hall. The hall, he saw, connected with rooms for servants' uses and with a labyrinth of passages and stairs. A very old colored man, dressed in a dark green suit with peculiarly obvious buttons, came to one of the doors, at which the boy had knocked, and listened to something said to him by the boy, and looked inquiringly at Peewee.

"You're shuah," the old man asked quaveringly, "that this is the right boy?"

The boy replied something which Peewee could not hear. The old man, leaving the door open, shuffled back into the room and got some money and gave it to the boy. Peewee darted toward the door; but he had not got halfway across the hall when he felt the boy clutch him from behind. He at once stood still; the futility of struggling with the larger boy was evident. He allowed the boy to lead him back to the old man, who put him into the room and turned the key upon him.

He shook nervously, as he clung for support against the door, and he had forgotten he was hungry. He was caught, it appeared certain, by his father. The trembling in his legs increased, and he went to a chair and sat down. He could hear nothing except the ticking of a clock, and it occurred to him finally what an immense number of times he had heard the clock. He must have been here fully half an hour.

The key at last turned in the lock, and the old servant put in his head.

"Follow me, boy," he directed.

Peewee got up tremblingly, and followed the servant up a winding stair into another hall—large and luxurious. They crossed the hall toward a room with books upon its walls, a library. It was here, apparently, that his father was awaiting him; he halted in panic, and the old servant pushed him in. The rapid beating of his heart stopped suddenly and then went on again. The person expecting him in the room was not his father, he perceived, but Mrs. Markyn; and her swift scrutiny of him warned him of some change in their relation.

Had whoever it was that had whispered to her about him and his father's family told her something more? It had not occurred to him, while he was in panic at expecting to see his father, that this was not his father's house; but since that was so, why was she here? Was it she that had had him brought here? She had on, he noted, a walking-suit and hat, and must therefore have come from outside; she was breathing quickly, as though she had not come in the motor but on foot. He recalled the half-hour the old negro had kept him in the room below. It must be, he thought, that he had been held there while she had been sent for.

To be near his father's pretty, sweet-faced wife gave Peewee always feelings part pleasurable, part painful, which he could not understand. She did not use strong perfumes as the women did whom he particularly admired upon the streets, but a faint sweetness came from her as though her clothes were kept where there was a pleasant smell. He longed always to have her touch him; if she did, he quivered with something like delight, but he felt also a shameful tendency toward tears.

She came impulsively toward him, as the servant left the room, and took his small dirty hands in hers, and seated herself and held him in front of her. He moved spontaneously to lean against her knee and be as near to her as he could, and to breathe in the sweetness of her presence.

"You didn't tell me the truth about yourself!" she accused him.

He shuffled one worn shoe upon the other in embarrassment, and fixed his large blue eyes upon her anxiously. What troubled him was not merely that she knew that he had lied to her, but whether her discovery of this had involved her learning also who he was.

"Why didn't you?" she asked.

He hung his head, not daring in his uncertainty to answer her at all.

"You aren't afraid of me?"

"No'm."

"Then why was it?" Her look, he saw, was strained and deeply troubled. "You told me what you said was your name, and where you lived. I thought perhaps there was something I could do for you, and so I went there to find out. I found there was no family of that name."

"Yes'm," he admitted. No matter what she might know, he could not, he perceived, satisfy her by another lie.

"The boys at the children's bathing-beach where I used to see you knew you by sight—they'd seen me talking with you. I told them I would pay any boy who brought you here."

Why here, he wondered. What was this place?

"Was any of what you told me true?"

"No'm."

"Then why did you tell it to me?"

He swallowed. His wide experience with agents of charity and justice had taught him practical methods under questioning, and the safest method in this case was pathos. "I didn't want to say I didn't know," he answered pathetically.

"You mean you haven't any family!"

"Yes'm."

"And you were ashamed to tell me that?"

"Yes'm." As a matter of fact, he had always been glad he didn't have a family, until he met her; but he maintained carefully the pathos in his voice.

"What is your real name?"

"Peewee."

"Haven't you any other name than that?"

"No'm."

"You don't know who your mother is?"

The time to lie had come, he decided. "No'm," he denied.

"Or your father?"

"No'm."

She released him and stood up. Her full lip trembled, and she caught it between her teeth. "I thought that," she whispered to herself. "Oh, that is what I thought!"

SHE did not, he saw relievedly, know who he was; and she believed his statement that he did not know his parents. Her suspicion that he had some connection with her family was becoming certainty; but she did not hate him as he had foreseen she must if her suspicions were directed toward his father. In-

"Come here," he ordered harshly. Mrs. Markyn pushed Peewee forward to him, and he put his immense hand under Peewee's chin, turned his small face up and studied it.

stead of drawing away from him, she stooped and put her arms about him.

"Do you know why I had you brought here?" she inquired.

"To ask me."

"Yes; but it wasn't only that. There's some one here who's promised to take care of you."

He stared about in wonder. Institutions were the only ones that had ever taken care of him. Was this house an institution of some sort? It could not be that, he felt, with such luxurious furnishings. It was the most beautiful place he ever had been in.

SHE straightened and took his hand. "I'm going to take you to him."

It was a man, then, who was to take care of him. Could it be his father? He speculated nervously upon this, as she led him across and down the hall to a doorway hung with curtains. She drew the curtains aside and pushed him gently in and went in with him.

"Here is the boy," he heard her say.

He saw, while he held himself close to her, a small, richly furnished room where a wood fire was burning; there were pictures on the wall in wide gilt frames, and his wet shoes sank almost to his ankles in the rug. His gaze, as he appreciated these things, stopped with a jerk upon an immense old man seated in a great armchair. This old man must be the person she had meant; he was the room's only occupant. His cold, fiercely direct gray eyes were fixed intently upon Peewee; his big, imperious mouth and square, projecting chin were firmly set; his huge hands grasped the elbows of his chair as though even his resting had a sort of violence in it.

His expression as he looked at Peewee changed, the boy perceived, to startled surprise.

"Come here," he ordered harshly.

Mrs. Markyn pushed Peewee forward to him, and he put his immense hand under Peewee's chin, turned his small face up and studied it. The stigma which Peewee must bear throughout his life was his amazing likeness to the family of his father. It was this which had first excited Mrs. Markyn's suspicions. He saw, used as he was from babyhood to watching faces on the street, her meet the man's queer look courageously; but she had flushed. She bent over him as though to hide her embarrassment.

"Will you stay here with him?" she asked.

"Yes'm," he answered promptly.

"He lives here all alone," she said. "There's no one else."

He did not need this assurance. He had seen her in this house; she probably would come here again. He would have stayed with anybody, anywhere, that he might see her. Something of what he felt toward her seemed to affect her. Her eyes filled with tears, and she impulsively kissed him.

He quivered, and stared after her in utter absorption as she went away. He heard a bell ring somewhere and perceived that it was the old man who had rung it, and that it caused a servant to appear.

"Get Burtin," the man directed the servant, "and take him and fix him up."

The servant went away hastily and returned after a moment with the old negro man. Peewee went with them docilely to the second floor. They took him into a pretty bedroom there, and he did not resist as the negro began to undress him and the other man turned on the water in a tub. They lifted him and set him in the bath. As they dried him and wrapped him in a blanket, the old negro looked at his small, bruised body with interest. The inspection seemed to convey some idea to him; he spoke to the other servant, who went away and returned with a tray holding sweet preserves, bread and tea which was almost milk. Peewee ate ravenously, while he sat with the blanket wrapped about him and the servant stood by to hand him what he wanted; but it interfered a little with his eating to keep his eyes fixed upon the man.

The negro, who had left the room, came back bringing several small suits of clothes of varying sizes. Peewee thrilled expectantly. The man held the clothes against him to find out which size was right, and the smallest nearly fitted. His pulse quickened as they put underclothing on him; he had not had underclothes since his last confinement in a home for boys. He held out his feet for the stockings and the shoes, and they put his legs into knickerbockers and his arms into a shirt with a wide collar.

The boy he could see in the mirror he had difficulty in believing was himself. But when he put his hands into the pockets of his new clothes, the boy in the mirror put his in too; and when he took them out, the other boy did the same.

"I undahstand this is to be your room," the negro told him.

He stiffened with amazement. He had never had a room which was called his own, or slept in one where many other people were not sleeping, and he looked about him with wide eyes.

"Is they anything else you requiah, suh?" the negro asked him.

He shook his head, and followed them dazedly to the door and looked after them as they went away. To be left alone in his room gave him a feeling of possession he had never had before. He touched the lace cover on the bed, and went and felt of other objects which he saw; he moved the chairs, then put them back where they had been.

He wondered what the other rooms near his were like, and went and looked at them, and then at rooms on other floors. It was an immense house, he thought, for the man to live in all alone. Its front windows looked across the Drive and out upon the lake, and its rear windows looked at the backs of other houses. Four blocks to north of it and three to west, as nearly as he could figure, was his father's house, which he had gone and looked at after his mother had given him the address.

He came, in the course of his inspection, to the room where the fierce old man sat, and he looked in at him for a time from the hall; then he went in and sat down. They gazed at one another curiously.

"Boy lie to you that brought you here?" the old man asked.

"Yes sir," said Peewee.

"What did you do to him?"

"Nothing," Peewee answered.

"Know what to do when a boy lies to you?"

"No sir."

"Hit him in the eye."

Peewee regarded him reflectively.

"You'll do that hereafter?" The old man suggested.

"Yes sir."

"That's right. People don't care what happens to you, do they?"

Peewee considered this; very few people indeed had ever cared.

"No sir," he agreed.

"You care what happens to them?"

"Yes sir."

"Why should you, if they don't care about you? Know how they do about that on the Board of Trade?"

"No sir."

"They don't care what happens to the other fellow. Seen many a man sitting in his office, broke. Don't know how to pay his rent, don't know how to feed his wife and kids, thinks he'll kill himself. On the Floor they throw up their hats, slap each other on the back, all join hands and dance around—because they've broke him. Understand?"

"No sir."

HE was wondering who the old man was. He had supposed, since Mrs. Markyn had asked the old man to care for him, that he must be some member of the Markyn family. But he was not sure now about this. The spoon with which Peewee had eaten his preserves and the knife with which the servant had spread the bread had been marked with *B*. There had been *B* in the lace coverlets upon the beds. He would have liked to ask the old man his name, but as the man's cold, hard eyes stared back at him, he was afraid to.

He backed toward the door, still staring at the man, and when he felt the opening behind him, he backed out through it. How could he find out the man's name? Would the servants tell him if he asked? Would it be upon the man's front door? As he moved toward the door to open it and look, he saw upon his left the library with its shelves of books. In some schools, he recalled having heard, boys wrote their names into their books. He went in and opened one of the books, which were all new, as though no one had ever read them. He found a picture pasted in its front with letters underneath—"*Ex Libris, Matthew Beman.*" "*Ex Libris*" had no meaning for him, but the name he recognized.

This hard old man, the name explained, was Mrs. Markyn's grandfather. He warmed excitedly to think that she must come often to her grandfather's house, and so he would see her often. What would she think of him when she saw him in his new clothes and in shoes which had no holes in them? She might, when she first saw him, hardly know him. She had kissed him when he was in his old clothes and dirty; wouldn't she surely put her arms about him again now that he was clean and dressed like this? She might be coming now. He went to the front window to look out along the street in the direction which he thought that she would come. He sat and waited, but she did not come that day.

"I'm the boy," Peewee croaked. He saw his father start, then swiftly bend, felt his father twist him about so that the street lamp fell upon his face.

At dark the negro, Burtin, came and got him and took him to a room downstairs to eat. A servant waited on him, and Burtin sat and watched; Peewee regarded him reflectively between his bites.

"What is a corner?" the boy inquired at last.

Burtin considered in surprise. "A co'nah?"

"Have you known Mr. Beman a long time?" Peewee asked.

"Ah've always been with Mistah Beman."

"Didn't Mr. Beman ever make a corner?"

Burtin appeared to comprehend. "Mistah Beman done made many co'nahs."

"The Markyn-Beman corner," Peewee suggested. This was all that Peewee knew about Matthew Beman; he knew the words, but did not know what they meant.

"That's too long ago fo' you to know about it—yeh, that's long ago."

"Then tell me about it."

Burtin seemed to consider this request and to decide that it was not anything he need refrain from telling.

"Mistah Beman and Mistah Markyn was pahtnahs—this Mistah Markyn's grandfathah," he asserted. "One time befoh they weh regulah pahtnahs, they once both of them weh buying oats. Mistah Markyn came to Mistah Beman and said: 'Oats ah going up; the longah we hold ouah oats, the higheh up they'll go. We'll hold ouah oats, and when they get so-high, but not befoh they get so-high, we'll sell.' 'All right,' says Mistah Beman. But Mistah Markyn sold his oats befoh they got so-high, and nevah said a word to Mistah Beman, because he thought the mahket wouldn't buy so many oats. So Mistah Markyn made money because Mistah Beman held his oats, but his selling made oats go down, and Mistah Beman did'n't make any. You undehstand?"

Peewee did not understand, but he comprehended that if he admitted that, he might not hear anything more. "Sure," he prevaricated.

"Long afteh that—yeahs afteh that—Mistah Beman and Mistah Markyn came to be pahtnahs. Mistah Beman aint nevah forgot about the oats. He don't evah fo'get what's done to him; he remembahs, and remembahs, and remembahs. And Mistah Beman and Mistah Markyn sta'ted out to co'neh wheat togetheh. They done bought and bought and bought till Mistah Markyn thought they had all the wheat into a co'neh. But they couldn't be any co'neh, because Mistah Markyn didn't know that Mistah Beman was selling while he bought—selling Mistah Markyn Mistah Markyn's own wheat ovah and ovah. *(Continued on page 170)*

They sat down to table, the old General a gray tenderness, his mind on the past.

PERIWINKLE HOUSE

By OPIE READ

Illustrated by DEAN CORNWELL

The story so far:

THIS story of a Monte Cristo of the Mississippi takes us back to another Reconstruction period, the days just after the Civil War: the father of Virgil Drace, a young Ohioan, had been murdered by guerrillas under command of one Stepho la Vitte, who had also carried off a young woman of the village and her child. After the death of Virgil's mother, some years later, the young man journeyed to New Orleans, seeking revenge upon the criminal and hoping to learn the fate of the kidnaped woman, daughter of a neighbor. On the journey Drace picked up a quaint character, one Liberty Shottle, who became a sort of *fidus Achates.*

In New Orleans Drace met again a young woman with whom he had become smitten on the boat—and learned she was the daughter of La Vitte! He also became involved in a carpetbagger riot, saved a man from lynching—and got himself ordered out of town for his pains. But in the hour's grace given him he obtained a clue to La Vitte's dwelling-place; for Shottle, visiting a wine dealer said to be a friend of La Vitte's glimpsed a case of wine addressed to him. "I've found him," reported Shottle. "That case of wine was addressed to Stepho la Vitte at Farnum's Landing, Mississippi. It starts for Stepho on the steamer *Bumblebee* this morning. And so shall we!"

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CHAPTER VI

AN hour later Drace sat with Shottle on the deck of the *Bumblebee,* watching the ever-changing panorama of the Mississippi and musing upon the sudden shifting of his quest.

"Liberty," asked Drace presently, "how far up is this Farnum's Landing? Do you recall it?"

"Yes," said Liberty. "I know this river. Farnum's Landing is—by golly!" he exclaimed, breaking off, "Farnum's Landing is the next stop below Bethpage's Landing! And General Bethpage is my uncle! We'll go there."

"But," said Drace dubiously, "he's not my uncle, and I'm afraid it would be intruding somewhat on his hospitality to—"

"Nothing of the sort," averred Liberty. "Any friend of mine would be doubly welcome. You can't know much about the General. Taming now, but he used to be the most remarkable character, in a quiet way, along the River. And when I tell you about him, Virgil, you'll laugh. Before the war he was professor at Newsome, a little college up in the scrub-oak country. He entered the army as a colonel and came out as a brigadier."

"I don't see anything to laugh at in that."

"No, but wait. He had considerable money, and at times used to come down to New Orleans to enjoy himself. On one occasion he lost all his money at roulette."

"Still nothing to laugh at."

"No? All the property he had with him was a bodyservant, a Guinea negro named Dip. So what does he do? He says to the proprietor of the gambling-house: 'I wish to play this negro, sir.' 'All right; I'll take off the limit and let you play him. How much is he worth?' says the gambler. 'I don't want to play his value in money, but him, I tell you,' says the General. 'Say the word, and I'll bet him on one of these numbers.' He had been losing every bet, and the proprietor knew that it would be safe. So he says: 'All right, go ahead.'

"The General wasn't sober; so he calls the darky and says: 'Dip, stand here with your forefingers on number twenty, right here.' The darky did so, and they turned the wheel, everybody laughing. Well, sir, if twenty didn't win, the world is a puff-ball! Won, and the owner of the place turned pale! He knew that he'd have to pay or close up his house. So he says: 'All right, get at his value, and I'll pay the bet.' 'Value!' cries the General, 'I didn't bet his value, but *him*. I want thirty-five Guinea negroes. Size them up to him.'"

"What a farce!" commented Drace.

"Was it? Well, I reckon not. They had to go out and buy thirty-five Guinea negroes. It took quite a while, but the General waited. And when they had all been sized up, the General went up the River, with his thirty-five Guinea negroes trailing behind him."

Now Drace could see the picture of it, and he laughed. This was the man he was going to visit!

The *Bumblebee* was jointly owned and operated by Major Pewitt and a young fellow named William Hawkins. It was a fine steamer, but while it was cunningly masked as a public carrier, Shottle was quick to discover that it was in truth a nomad gambler, profuse in entertainment that taxed not the giver. But the entertainment sought by this pelican, as the gamesters termed Shottle, was not of wine from France, the fish-egg from Russia or venison from America's native woods, but spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs. And while the *Bee* still lay at the wharf, breathing low and blubberously through her nostrils, Shottle had put in operation a quickly contrived "touch," presenting himself to Major Pewitt before he had taken the time to introduce his friend to that well-known character.

Now, however, Major Pewitt strolled up; and Shottle, keen to get to the gaming-table, introduced Pewitt to Drace and then a moment later himself slipped away.

"We are on our way to visit Shottle's uncle, General Bethpage," explained Drace.

"What, my old friend and fellow-soldier Bethpage! Never a nobler man drew sword in defense of what he conceived to be right. If you like a genial atmosphere and a company that never tires, you will remain with him as long as possible and still too short a time. I earnestly hope that you may find inducement to settle among us."

"Possibly I may. I like the River. I like the study of character. In character there is all history, all philosophy, all—"

"Just so," the Major agreed. "And we have some remarkable characters here, sir, and some of the most beautiful women in the world; to some people it may appear a little singular, but interesting character among men always develops in an atmosphere producing beauty among women."

"And naturally, Major, you are acquainted with both characters and beauty. And by the way, did you ever meet an old fellow—let me see, what is his name? Oh, I think they call him Stepho—something. Oh, yes—La Vitte?"

The Major cleared his throat and gently laid his hand on Drace's shoulder.

"My young friend, they have told you about the most implacable and desperate of men, sir. I know the man, and while nature did not intend—and I beg your pardon for what might seem a want of modesty—that I should fear any human being, yet I confess to an occasional uneasiness in the presence of old Stepho la Vitte. I have never had any words with him—that is, strained words; but if I should, I'd await no move on his part but shoot him instantly. Ha, I wish you to meet my dear young friend and much esteemed partner William Hawkins."

Drace was much taken with Hawkins, his quiet manner, his athletic mold, and passed some time with him in talk, the Major having given to Hawkins a scheming wink.

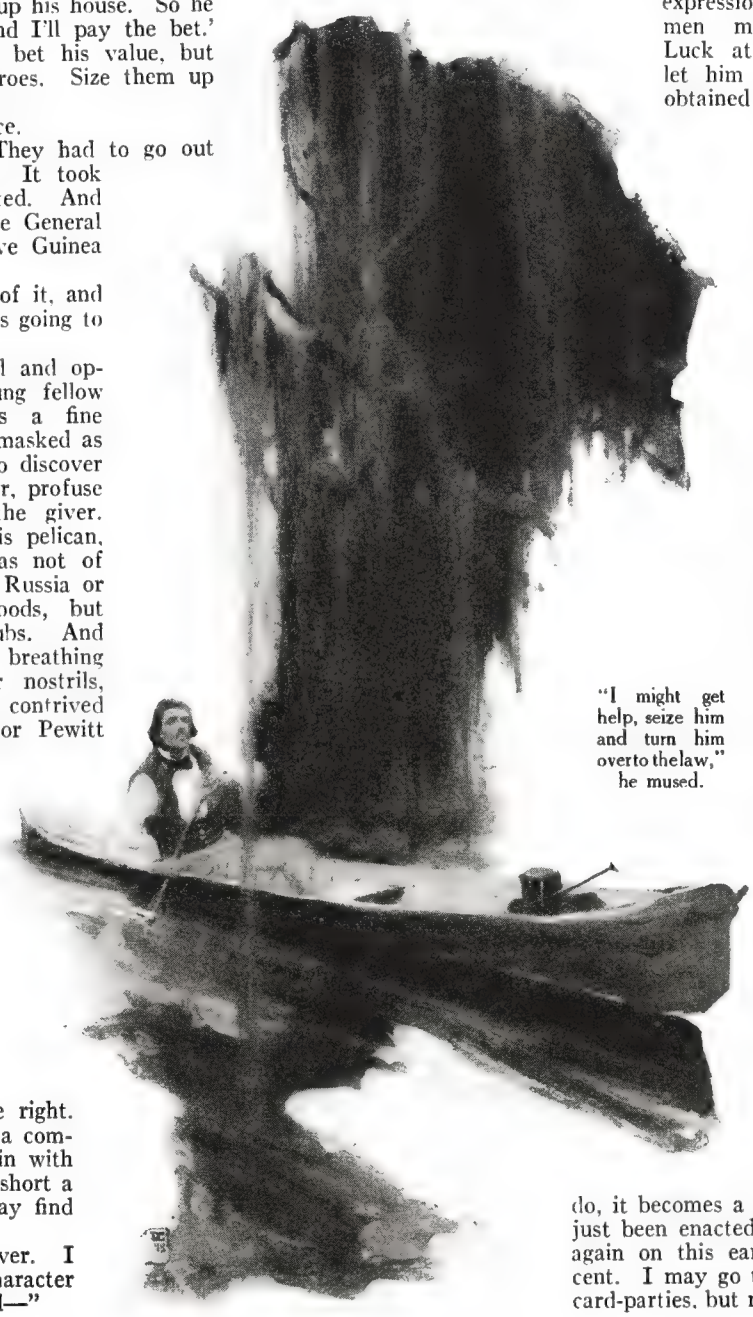
The boat was now fluting her ruffled way up the river. At a table beneath a great shaded lamp, Shottle sat, not alone, not staring into vacancy but into the expressionless countenances of men merciless in vivisection. Luck at first had cajoled him, let him swell the fifty he had obtained to near five hundred, but a yellow-looking swab of whiskers entangled with him and leeched him down to twenty-five. Shottle looked at him, his caterpillar eyebrows, heard his slight hacking cough, his request for a glass of ice-water and said to himself:

"One of these days I may have a chance to set fire to you as I would any other patch of dead grass."

Slowly and with an economy painful for him to practice, Shottle with many ups and downs built up again toward two hundred; but at length in the afternoon an old citizen who sat high and who looked like a steer, hooked with him and horned him broke.

Shottle came stumbling over the door-sill of the Texas and found Drace in conversation with Major Pewitt and William Hawkins. With a wink the Major enjoined a humorous silence, and mutely they sat attendant on the loser's mood. Shottle sat down, took out a card, wrote on it, put the card back into his pocket, tapped his teeth with the pencil, spoke:

"I have just written a resolve, and whenever I do, it becomes a law of my being. It has just been enacted and recorded that never again on this earth am I to bet another cent. I may go to houses where there are card-parties, but never again am I to shuffle



"I might get help, seize him and turn him over to the law," he mused.

a deck. My career as a fool is ended. . . . . Who was it that wrote, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again?' A prison-sentence would be too good for the hatcher of such a fallacy. If at first you find you're wrong, quit. That's my course for the future."

"I congratulate you. But what are you going to do?" Drace inquired.

"I will drag a surveyor's chain and squint at the landscape. I'll lug a tripod and eat a raw turnip in the wind. Or, if compelled to be humbler, I can curry horses."

"And bet some fellow that you'll have your horse curried first," said the Major.

With his pencil Shottle slowly tapped his teeth.

"The first squirt of cold water generally comes from one as much afflicted as yourself. But no matter. Cold water chills, but at the same time it cleanses. And from this time on, gentlemen, Liberty Shottle, the vague and unreal, will become the obvious and the actual. If I had a thousand dollars right now, I wouldn't bet that the sun will rise to-morrow. Oh, there is such a thing as redemption."

CHAPTER VII

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon the *Bumblebee* passed Farnum's Landing, and later touched at Bethpage Landing. From the crest of the high embankment was an endless view of spreading cane-fields. The General's house stood in the midst of old trees near half a mile from the river. Leading from the landing was a road in the perpetual shade of low-branching live oaks. Along the road wild poppies blazed in patches of sunlight, and in the shade glowed with the color of darker blood. In clumps of feathery grasses insects sang, while from everywhere came the low and drowsy murmur of the cane.

Drace was enchanted with the scene, the sweet air. Beside him Shottle long-legged his way, his neck stretched out.

"Yonder comes Uncle Howard, the General," he said.

Toward them, with a slow but with firm and emphatic step, came a tall, spare, erect old gentleman; and as he drew nearer, Drace saw that he wore a mustache and whiskers trimmed neatly down to a sharp point. The soldier within him predominated, the professional soldier, who often is gentler and more kindly than the volunteer. Shottle hailed him, and he quickened his pace.

"Well, well, Liberty Shottle! Welcome, sir; and your friend—"

"Uncle, this is Virgil Drace, my best friend."

The old man straightened, held out both his hands and made Liberty's friend welcome most hospitably.

Now they walked toward the house, the General with his hand on Drace's arm. Over the yard fence poured a stream of hounds, and an old 'possum-dog "barked up" Shottle as if he had treed. The double hallway doors stood open. The General conducted Drace into the library, a room that looked big enough for a tennis-court. Then he hastily withdrew, and Shottle spoke:

"Gone to find Aunt Tycie. You'll like her. No hickory-tree sap is any sweeter than her disposition. She was a Shottle, my father's young sister. She's young, as I told you. And she looks younger now than when she married. Did you ever notice that when a young woman marries an old fellow, she always tries to look younger? Here they are."

Aunt Tycie was good-looking, brown of hair, and with a manner of winning gentleness. Her voice was soft, and though she could not subdue, if ever she strove, the coquetry with which nature endowed her eyes, yet she was honest with herself, and in act and voice was devoted to the General. In as auntly a fashion as she could, she held up her lips to Shottle that he might bend down and touch them cool, and she greeted Drace with the utmost kindness. Then they sat down to talk, the old General a gray tenderness, his mind in the past and bowed over what one might have thought his own fault, the error of a time that wrenched hearts awry.

Presently the great plantation-bell on a tower in the yard rang time for the evening meal. The General arose, and bowing to his wife, gracefully offered her his arm. To Drace it was a pretty ceremonial, and he contrasted it with the more brusque customs of everyday life in the North.

At the table in a room that looked like a hall, with great fireplace and carved sideboards, and with portraits and a French bronze of Washington, Bethpage flowed with humorous pleasantry. He joked with Lib, and Drace could see that he was fond of his nephew. He complimented his wife, took up a rose lying beside his plate, walked around and hooked its thorn in her hair. He sat down, admiring her; and smiling, she began to talk about the happiness of her home, the ease of her life; and Drace did not wonder at it, with a hundred negroes at her call.

When an opportunity offered, Drace inquired of the General, as casually as possible, if he knew anything of an old fellow named Stepho la Vitte, who was reputed to live somewhere in the vicinity.

The General seemed somewhat surprised at the inquiry. "Yes," he said, "I know something of him. And I believe there are rumors that he is sometimes seen across the River near here. During the war he was a guerrilla and cast much blame on the Confederacy. I met him once, after the war—near your father's house, my dear. My mules were tired, and I had halted in the shade to let them rest, when up came two men; one put his hand on the wheel of my buggy and said that my mules were his—that they had been stolen from him. I laughed, but meantime I had the muzzle of a pistol between his eyes. He didn't flinch nor wink. He looked at me and said that he may have made a mistake. I told him I thought he had. Then, taking his hand off my wheel, he bowed himself back and said that he would see me again, to apologize. But I haven't seen him since."

In the evening how still and sweet was the air! From the quarters came the weird drone of the negro's chant, for the habit of the slave had not fallen with his chain. In the parlor Aunt Tycie sang, in this house a custom to be dreaded by a learned ear; but Drace's ear was not learned; Shottle's was as an oyster-shell clapped to his head; and in music the General could not distinguish intention from accomplishment. It was a song of love, "Hast Thou No Feeling to See Me Kneeling?" and when its last note had found a dark corner wherein to die, Drace requested her to sing it again. She gave him a grateful look; the General smiled at him; and as the song began again to mourn its way, Shottle said to himself:

"If Providence will lend virtue to a scheme, that will cost you money, Virgil. Came here to rest after going through more than Stonewall Jackson could stand, and this is what I get! Oh, it's respectable and ought to be endured, and so is a casket lined with satin, but it doesn't suit me. Lord, but this atmosphere is unsympathetic!"

If you have patience to wait, bedtime always comes; history is strewn with bedtimes. It came slow-footed for Shottle but quickly enough for Drace, with his nerves of steel wire. And how delighted he was with his room, a museum of antiquity, a great four-poster bedstead with a canopy heavy enough to have served as deadfall to some medieval giant. A chair that looked like the oaken throne of an ancient Briton, a wardrobe wherein *Bluebeard* might have hanged his wives, a rough-hewn mantelpiece remindful of a beetling cliff—these were featured in the light of a hanging lamp big enough to turn the ashes of a cremated dragon.

THE night was warm, and through the windows the air came cool and lulling from the Gulf; but Drace lay until daybreak before he slept, and when he awoke, the noontime bell was ringing. A negro knocked to tell him that dinner was ready. The General and Tycie were seated, but Shottle was not at the table with them; and following Drace's look of inquiry, came explanation from the General:

"I gave him the five hundred dollars that he was to put in with the five hundred furnished by you to be invested initiatively in that cotton-bagging factory at Vicksburg, and he took an early boat for that city. I think it a fortunate thing for the South that they discovered a wild plant, a sort of jute really better for making ropes and bagging than either flax or hemp. I had seen nothing about the discovery, but I am not a very close reader of the newspapers. But Shottle assures me that this wild jute can be grown on the poorest land and that it needs no tending. I am naturally cautious, Virgil, and I did not myself invest, but backing your judgment in the matter, I loaned Liberty five hundred. When do you expect active operations toward building the factory?"

Tycie forestalled Drace's answer:

"Oh, I am sure it will succeed, and it will be a great thing, especially for Liberty. He has tried so hard, but somehow his energies haven't been properly directed. And he is so capable!"

She was so confident, so hopeful for her luckless kinsman, that Drace played protecting villain to Shottle's purposes.

"Well, I don't know exactly when they are to begin work, but soon, I trust."

She gave him a grateful look for his trust, now perfectly

"Monsieur, how foolish to come! If you do not go now, in a short time you will die."

assured of Shottle's useful future. But the General did not appear to be easy in his mind, and a little later while he and Drace were walking about the yard, beneath the big trees, he referred again to the investment. Drace would have shuffled away from it, but the old gentleman cornered him with a question.

"I want the truth. Did Liberty lie to me?"

"Yes sir, he did."

"I began to think so the moment he left me. Well, it is a singular thing, that when he is with me, I believe in him, but the moment he is gone, my faith has gone with him. I have had much experience with men, Mr. Drace, in the army and elsewhere, but my wife's nephew is the most—I don't know how to define him. Let me thank you for protecting him in the presence of my wife, and I regret that I may have seemed in doubt. But Drace, that fellow makes me angry with myself. Confound him, he almost convinces me at times that I have no stability of character. And yet I am fond of him. I am always glad to see him come. And let me say that he illustrates one truth very clearly—that ability consists mostly in the fervor with which we go at a thing. I suppose he has cost you considerable."

"Oh, not very much. I am fond of him too, and I believe he is going to be of much help to me."

"Well, I've lost five hundred this morning, but I can stand it. I have ordered the mules hitched up, and am going to drive with you about the plantation. I am going to show you a government here in the delta."

WITH its groups of cabins that formed a village, with its mill where the sap was crushed from the cane and boiled into crude sugar to be sacked and sent to the refinery, with its railroad-tracks running out into the fields, its many barns, stables, crossroads and embankments, General Bethpage's plantation was a civic state in miniature. Unlike many of the cotton-plantations, these monster sugar-farms did not oppress the sight with signs of shiftlessness and hurried waste. In these seemingly endless levels there were no fields ribbed with gullies,

but all an expanse of teeming fertility. The General's plantation had come to him as rather a late inheritance. He had done his theoretic speculation as a professor at college, had set up his military eagle in the active field, and now he was more than contented to spend his days in his quiet home, the castlelike old house of yellow brick among the trees.

During the drive the old gentleman was talkative, sometimes with the school-man's hesitating precision, but more often as the free companion, agreeable rather than discursive. Drace evinced in everything a keen interest, but it was not real. His heart was not with him. It was in New Orleans, in a narrow street where boards were nailed across a door.

"My son," said the general with the freedom of an old man, "I suppose you have settled as to the young lady who is to be your wife."

"Oh, yes—that is, not exactly."

"Ah, in that take your time, but not too long a time. I believe it better for a man to marry early, sir. I waited too long. It was a risk, but in my case favored by fortune. Love is the mighty pulse of the world, sir, but look that you choose a companion. Don't let a handsome face turn your head. I take it, however, that you are of too sturdy a character to permit mere beauty to flash you blind. Mrs. Bethpage, as you know, is a handsome woman, but she has a remarkable mind, sir—a most astonishing mind. It is not alone her intuition, for that you might naturally expect, but it is her absorbing intellect. Now, the young lady you are to marry is—"

"Is all right, sir," Drace prosaically obstructed him.

"I am glad to hear that, but I might have known it."

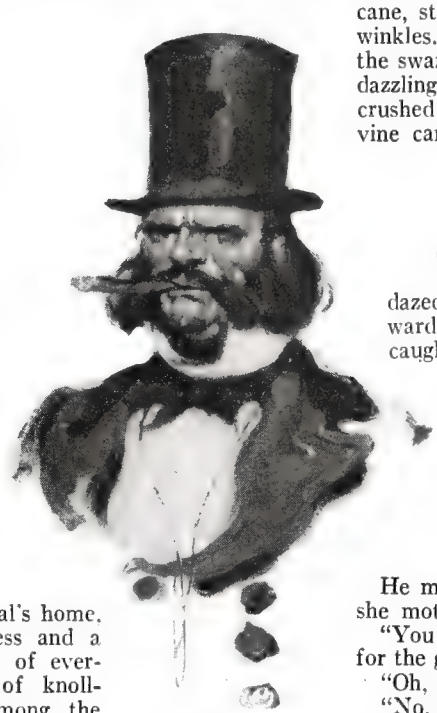
In the evening when the General had been called into his business-office, Drace sat in the family room with the "astonishing mind."

"It was none of the world's business, Mr. Drace, that I married a man older than myself," Tycie told him. "I could have waited, as a very dear friend of mine, Lucy Saunders, is waiting, but the General offered me his noble heart, and I accepted it. And now they tell me that she is likely to marry old Josh Mortimer."

"I am acquainted with Miss Lucy and old Josh."

"Oh, you don't say so! I am so glad. But it would be a pity for her to marry old Josh. She is so bright. I don't mean as to his age. Love is not a matter of years, but of—what shall I say? Of soul. And a man's soul does not die simply because his hair turns gray. I maintain that, and I don't care what the world says. Don't you agree with me?"

"Oh, yes," said Drace.



From what he had been able to gather from the General and by talking in seeming idleness to boatmen and to men along the River, Drace confirmed the information snatched by Shottle from the label on the Frenchman's wine-case—namely that old Stepho had a haunt somewhere in the neighborhood. A shrewd old negro had said that the outlaw lived in the swamp, in a house built of periwinkle shells. On the opposite shore, and several miles below the General's home, there lay a great wood of cypress and a thick tangle of salt cedar, a sort of everglade, a marsh with hundreds of knoll-islands here and there rising among the bayous. Here was indeed an outlaw's paradise, for Drace was told that not nearly all its lanes and crooked byways of brown water had been explored. Herein he began his search for old Stepho, day after day penetrating farther and farther into this moss-hanging wild. He did not confide in General Bethpage, for his mission was sacred unto himself alone, and by himself alone must it be accomplished.

"I might invite help, seize him and turn him over to the law, and the law might hang him," he mused on one of his excursions into the swamp. "But justice on the part of the law would not be revenge on the part of a Drace. No, I'll do this all myself. I will hang him up, with two cards on his breast, and let the law find him. But first I must learn from him the fate of Mary Walton—if possible discover if that paper given her by her husband was ever found."

At his feet in the canoe lay a rope, one end of it a hangman's noose, and he smiled at it, grim and firm of faith. Sometimes his canoe would stall in the carpet of scum. But he forced his way through into a narrow and unobstructed channel. Now he paddled swiftly. In front of him a great alligator arose and sank, the canoe grazing his scaly back. With a shriek great birds flew, flapping low, their long legs stretched out behind them. Drace was armed with a revolver, but did not wish to fire it, caution warning him. When he ceased for a time to paddle, how still everything was!

The adventurer liked to feel that no one had ever been there before. But now suddenly something caught his eye. In the green tangle on a low bank he saw a pole with wires strung to it, a sort of gate. The wires were covered with vines, trained about them. But for what purpose, here in this brushy tangle? He caught hold of a weed and pulled the canoe up closer, took hold of the pole; and now he found a lower slat to which the wires were also attached. Farther along he discovered a sort of hinge attached to a snag almost hidden by briers.

"I'll open this gate and see what lies beyond," he mused, drawing the canoe back to the other end. He pulled at the pole, and it yielded. The gate opened, and through the weeds that appeared to have been bent by the passing of a boat, he saw a narrow channel.

It was easy enough to shove through the weeds and to enter the new canal. Soon it broadened, winding about among the enormous cypress trees. Now he came upon a widening that looked like a millpond, except that in the midst of it arose an island of tall cane. It was an attractive sight, and he ceased paddling, to look. Slowly he drifted toward the island's shore. He took hold of a cane-root and pulled the nose of the canoe hard into the bank. Then he got out, parting the stiff and stubborn cane in a shade as dense as night. But now through this parting hallway he could see sunlight beyond, and knew that he was about to come into an open space. And out into it he looked with a start; for there, a few feet from the edge of the fringe of cane, stood a small house made of minute shells cemented—periwinkles. Its roof was of thatch, the long rushes gathered from the swamp; and about the door was a cypress vine, its red blooms dazzling in the sun. And then a bended cane Drace held was crushed in his hand, for through the door and out beneath the vine came the barbaric rose maid, Nadine la Vitte.

CHAPTER VIII

SHE did not take fright when she saw him. She was startled, but did not run into the house; she stood dazed, her marvelous eyes in wide stare. Slowly he came forward, gazing, his hat in his hand. He dropped the hat, stooped, caught it up and now stood before her.

If she were agitated, he could not discover it. She stood where the red blooms brushed her brow. He held forth his hand, and slowly she shook her head.

"Monsieur, how foolish to come! If you do not go now, in a short time you will die. My father! He will shoot you. I should like it not to see you dead, you are so brave. My father he will think you come for him."

"But I will tell him that I did not. I—"

He moved nearer, but with her hand raised, palm toward him, she motioned him away.

"You do not know what you talk. Nothing could you tell him, for the gun fire, and you will be no more. Please go away now."

"Oh, it is because you want to get rid of me."

"No, no, no. It is not that. I like you much. You are so brave—and handsome. It is because I fear for you. My father would be angry to have me talk with a Northern man. Go now, and for my sake, come no more."

"Mr. Boyce," said Drace then, "is he not a Northern man?"

She shot a sudden startled look at him. "Mr. Boyce—but he is my father's friend. My father expects me to marry Mr. Boyce. And if my father should come back and find me here talking with you, he would— Please, Mr. Drace, go at once, before it is too late. See, the sun is almost set. The stars come soon, and then through the cane he come. Oh, wont you please be kind to me and go at once!" *(Continued on page 176)*

The Panther overwhelmed him with congratulations on his escape and boasted of the triumph of the proletariat.

BEYOND THE DESERT

By ALFRED NOYES

Illustrated by
CHARLES H. TOWNE

THERE is only one Painted Desert, and it belongs to Arizona; but all the desert region of western America deserves the hint of beauty in that name. It is perilous to go astray in that region. The wanderer who loses his landmarks may never find them again. The distant mesas, those rocky table-lands, faceted like jewels, darken and smolder with every change of the sky. The lilac facet turns to amethyst, the amethyst to violet, the violet to lilac again; and with every change of color the landmarks alter. Forms change, as if the hard, dry landscape were the softest of cloud-stuff. It is dangerous to go astray in a land where the cavern of shadow quietly turns to a delicate blue pyramid, cut and polished like a jewel by the hand of Nature herself, or where the broken gray rocks against a blue sky-line become an enchanted garden of orange and vermilion in the middle of a gray plain.

It was with a vivid sense of this peril that, as dawn broke over the desert on a September day, a gaunt, disheveled man who had been resting at the foot of a giant cactus rose to his feet and turned, staring at the ring of the horizon all round him as a sailor looks for the first glimpse of land. His own black shadow, stretching far to the west through the goblin shadows of the cactus, was the only sign of life that he could see in all that tawny waste. Eastward the dawn had dappled the ledges of the blue mesas with a red that seemed to smoke like spilled blood in the beginnings of the heat-haze. The color was repeated in a blood-stained strip of cotton that bandaged the man's left arm, and in another discarded strip on the ground at his feet.

In his white drill trousers and cotton shirt, open across the chest where he had ripped away the strips for the bandage, James Baxter cut a very strange figure against that lonely background. His lean face, under its dark mane of hair, was that of an educated man, but a man born for rebellion—one of those flaming creatures who shy at hard facts as an untamed mustang will shy at a wheelbarrow. Like most of his kind he had Celtic blood in him,

and his dark eyes were equally quick to blaze with anger or to soften to beauty and tenderness. He could talk of killing or the devastation of cities in one moment, and in the next, a spirit as innocent as that of a child or any other wild creature would smile at you.

How far he had wandered during the night Baxter did not know. A little before sunset on the previous evening, when the train in which he was being conveyed as a prisoner had been held up in the desert by a freight-wreck ahead, his warders had allowed him to stretch his legs with the rest of the passengers. They had taken it for granted that the surrounding desert eliminated all hope of escape, even for an I. W. W. leader. Baxter had seized a favorable moment, dived under the train and sprinted through the cactus. He was in far better training than his pursuers; it was only ten years since he had carried away the long-distance honors at a California college, and he had always kept himself fit. He had been pursued hotly, not only by his warders but by a number of passengers, yelping in the excitement of the chase. Once, as he looked back, he had even thought that he saw a figure on a horse. It was possible, for he remembered seeing a horse put into the train at a wayside station. He had watched its owner—a lanky Western girl—feeding it with sugar. But there must have been a delay before anyone thought of a mounted pursuit. It was far away behind him, and the quick-falling night soon blotted it out altogether. A series of broken rocks helped him to get away completely, with nothing worse than the slight bullet-wound in his forearm which he had received in the first minute of his flight.

His one idea, all through the night, had been to plunge as far as possible into the sheltering heart of the desert, to put mile after mile of its starlit mystery between himself and his pursuers; and here at dawn he was lost as hopelessly as a man who should cut himself adrift from an ocean liner halfway across the Atlantic in an open boat.

He had not been entirely without foresight in preparing for his escape. Passengers on the transcontinental trains are often as heavily loaded with gifts of provender as those on an Atlantic liner, and before Baxter dived under the train he had carefully noted and seized a basket belonging to a plump Episcopal clergyman. On the other side of the train some of the passengers were preparing to open some bottles of drinking-water. He had snatched two of these and thrust them into the basket as he ran. He found, on examining the clergyman's property this morning, that it included a Camembert cheese, six large Bartlett pears, a box of crackers, three slabs of milk chocolate, a bunch of grapes and part of a Los Angeles Sunday newspaper.

"All's well, I have come through Death Valley."

He had lost his bearings completely during the night. It was not till daybreak that he knew east from west again. The fever of his flight would have prevented him from steering by the stars, even if he had known enough about it—and he did not. There was only one course to take now, and that was to try and strike the railroad again. If he could find it he might follow it after dark, westward. Here and there, he knew, there were little wayside settlements of Mexican workmen, amongst whom he might count on finding sympathizers with his particular branch of crime. He might even be able to steal a ride on a freight-train and get into California.

It was not until he was actually on his feet, with the intention of carrying out this plan, that he was faced by another difficulty, of a maddening simplicity. He had got the points of the compass now, and he knew that the railway ran roughly from east to west. But he did not know whether the line lay to the north or south of him! He tried to remember on which side of the train he had been taken out by his warders, and whether the engine had been to his left or to his right as he escaped. His dive under the train confused his memory in just those essential particulars, and the more he puzzled over them, the more uncertain he became. There was nothing for it but to try and retrace his footsteps—a difficult matter, since he had walked at random for hours, now on sand and now on ledges of rock; but he might be able to discover the general direction. The thought of failure was too grim to admit.

The direction of the footprints in the sand was plain enough, for a time, as he retraced them due north. Then he found that he was bearing to the east, until the long shadow that had been traveling at his left side was now flung straight behind him. In a few more minutes he was bearing south, with his shadow stretching away to the right; and in yet another half-hour he was following his own black image on the sand due west. Then, with the sweat breaking out upon him, he stopped dead under a giant cactus; for he saw a double series of footprints ahead of him: he had come back to the starting-point again.

His wanderings last night must have been ended by a complete circle. There was the slight hollow in the sand where he had rested under the cactus, and the blood-stained bandage that he had discarded. Of course, he had missed some point where the footprints broke off in another direction, probably over rocky ground, where they had left no trace. He set off again—and a second time after painful searchings, he found himself back at his starting point.

All this affected him queerly—with that sensation of having passed through it all before in some previous existence, the sensation which scientists tell us is no more mysterious in its origin than Jim Baxter's circular trail. Perhaps it was the slight shock of the sensation that distracted him at precisely the most important point of his round, as a conjurer distracts the attention of his audience at the critical moment. Behind the cactus there was a stretch of firm ground that took no impression of footprints. On the other side of this, fifty yards away, if he had explored it, Baxter would have come upon another trail of footprints leading due south; for the railway lay to the south of him. The simple fact that the divergence from the circle occurred at his starting-point, prevented him from looking for it on his return. He sat down with his back to the cactus and tried to think out his best course.

He had not even the slightest instinctive preference now with regard to the direction he should choose. He tried to think it out, with a view to possible failure on his first attempt. At the outside, the railway could not be more than thirty miles to the north or south of him, probably not nearly so much, allowing for all his detours. If he struck for the south at his first attempt, he ought to cover that distance in twelve hours. Then, if there were no sign of the railway, it would be certain that it lay to the north of him, probably not more than sixty miles distant. This would mean, allowing for rest, at least three days and nights, for walking is a difficult business in the desert country. By economizing his strength in every way, taking things quietly during the heat, and putting on speed at night, he thought he should be able to do it. His supplies would last him for that time, if he could only steer a straight course. A memory came to him from a familiar tale. He took a silver dollar from his pocket and tossed it into the air. He would leave the decision to his gods.

Heads north. Tails south. It was at any rate even chances that he would strike the right course at his first attempt. Heads it was. He rose to his feet cheerfully and strode off due north—leaving the railway farther behind him at every stride. . . . .

At the end of that day Baxter was beginning to feel almost sure that he had taken the wrong direction, for he had traveled rapidly and steered a far straighter course than on the preceding night, but it grew dark before he was quite certain. He was afraid of going astray again after nightfall, and as soon as he lost his bearings, he stopped, took his first rations from the basket

He knelt there wondering at the hostility the mere mention of her name would once have aroused in him . . . . The recumbent figure stirred slightly, and Baxter heard a faint cry.

and prepared to sleep. But for a long time sleep refused to visit him. His allowance of food and water had been too small. When at last he dropped off into a light doze, it was troubled with dreams—the faces of his old associates, his arrest and wanderings, endless wanderings through desert circles that always brought him back to one awful grotesque cactus with a black, hunched shadow squatting at its foot, like a mocking goblin. . . . . The faces of the people in the train returned to him—the face of the girl at the wayside station, a dry-skinned face, tanned with the sun, and aquiline almost as an Indian's. Foolish and selfish like all her kind, she would feed her horse with sugar, though cities were wasted with famine! He hated her with that nightmare hatred of the small hours . . . . .

He was pursued again in his dreams by some one mounted on a horse, the horse that she had been feeding. The galloping hoof-beats came nearer. They thundered in his ears. He woke and sat bolt upright. Fifty yards away, a figure mounted on a black horse went sweeping by like a maned and wind-blown cloud, gigantic against the stars. He leaped to his feet, uncertain whether it was one of his pursuers or not. In a few moments it had disappeared into the night; but for some time afterward he heard the galloping hoof-beats ringing over the firm ground or thudding softly over sand.

When daylight returned, he examined the ground to discover whether that shadowy rider had passed him only in a dream. But the hoof-prints were clear; and as they led to the northwest, he discarded his former plan and decided to follow them. By midday he was convinced that they could not have been made by one of his pursuers, for there was no sign of the railway; but the trail struck straight as an arrow on its original course. Baxter felt sure now that he was following some one who knew his way, and that before long, over the next blue ridge perhaps, he would come to some ranch on the fringes of civilization. In his new optimism he took a little more than his allowance of water and food, and pressed on eagerly; but as his shadow lengthened eastward, he began to doubt again. The hoof-prints became irregular and blurred as though the horse had been dragging as heavily as himself. Once he came on a confusion of marks near a cactus. He examined them closely. The rider had evidently dismounted for a time. The cactus had been cut curiously as though with a small knife. Several of the fronds were lying on the ground. They appeared to have been cut open. The pulp had been scraped out. Others looked as if the horse had fed upon them.

On the farther edge of this trampled patch of ground Baxter came on the footprints of the rider, clearly marked. They were the footprints of a woman!

He could think of no explanation, but set himself doggedly once more to follow the trail into those heat-shaken, wine-colored distances. All day, against a pearly horizon, he had watched three mesas, like lopped and battered pyramids of shining mauve and shadowy violet, receding before him. About an hour before sunset he saw that he was really approaching them. At their bases he lost the trail for a while and went groping for it among the tumbled fragments of a petrified forest. He stumbled over massive logs of jasper and agate, broken here and there, like quartz, with a smooth surface polished by the sand, and showing all the exquisite graining of the original wood translated into lucent reds and yellows, or clouds of mossy green, like living seaweed afloat within the clear stone. He groped among drifted boughs of rough opal, boughs that had borne green leaves and dipped under nesting birds in the mesozoic age. He wandered there in the midst of that desert immortality, the creature of a day, bathed with the colors of the sunset, groping for the lost trail to his own shadowy world, a world that seemed almost as far away in space now as those old woods in time.

Darkness ended his search. He cut down his allowance of food and water to balance the error of the morning, and passed his second night under the desert stars, among that terrible and beautiful company from a vanished age.

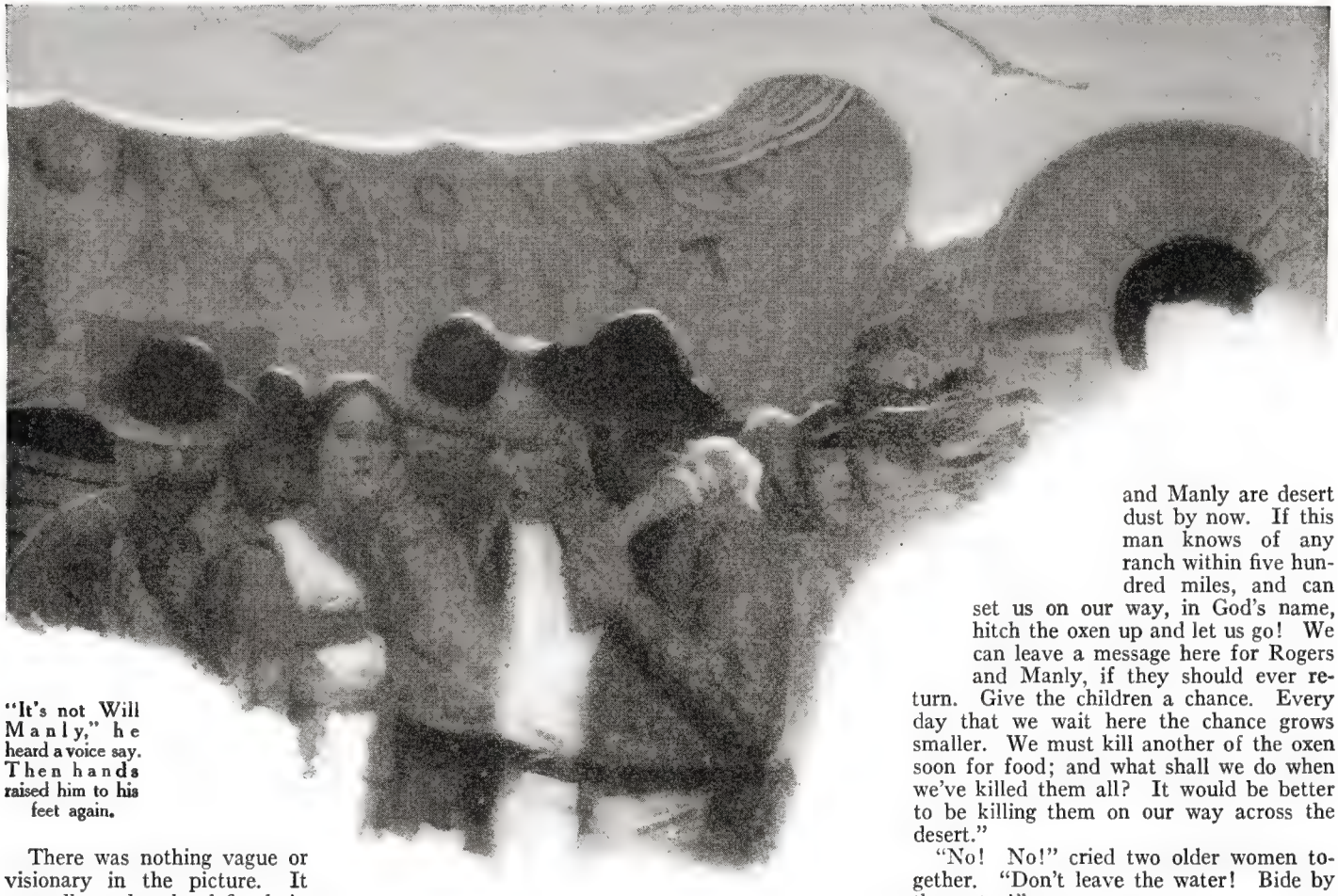
Perhaps he slept and dreamed. Perhaps he had grown light-headed from the heat of the day, from mental stress and his physical privations. Certain it is that during the night he wandered through wilder regions than any man ever explored by day. When the light returned and he discovered the trail again, he followed it like a man in a trance, haunted by the things he had seen.

The sun was high overhead as he went stumbling down a wide valley, dry and dead as a valley of the moon,—for even the cactus refused to grow here,—but filled with a heat more ferocious than that of the rocky levels behind it. The blinding sunlight struck up at him from the crumbling bed where thousands of years ago, perhaps, a river had flowed. Sometimes the ground under his feet was white and powdery as with the dust of bones. Sometimes it was hard as iron. Always, in every direction, it denied escape from the terrible heat. Once, at a little distance, he saw a dark object lying on the ground before him, an object that he felt with a kind of dazed wonder had no right to be there. He staggered up to it—and discovered that it was the dead body of a horse. It seemed to have no significance, although it could not have been dead for many hours. It lay there as if it had been dropped from another planet.

He was unable to think clearly about it, for the heat buffeted him like the gloves of an invisible boxer, and he saw everything through a suffused red glow. He stumbled on blindly; the blood sang in his ears, with the dreadful mockery of flowing water. Twice he stopped and listened to that phantom river. His senses were beginning to deceive him, or the buttes and cones of rock around him were becoming insubstantial. They assumed fantastic shapes, forming and dissolving, now like clouds, now like phantoms of men and women. He shouted at them, and he did not know whether it was his own voice echoing back or whether they were talking to him.

AND now nature began to drug James Baxter with the merciful poisons of his own fatigue. She touched his brain with the deceptive calm and lucidity that come to the sufferer when the morphia begins to work:

He was groping along a narrow gully when it seemed to him that he heard a deep, booming note echoing from the rocky walls above him. A moment later he recognized it distinctly as the lowing of cattle from a deep hollow in front. He hurried on to the edge where the ground dropped steeply down to it, and a few hundred yards below him he saw distinctly the glint of a water-pool, a ring of ox-carts, and little groups of men, women and children resting beside them.



"It's not Will Manly," he heard a voice say. Then hands raised him to his feet again.

There was nothing vague or visionary in the picture. It was all as sharply defined, in that dry brightness, as if he were looking through reversed field-glasses at objects only a few feet away. The pool, diminished by distance, was bright and sharp as the silver coin that he had tossed to decide his course. The faces were clearcut as cameos; he had a vague sense that they were too real to be true, like figures on a stage, figures of a vanished period. He could see the red and blue shirts of the men, their long boots, the occasional flash of the sun on a pistol or a knife in their belts. He tried to run towards them, but he was at the end of his strength, and he fell on his knees. A mist came over his eyes, and he heard the shrill cry of a woman: "Will Manly! Thank God, there's Will Manly!"

The people in the corral had seen him. He heard the patter of their feet approaching, though he himself could see no more and had fallen forward in semi-consciousness. He heard them gathering round him with the rustle of a flock of sheep.

"It's not Will Manly," he heard a voice say. Then hands raised him to his feet again. Arms supported him, and he was led tottering down the slope to the water-pool. Some one put a cup of brackish water to his heat-cracked lips, but it abated his thirst as little as a raindrop could irrigate the desert. For a moment only it gave him back his speech.

"More!" he croaked like a raven. But for the present, wisely perhaps, more was withheld.

He was conscious of being led gently to a resting-place, sheltered from the sun by one of the wagons, he thought. Then he lost consciousness altogether.

It was dark when he awoke from that deathlike swoon. The stars glittered overhead, hard and brilliant as diamonds. His rescuers were seated in little groups around the corral. The largest of these groups was only a few feet away, and he heard them talking, in tones that seemed oddly unfamiliar, like the language of old ballads.

"He looks as if he has come a long way," said a man in a red shirt who appeared to be the leader of the party. "If he can guide us to any ranch within fifty miles, I think the cattle can do it. Otherwise, we must wait till Rogers and Manly come back with help."

"Twenty days and nights we've waited already, Asabel Bennett," said a tall, dark woman, rocking a child in her arms. "Rogers and Manly are desert dust by now. If this man knows of any ranch within five hundred miles, and can set us on our way, in God's name, hitch the oxen up and let us go! We can leave a message here for Rogers and Manly, if they should ever return. Give the children a chance. Every day that we wait here the chance grows smaller. We must kill another of the oxen soon for food; and what shall we do when we've killed them all? It would be better to be killing them on our way across the desert."

"No! No!" cried two older women together. "Don't leave the water! Bide by the water!"

"You're right," quavered an old man, supporting them. "It's the first water we've seen in all this hell, and we shall never find any more."

"We can fill our bottles, and let the cattle drink the rest before we go," said the first woman scornfully.

"Ah, yes, but the water-bottles will give out again. Bide by the water-springs, you know—that's my motto," said the old man.

"Look," said the dark woman, "the stranger is awake. Question him, Asabel. Here, give him water. It will help him to speak."

Baxter saw her shadowy figure stooping between him and the stars. She knelt at his side, offering him a cup of water. He sat up and took it with trembling fingers, emptied it at a draught and leaned back against the wheel of the wagon.

"We want you to help us," said the dark woman, while the other groups crept closer and seated themselves in a half-circle around them as if to hear an Eastern tale. "Did you come here from a ranch?" the woman continued.

Baxter shook his head. He tried to tell them, though his tongue stumbled over the words, that there had been a freight-wreck, that he had wandered too far from the train and had lost his way.

They did not seem to understand.

"Train, train?" said Asabel Bennett. There was a mutter from the listening circle. "He means caravan."

"Were you with a caravan?" said Bennett.

Baxter shook his head again.

"No," he said, "it was a train. The freight-train ahead of us went off the line." He began to speak rapidly, giving them further details.

"I do not understand this man's tale," said Asabel Bennett at last, turning to the others. "Either his mind is wandering, or he comes from a place where they speak a different language from ours."

The dark woman was peering curiously at Baxter's clothes. She fingered his sleeve.

"Where is your home?" she said.

"Los Angeles."

"Life must be difficult in those lonely places," she murmured. "There are not many settlers there, I suppose?"

Haltingly, as a man describes the home that he never expects to see again, Baxter began to talk of his city, with its five hundred thousand inhabitants. He murmured *(Continued on page 107)*

IN the present installment the most dramatic situation thus far reached in this remarkable novel of America today is disclosed to the reader.

A DAUGHTER OF DISCONTENT

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by
FRANK STREET

"You should not go out of the house." Mrs. Clotts placed her back to the door.

The story so far:

THE best possible bargain with life—the highest price for her beauty—had been the ambition of Jane Lang, the discontented daughter of the conservative socialist Daniel Lang. Now, however, events began to teach her truer values. The thread of her life became interwoven with those of others—with that of Peter Ogus, a radical Russian who claimed to be a prince and yet the friend of Lenine; with that of Cleghorn Islip, son of the wealthy packer Abner Islip, her employer; and with that of Major Weeks Ledyard, a former personnel officer with the A. E. F., who had taken a similar position with Islip.

So too the life-threads of these other people were entangled: sprightly young Cleghorn Islip's with those of three women—Jane Lang; Anna Clotts, his crudely attractive stenographer who threw herself at his head; and Ruth Deyo, a nurse in charge of the hospital at the Islip plant. Anna Clotts' thread was entangled with those of Cleghorn, a teamster named Borginski and Peter Ogus. Ledyard's interest was in one woman only—Jane Lang.

Young Islip, passing through a congested quarter in his car with Jane Lang, ran over a small boy. A crowd gathered: "Beat it!" Cleghorn ordered Jane, and she fled from the scene and from newspaper publicity—but not from recognition. For a Red named Keenan saw and recognized her.

Keenan went to Jane's father and threatened to spread a scandal about Jane if Lang didn't lend his influence to the Reds. Lang's reply was to choke Keenan into insensibility.

Meanwhile Cleghorn was failing in his attempt to escape from Anna Clotts. Finally she wrote him a note saying he must meet her that night at a certain spot on the lake shore.

Cleghorn kept the tryst—and arrived in time to see Anna murdered by the jealous Borginski, who had followed with Keenan. Then these two attacked Cleghorn, took from him a compromising letter written by Anna, and pretended to accuse him of her murder! Then they let him go—till they wanted him. Wounded and panic-stricken, Cleghorn somehow managed to reach the apartment of the Chagnons and Ruth Deyo.

Meanwhile Keenan had sought revenge on Daniel Lang. A bomb Keenan had sent through the mails had killed innocent people. Keenan sent a partly finished bomb to Lang, then "tipped off" the Federal authorities to search Lang's house. It so happened, however, that Jane Lang was that day discharged by Abner Islip—frankly because of Cleghorn's interest in her. She went home, found the half-finished bomb and herself believed her father guilty; but when the officers came to search the house, she contrived to hide the bomb and save him. Then she left the house, determined no longer to live under the same roof with such a man as she believed Lang to be.

Ogus met her, and masking desire under simple friendship, found a room for her with Mrs. Clotts. Lang, seeking her, went to Abner Islip, and the two fathers became friends. Cleghorn was questioned, but he knew nothing of Jane—only knew, what he feared to tell his father, that Keenan had demanded a preliminary thousand dollars of him for keeping silent about Anna Clotts.

XXIII

FOR the first time in her life Jane Lang was compelled to think. . . . . The majority of human beings think that they think; they believe they give time to thought. They reach decisions; they form judgments. But they do not bring into action the real force of their machinery of ratiocination. It requires an emergency to bring this about, or it requires another condition, rarer than emergency—namely enforced idleness and solitude, when one has nothing to do but to think, no recourse to consume the hours but thought. Then one really thinks.

Jane was now living in the Clotts house, believing the lie Ogus had told her—that if she ventured out, Federal officials would find her and through her capture her father, whom she believed guilty of the bomb outrage. She believed she had considered the

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world and all the things in it with a view to selecting what she wanted the world to give her, and with intent to discover means to compel the gift. She was a daughter of unrest. The atmosphere in which she had been brought up was one of unrest, of disgruntlement, of revolution. Everybody she knew was kicking against the pricks. As she understood the complaint of those who made up her father's acquaintances, their attitude toward the world was caused by lack of money. They were in revolution because somebody else had money and they did not, because others lived in luxury that was impossible for them.

Perhaps Jane was not altogether wrong. But right or wrong, she came to look upon the possession of wealth as the most desirable thing in the world. It meant everything. With wealth one lived; without wealth one merely existed. Therefore she would have this very desirable thing. She would buy it with what commodity she had to offer. Nothing signified but money. From it came ease and comfort and joy. That emotions quite the opposite of joy might come from it she did not consider; nor did she consider, except in cursory manner, the cost to her soul, to her happiness, to her womanhood, of the marketing of her beauty. She did not go into that.

Now she found herself curious about this thing called love. It had troubled her thoughts when she was forced to admit its existence. Somehow it had not seemed difficult to enter the marriage relation with Cleghorn Islip. He had not repelled her. But then, he was a charming, personable, extraordinarily attractive young man. That she had found this to be so had strengthened her belief. But against this was a subconscious shrinking from Peter Ogus. Something within her recoiled from him.

There was a third element which, now that she was forced to think, gave her aid in thinking truly, and that was Weeks Ledyard. She had never considered Ledyard as a husband, not for an instant. He was not eligible. But she did think about him. His attitude toward her philosophy irritated her, but it worried her. She did not like to have him disapprove of her. As a matter of fact, she admired him, both for what she had seen of him and because of what she had heard.

Without realizing it, Weeks Ledyard had become of very great importance in her life. He was often in her thoughts, and often she weighed and tested her acts and purposes by the probability of his approval or disapproval. She would have been astonished if she knew how much and how frequently his personality was in her thoughts.

It was in this state of mind that she arrived at the Clotts residence. She came with her world overturned. She was shocked, wounded. The world she had lived in was not the true world, the world she had visioned, but a squalid, horrible breeding-place of crime, of evil. Her father, who stood above all men, was not good, not steadfast, honest, *real*. Daniel Lang was a sham. He could plot and carry out the murder of babies and women, and take satisfaction in their agony. He had ruined her world, made her a fugitive, a prisoner in solitary confinement. And she was afraid, afraid of Mrs. Clotts, afraid of the house, afraid, with an incoherent, intangible fear. So Jane kept to her room, and kept the door of her room locked.

"You should not walk around the house," Mrs. Clotts said again and again. "Mr. Clotts, he could not like it."

While she was speaking, she would stare at Jane with her bright

"That is love?" Jane said. "Yes, my dear, that is love. And all the money in the world isn't worth an hour of it."

eyes, never winking, the expression of her face never changing. "Mr. Clotts, he makes experiments," she would add.

So it came about that Jane left her room only to go down to that queer, meticulously neat dining-room for her meals, and she did not look forward to the companionship of meal-times. She longed for air and exercise, but dared not go out upon the streets. As a substitute she opened her two windows wide and paced up and down her room until she wearied herself. She could not read. The days seemed endless.

PETER OGUS came, not every evening but nearly every evening. It was a break in the monotony, and though she was suspicious of the man, though he had come to affect her with a physical repugnance, she welcomed his coming, welcomed the unpleasant emotions he aroused—simply for the reason that they were a change.

He had contented himself with talking about his old life in Russia before the overthrow. His descriptions of court life, of the manners and habits of life of the nobility, were not uninteresting. Yet somehow they did not have the allurement they once exercised. As he had always done, he prophesied the day when he could return to Russia and resume wealth and position—not perhaps as it had been under the old régime, but as an important figure in the new scheme of things, as a personage of power and position. With all the subtlety of which he was capable, he hinted at his desire for her, but he did not come to outright speech. It was almost as if he were rolling the situation under his tongue and extracting from it some flavor enjoyable to him alone.

He spoke, too, of events to happen in the United States, of wealth to be obtained, of plans all but ready for execution. Jane understood that he spoke of revolution, but it seemed to her that he looked upon revolution as an instrument to benefit himself individually, that his mouth watered at the prospect of the sack of cities by the unleashed mob.

"Is there anything you want?" he asked one night. "Anything? I'll get it for you. See—you would not believe it, maybe, but I am rich even now." He displayed a roll of bills, and the denomination of the outer one was a thousand dollars. "I handle the funds," he said with a slant-wise smile. "I am the treasurer. It comes from Russia, some of it. Some of it comes from fools. Oh, yes, fools. We take their money—why not? Your millionaire socialists! But when the day comes, they shall be bled like the rest. I account for nothing, because they do not dare ask for an accounting. They don't want to know how their money is spent."

She listened and was frightened. Peter Ogus was a dangerous man; yet Peter Ogus had been kind to her. What would she have done without him?

"My father," she asked, "have you news of him?"

"He is safe—until you are found," he said. "It depends upon you. I could get you out of the country," he said tentatively. "I have the means."

She ignored the suggestion. "How long will this last?"

He shrugged his shoulders and was silent, but though her eyes were cast downward, she was aware that he was watching her, staring at her. Suddenly, as if moved by compelling emotion, he got to his feet and walked toward her chair. His movement startled her, and she stood erect facing him, quivering, apprehensive.

"Jane," he said, his eyes glinting, his face reflecting the emotion that moved him, "I want you. I've got to have you. I want you to love me. I can give you anything—anything. You're beautiful." Suddenly he took her in his arms and crushed her to him, kissing her despite her struggles, with hot passion. She was terrified; her soul revolted at his touch; she knew bitter shame at this passion which she had invoked. But she did not cry out, for there was none to come to her assistance. Silently she exerted her strength while he continued to kiss her with lips that seemed to sear her cheeks. Her terror was not so great as her shame, her shame not so great as her sense of degradation; but above and more compelling than all was her physical horror at his touch, of his body pressing against her body, of his hands upon her, his lips touching her face. It was unbearable. She looked into an abyss of unimaginable horror.

She freed herself and crouched against the wall, crimson, tense, wonderfully lovely. He followed her, and she retreated step by step, biting her lips to keep silence, to restrain the scream that filled her throat. There was no help, and knowing there was no help, she reached a summit of desperation. In that instant she was not a young woman, the product of generations of civilization, but a female, primitive, fighting for its life. She would have scratched, bitten.

Ogus stepped back, shrugged his shoulders. He had gon farther than he intended, had lost control of himself—but th quarry had seemed so sure to his hand, so defenseless! It ha been a mistake, but the mistake was made.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't intend to frighten you. Bu I love you. It was that." She was not conquered yet, no broken. He would have to wait a little more.

So that was love! Love made men like that! Instinctively sh knew it was a lie; she knew it was not love. No, it was nothing lik this loathsome thing that made dainty Mrs. Chagnon sit at the win dow to watch for her husband's coming! It was not this that mad Mrs. Chagnon's life so full of happiness. It was not so that Week Ledyard would love. She could wonder even in that moment tha she could think of Ledyard. Why did she think of him?

"Go away," she said hoarsely.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean—"

"Go away."

Ogus shrugged his shoulders again. It would be best to allo her to become calm. There would be no arguing with her now.

"I'll come back tomorrow night," he said. "Don't be foolish."

After Ogus had left the room, Jane continued to crouch in th corner, listening, fearing he might change his mind and com back. She did not stir for a long time, but as she stood tense listening, this new, this frightful experience performed its work It was a part of her education, the education of her soul. I taught her something she might never have known otherwise It showed her what life might be; it showed her what some me conceived to be love; it showed her what a loathsome horror life surrendered to the demands of such a love must be.

Presently she heard Ogus leave the house, and then she sum moned strength to go up to her room and to lock the door. Onc there, she sat on the edge of the bed and stared into the future It seemed as if she had never been so wide awake before, as i never until that moment had she really been awake at all. He brain was floating in a bright, painful light. Everything was s distinct that its distinctness was physically painful. Her sensa tion was one of knowledge, of white, incandescent knowledge— as if she knew things, reached conclusions without having t think. Knowledge came in white-hot flashes that hurt her eyeballs

Mrs. Clotts rapped on the door, and mechanically Jane un locked and opened it.

"I come for my board," said Mrs. Clotts.

"Your board?" The words had no meaning to Jane.

"My board. You think, maybe, you stay here for nothing You eat for nothing. You sleep for nothing. My board. It i ten dollars a week. I should get it now."

It did not matter to Jane, this matter of board. It was s trifling a thing when compared to the matters she was concerne with that it was all but nonexistent. She turned to get her purse It had been left lying on her dresser. . . . . It was not there The matter assumed more important dimensions. She could no recall putting the purse away. Indeed, she remembered seein it there when she went downstairs to meet Ogus. In a flash sh understood. It would be useless to look for it. The purse wa gone, and she was penniless. Peter Ogus had seen to that. Fo a moment Jane felt the full weight of ultimate calamity. He courage oozed from her. She was lost.

But then Peter Ogus was of service to her. The recollectio of the scene in the room below came before her. She saw Pete Ogus' face, felt his touch. It stirred her to the depths of he soul, raised her soul in rebellion against that outrage. It gav her the courage of despair.

"I have no money," she said calmly. "My pocketbook is gone Possibly you knew it."

"You have no money. Then you will get money. Yes. must have my board. Should I feed you free? *He* will give yo money. You should ask him." With that she stared at Jan an instant; nor did the shadow of an expression cross her face and without another word she turned and left the room.

CHAPTER XXIV

MECHANICALLY Jane locked the door after Mrs Clotts; with the slow motions of an automaton sh retraced her steps to the bed and sat down. Her sensation wa one of physical pain; her feeling was as if her body were th housing of a vacuum. It was something like hunger. Her mone was gone! That little store of wealth had meant much to her She had regarded it as a shield; it had upheld her, given he courage. So long as she had money, she was confident of shelte

She freed herself and crouched against the wall. He followed her, and she retreated step by step, biting her lips to restrain the scream that filled her throat.

and food, of independence. It meant the difference between being her own woman, standing on her own feet with ability to face the world, and being a hunted, penniless, defenseless creature at the mercy of circumstances. She was overwhelmed, aghast.

Jane Lang had never known herself. The human being only becomes intimately acquainted with the soul which inhabits its body when it perceives that soul functioning in emergencies. It is beyond the possibilities to sit down amid life's placid days, and by introspection to learn one's soul. One may think and study and arrive at a conclusion that in this emergency one would do thus and so, or that in that emergency one would do otherwise. This is conjecture, or hope based upon admiration of characteristics perceived in others. There is no certainty. It is impossible to put a hypothetical question to the soul.

Jane had, in common with all of us, endeavored to question herself hypothetically. The answers she received had been apocryphal, and she had recognized them as such. But now an actual question was addressed to her by inexorable circumstance. She could not say to herself now: "How would I behave if such and such a thing came to pass?" She must say: "How shall I behave now that this thing is actual?" The data to be collected of her soul would be real, veracious, capable of proof.

As a matter of fact, her soul had been responding to actual questions, though Jane had been too occupied, too wrought upon, to appreciate it. She had been asked and had answered a question when the car in which she rode with Cleghorn had struck a child. She had been asked another question when her father had throttled Doc Keenan in their little library. She had been asked a more important question when officers of the Department of Justice had come to search her father's house, and had answered it by destroying the evidence they sought. She had given another answer when she left her father's house. Questions had been presenting themselves in rapid sequence of late. When Peter Ogus seized her in his arms in the room below, she had been questioned, but the answer was not given. Now, it seemed, the crisis of the inquisition had been reached. How would she behave in this new emergency?

Sturdiness of the soul may not be inherited; it may not be learned from books; it is doubtful if any course of instruction can give it to the human being. Either it is present by gift of the powers that rule, or it is absent. Some never know. Now that an event had occurred which amounted to calamity, Jane discovered her soul to herself.

It was without conscious effort, without a distinct, objective command, that she became calm. She found herself able to think, to reason. Fear had not vanished, but will held it in subjection. Terror had prophesied that Mrs. Clotts would eject her from the house and send her penniless upon the streets. Reason rejected the prophecy. It told her the thing was but a sword to be suspended over her head, a threat to make her compliant. She would not be expelled from that house. On the contrary, the abstraction of her purse was calculated to make her imprisonment there more certain. Peter Ogus wanted her there and nowhere else. He had taken the surest method of holding her, by depriving her of that which would allow her to depart. She was, therefore, sure of food and shelter. The last thing Ogus would think of doing would be to allow her to escape from under his control. That meant temporary safety, no need for immediate fear. It meant that the thing she must fear was not for the nourishment of her body but the security of that intangible part of her being which alone may expect immortality.

Her soul had demonstrated its sturdiness! Its sturdiness had saved her from that danger. Had she given away to terror, lost her head, abandoned herself to the storm without the firm hand of her will upon the tiller, she had been lost. But she was not lost; in that moment she was closer to being found than ever before in her life. Somehow the mere consciousness of her own entity, of her being herself, gave her confidence. "I am Jane Lang. Nothing can happen to me." Her thought read something like that, but it went further. It said: "I will let nothing happen to Jane Lang." That addition made up one of the supreme attributes possessed by mankind—self-reliance.

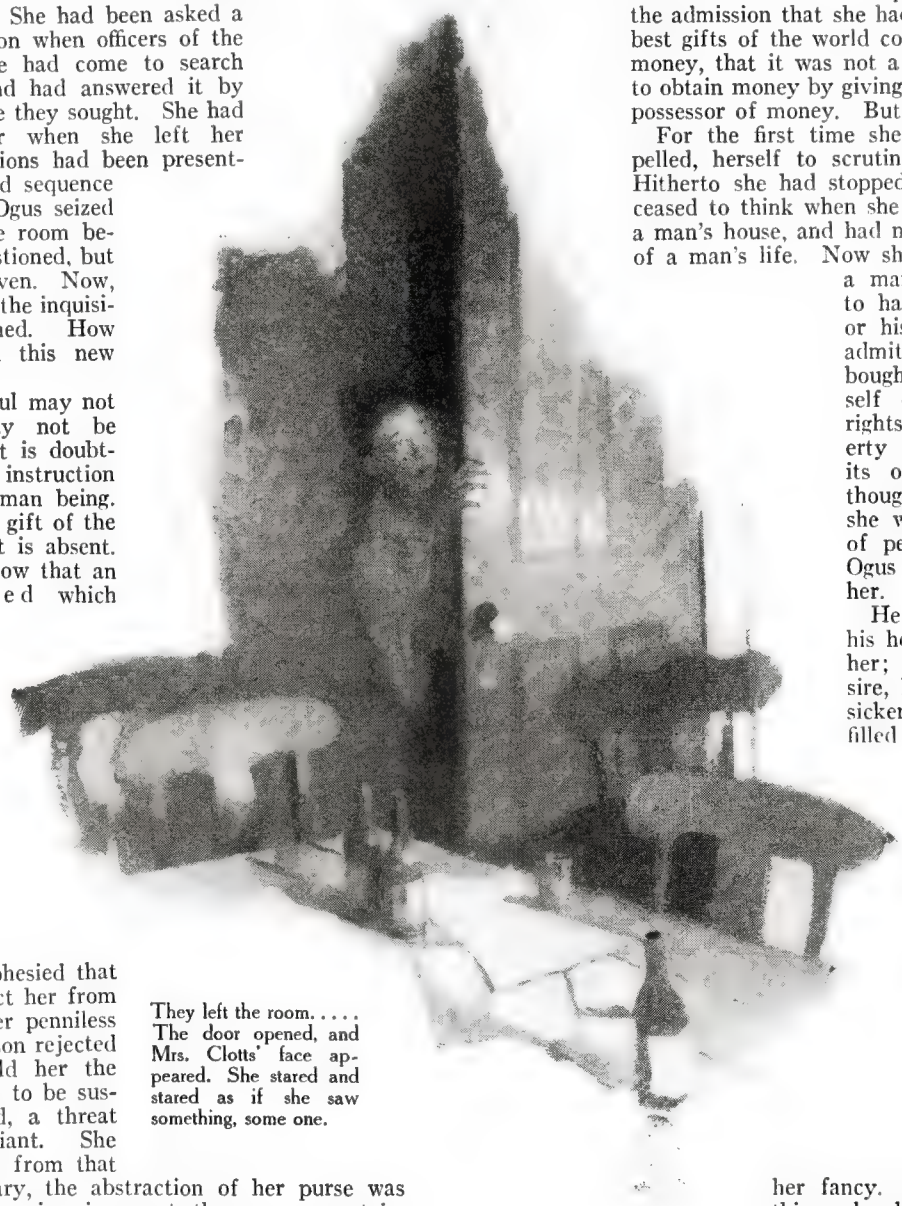
It was not the present she must fear, but the future. It was not the acts of others she must dread, but her own yieldings to pressure. She ceased to think of the loss of her purse, and considered Peter Ogus and the scene she had just enacted with him in the room below. Ogus, all unwittingly, had become a schoolmaster. He had imparted instruction in a great question of life, had furnished data which could not be ignored. Jane scrutinized and analyzed that data.

Jane was stubborn. She had made her plans, had laid out her life. She opposed with all her reason the admission that she had been wrong and that the best gifts of the world could not be purchased with money, that it was not a safe and reasonable thing to obtain money by giving oneself in marriage to the possessor of money. But Ogus had furnished data!

For the first time she permitted, actually compelled, herself to scrutinize the marriage relation. Hitherto she had stopped at its surface. She had ceased to think when she saw herself the inmate of a man's house, and had not seen herself the inmate of a man's life. Now she considered the fact that a man does not marry beauty to have it ornament his parlor or his box at the opera. She admitted that a man who bought beauty would hold himself entitled to full property rights in it, and that the property would have to submit to its owner. Even if she had thought upon this point before, she would have been incapable of perceiving its full meaning. Ogus had demonstrated it to her.

He had held her in his arms; his hot, dry hands had clutched her; his lips, burning with desire, had scorched her. It had sickened her, nauseated her, filled her with loathing for him and for herself. To sell herself for the wealth she wanted would mean a lifetime of loathing more acute, more horrible than this in proportion as the demand upon her became greater.

Jane had been gifted with some degree of imagination. She visualized her marriage, watched herself as she proceeded from the altar to the mansion of her fancy. She pictured her life, the things she desired, and the things upon which she had failed to calculate. It was not Peter *(Continued on page 159)*



They left the room. . . . . The door opened, and Mrs. Clotts' face appeared. She stared and stared as if she saw something, some one.

Columbine took Ghent out to see what she called her demi-tasse view.

ON PARADISE PEAKS

By CHARLES COLLINS

Illustrated by
ERNEST FUHR

THE conventional playthings of millionaires did not amuse old man Angus. A steam yacht had no romantic appeal for him, because he came from the great plains and had never felt the lure of sea horizons. The greed of collecting old masters was not in his blood, and he took his art in comic form from the newspaper caricaturists. Thoroughbred Herefords and gentleman-farming did not thrill him—in the brave days when he was twenty-one, he had helped to drive the longhorns up from Texas, and the tame modern phases of the pastoral life afflicted him with a sense of age. He had no wife to arouse him to the aristocratic possibilities of domestic architecture and rose-gardens; she had crossed the divide when their daughter Columbine, named after Colorado's official flower, was born.

But with a steady, reliable gold-mine working for him, and with certain massive interests in railroads and stockyards annoying him with income, he, like his gilded brothers all over the land, wanted to assert his personality in a way that the recreation magazines could not overlook. He had worked with the big fist in his time, and now he would spend with the open hand. But he wanted space for the golden sowing; with the passion for kingship which lurks in the secret soul of the stark republican individualist, he wanted to be monarch of all he surveyed.

So he engaged a geologic age for his landscape gardener and bought himself a Titan's share of the Rocky Mountains. The earth had writhed in torment and reached up granite hands to pluck at the stars; chaos had frozen into a nightmare of flint; the water from eternal snows had gnawed cañons; tornadoes had turned sculptor; forests had painted bleak slopes with the blessing of green—all Nature had toiled through aeons with slow, magnificent passion in order that old man Angus might have his plaything.

Paradise Peaks he called it, having a fancy for alliteration. It was more like a principality than an estate. Yet he believed in sharing his blessings, and it was ordained in his last will and testament that when he had entertained his friends at Paradise Peaks for the last time and had passed into an even happier hunting-ground, the plaything of his heart's delight should pass on to the people and become a national park. No small gift, this, for according to the surveyors, Paradise Peaks is larger than most of the tourist tramping-grounds now under the paternal eye of the Government.

The Manor, set deep in the lodgepole pine and aspen groves of Clearwater Valley, built of massive boulders by an architect who was not too Beaux-Arts to take lessons from the hand of God visible about him, was the heart of the demense. There old man Angus sat in baronial state through the sweet, thrilling months of the mountain summer and played grand host to his guests.

If you should go to Paradise Peaks with nothing but a toothbrush in your kit, you would never suffer for lack of equipment; Angus supplied all accessories to adventure, from trout-flies to guns that would slay an elephant. You would, however, be painfully conscious of your lack of evening regalia—dressing for dinner was obligatory at the Manor. At the fifteen hunting lodges which were scattered over Paradise Peaks the social requirements were less rigorous. Each had its arsenal, its library, its store of liquors, its string of horses and its guides at the disposal of guests; but one could wear flannel shirts at these offshoots of the Manor, and could sleep in his boots if he chose. The hardier souls among the guests always fled to the lodges, leaving the more decadent types to lead luxurious lives at the Manor, where the old man was always croupier at the roulette-table after dinner.

Old man Angus, in short, had a plaything that cannot be matched on this continent. He also had a daughter. There the story really begins.

COLUMBINE, aged twenty, was a cross between a standard-gauge Rocky Mountain girl and a spoiled child of the Sex-and-Suffrage era. She had been everywhere and seen everything—Angus' money had taken care of all that; but although she had been subjected to all the distorting influences of the Period of Jazz, her soul belonged to her native West, and she remained simple, wholesome and feminine. She had gone through the war without falling in love with an aviator; she had lived in a Greenwich Village studio for a winter without bobbing her hair. These things will hint at the fundamental health and stability of her temperament. She had read widely in old man Angus' comprehensive collection of erotica, but she could still blush. Need it be added that she was the pretty promise of a beautiful woman?

Of course this Columbine, like those of poetry and pantomime, had her Pierrot—in plural. That summer there were two of them. One was the selected mate, strongly favored by Angus as future son-in-law. Chandler was what society reporters call an "eligible bachelor," which means that he was nearer forty than thirty; but he had successfully fought off the sedate look of middle age. He was the type that actors try to imitate when they play the heavy leading man in comedies of high country-house life on Long Island. His career had been devoted exclusively to the sporting achievements of the unnecessarily rich. You could not name an expensive amusement, from fishing for tarpon in subtropical waters to shooting the Kadiak bear in the high Alaskan latitudes, that he had not tried, and of which he did not profess to be a master. He had even been a substitute on the All-American team in an international polo tournament.

The other Pierrot who had followed Columbine to her mountain habitat that summer was more or less of an accident. He was decidedly out of the social picture at Paradise Peaks, but he fitted into the natural environment, for he was a poet. Columbine had discovered him at the University of Chicago, where she had dabbled in the Pierian spring as a special student in English literature the winter before; and when a few dancing parties at the Quadrangle Club had warmed up a casual classroom acquaintance into something more lively, she had invited him out to Papa's principality for a summer's airing. She had been timid in making the suggestion, for he, being a faculty man with some such exalted title as Third Assistant Docent in Cultural Literary Studies, Group A, moved on a higher academic plane than she could ever hope to reach; and she was impressed with his talent and his dignity.

He had accepted her invitation, and with some fishing tackle, an old riding-suit, and an anthology of Victorian verse in his kit, came to Paradise Peaks to worship Nature—and Columbine. When he discovered, however, that Columbine's father apparently owned the earth and certainly had built a fence around it, his spirit became depressed with doubts and hesitations. He had not suspected that he was pursuing a princess of the Continental Divide. The contrast between her position as a sensational heiress and his as an obscure teacher whose meek salary remained stationary while the high cost of living was at flood-tide overwhelmed him. And with the intuition of a lover, which has some kinship to the scent-sense of a bloodhound, he detected the purpose of John Eustace Chandler as soon as they met. This did not help him to a cheerful view of things.

GHENT felt at a loss in the Paradise Peaks crowd. It came from the Brownstone Club of Denver, from the stockyards of Chicago, from the banks and corporation-law firms of New York; and although it was affable enough, and its wives were pleasantly negative, its talk was not his talk. They were all, like Angus, impressively rich; and also, like John Eustace Chandler, they were apparently adept at every extravagant amusement. They had been all over the map; and he, Roderick Ghent, had been nowhere in particular, except to Harvard—a place they had unanimously overlooked.

Moreover he had not brought along his dress suit. From remarks heard among the women the first afternoon of his visit, he gathered that dinner was a full dress affair at the Manor, and he would have fled back to civilization and simplicity immediately, leaving all hope of Columbine behind, if the railroad station had not been a hard forty miles of motor-driving away. In a panic he rushed to Columbine for advice, and she calmed his embarrassment with such tactful sympathy and resourcefulness that his adoration of her reached a new summit of ecstasy. He would not have thought it possible to improve upon his passion, but the episode of the evening clothes turned the trick. Of such trivialities as this love mixes its intoxications.

She had not tried to console him by saying that it would be all right whatever he wore, and that he should come down to dinner in his second-best business suit, which was what he wore on arrival. Columbine was too wise a maiden—and too good a friend—to offer false advice. She knew that death has no sting to compare with the sufferings of a man without a dress suit at a formal dinner; and she also knew the infinite resources of Paradise Manor. So she merely said, with her gentlest smile:

"Don't worry. I think I can find you what you want."

Then she pressed a button and conferred with an austere major domo who had been specially imported from England to solve such problems as this. Within a few minutes an equipment of what young Mr. Ghent, in his lighter moments, called "soup-and-fish," was laid out in his room, and it was complete from socks to cuff links. What was more important, the clothes fitted him, and a valet was on hand to inquire solicitously about the size of his neck-band. Ghent grasped the garments with the affection of a bride for her wedding dress, but as his fear of the dinner-hour diminished, his awe of Paradise Peaks increased.

"Am I in the Wild West or the Arabian Nights?" he asked himself as he studied the perfect fit of somebody else's dress coat across his shoulders.

Before Ghent's coming there had been some teasing of Columbine about her learned and poetic tenderfoot. The badinage had been led, of course, by Mr. Chandler of New York, who knew all the Rocky Mountains by their first names. The mishaps that the soft professor would encounter in adjusting himself to the open-air life had been speculated upon good-naturedly among the men, and Columbine had let them enjoy their jesting.

This was reflected, not impolitely, in the dinner-table talk. Ghent was asked if he rode.

"I haven't been on a horse for fifteen years," he answered cheerfully.

Mr. Chandler expressed sympathy for the way he would feel after an expedition to the top of Old Baldy.

Did he like trout fishing?

Ghent, candor itself, did not know, never having tried it. But he liked to fish.

Ah, yes; where did he do his fishing?

Ghent mentioned northern Wisconsin and black bass, and thought that he was showing good Paradise Peaks form, but his remarks were received coldly. Bait-casting for black bass, he began to perceive, was distinctly lower-class. Some one, to save the situation, carelessly referred to a sea bass weighing four hundred and twenty-one pounds which he had caught off the Catalina Islands after eleven hours of desperate battle, and Ghent became painfully conscious of his own insignificance in the realm of sport.

Did he shoot?

Well, yes—in a sort of a way.

What did he fancy in the line of shooting? Grouse? Wild turkey—Deer, elk, bear? They were to be found hereabouts in abundance, and Paradise Peaks knew no game seasons.

Ghent could not specify his choice of wild creature for killing, and Mr. Chandler then saw fit to talk in a large manner about the snow-leopards he had shot in the Himalayas, the summer of 1914, with his friend Lieutenant-Colonel Apmadoc Jones of the Bengali Lancers. The war had ended big-game shooting, Mr. Chandler continued, but it was beginning again with the coming of peace, and a man who wanted adventure could now go out and have some sport.

Ghent then knew that his instinct to hate Mr. Chandler was a just and true emotion.

THE talk of guns and kills ran around the table, each man making his boast, until Ghent wanted to shriek. He suppressed the desire, but he managed to silence the banker at his elbow who was telling of his great massacre of ducks last November on the Bear River marshes in Utah.

"I find as I grow older," said Ghent, with a world-weary air as if his youth were far behind him, "that the pleasure of hunting, for its own sake, dies out. I have come to believe that a man has a right to kill each day only enough for that day's food."

This was swank pure and simple, but the man who had spoken of seventeen dozen ducks in one morning's bag thought of eating them all within three meals, saw the point, and considered himself snubbed as a game-hog.

Then Columbine began to talk of books to Ghent, and that young man began to feel more at home. Kenneth Angus, Columbine's brother, a few years older, who had been wrapped in moody silence, pricked up his ears and joined in their conversation intelligently; whereupon Ghent felt that he was going to like the family after all.

Ghent fired from the saddle. The yellow streak collapsed. "That's shootin'!" shouted Rip.

(Ghent afterwards discovered that Kenneth, who had been blighted in love while at Yale, was in the habit of wandering from one hunting-lodge to another, with only an old guide for companion, devoting himself at each camping-place to passionate French novels and Scotch whisky. This struck Ghent as a reasonable form of debauchery, although a little out of his line, and he and Kenneth became good friends. Kenneth's half-drunken arguments that "Mme. Bovary" was a much overrated novel and that Ernest Dowson's "Cynara" was the greatest lyric poem in the English language endeared him to Ghent's heart.)

After dinner Columbine took Ghent out to see what she called her demi-tasse view. Its point of vantage was a secluded corner on the vast veranda of the Manor, from which the roll and sweep of Paradise Peaks toward the sunset might be enjoyed to the accompaniment of coffee. It was nothing out of the ordinary in Cordilleran views. There was no spectacular spire of granite to turn rose-hued in the twilight and be gazed upon with admiration. The black ridges were like an ocean of one's delirium, running in a midnight surf to overwhelm the sunset, and along their crests the silhouetted pines made faint filigree-work against the fading blue. An evening star glittered above them with the vividness of a Christmas-tree spangle—Venus, Ghent told Columbine he thought it was, although he confessed that he had neglected astronomy. If it wasn't Venus, he added as an afterthought, it certainly ought to be—

The great serenity of the scene and the quiet intimacy of the girl who was sharing it with him healed the minor irritations of his first day at Paradise Peaks. He began to feel lyric and exalted. Was it because a poem was coming on—or because Columbine, in a platonic sort of way, was letting him hold her hand?

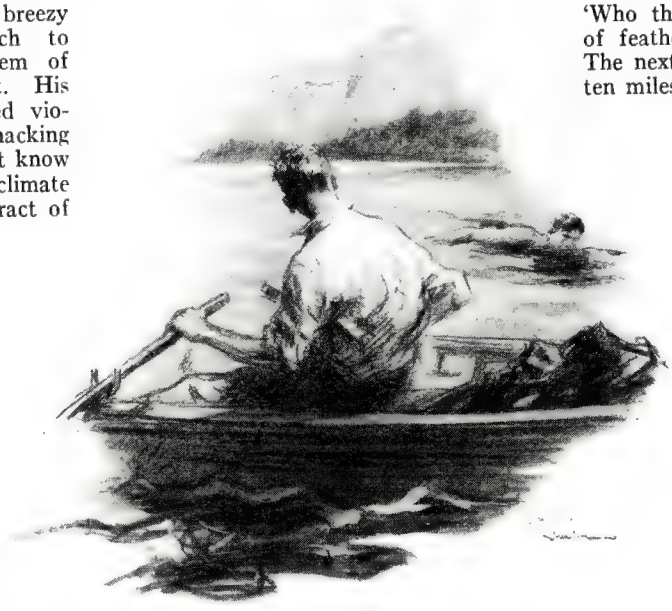
The ecstasy was soon interrupted. With heavy feet that gave satisfactory warning Angus and Mr. Chandler bore down along the long veranda toward them. Communion of souls immediately shifted, with a slight rasping of gears, into mere sociability.

Chandler had sensed a foe in Ghent. He did not rate him as a rival, but when was there a man who did not regard another worshiper at his sentimental shrine, no matter how forlorn, as an annoyance? So he adroitly proceeded to poison the wells of this wayfarer.

"Ah, Mr. Ghent," he asked in his most clubby fashion, "are you getting an inspiration for a poem from the sunset?"

Angus, in whose code poets were a third and lamentable sex, grunted at this. It was the ancient he-man, rough-neck grunt of suspicion of all the lily-fingered tribe of troubadours; and Ghent knew that he had been betrayed.

He became nervous and therefore stupid. He could think of no breezy Western remarks with which to establish himself in the esteem of Columbine's tremendous parent. His throat became dry; he sneezed violently, and followed it with a hacking little cough. Although he didn't know it, this was a high-altitude, dry-climate reaction from the respiratory tract of a lowlander.



But Mr. Chandler, with Oriental cunning, seized his opportunity.

"You're not catching cold, are you, Mr. Ghent?" he asked fondly.

Ghent felt himself branded as an invalid.

A little later Mr. Chandler asked him if he had come out West for his health. Then, as Angus expressed a sudden inclination to go into the billiard-room, and as Columbine wondered if Ghent hadn't better put on a light overcoat, the young man, although new to Western psychology, saw that Chandler had put an effectual curse upon him.

He was under suspicion as a lunger!

He coughed again; a cold sweat came out on his brow, and it occurred to him that maybe T. B. had really claimed him, unknowing, as a victim! The sable mountains seemed to leap up and extinguish the bright evening star, and with it hopes of Columbine died dreadfully in his heart.

He went to bed as sad and morbid as Pierrot in a poem by Paul Verlaine. As he undressed, he tapped his chest with his fingers in what he thought was a medical manner, and was almost certain that it emitted hollow and sinister sounds.

Bright and early the next morning Columbine sought out Jim Ripley, better known as old Rip, foreman of the staff of guides, to give him certain confidential instructions. For the benefit of the visiting Easterners old Rip dressed himself like the hero of a Wild West film and wore his mustache in the style of Kit Carson. In spite of this theatricalism, however, he was a simple, gentle soul, master of the craft of mountains and plains, and his stories of the land before the buffalo went and the flivver came were mostly true.

"Well, Miss Columbine," he said after she had confided in him, "he must be some tenderfoot, but I'll see that he don't come to no harm. Me and him will just play around quiet like, and I'll learn him how to enjoy God's country."

"I don't think he is very strong, Jim," she said wistfully, "and I don't want the other men to make fun of him."

"I'll give him Eagle, who's the truest horse in the State, and if there's any laughing to be done it will be my own private picnic," old Rip promised.

So when Ghent emerged from the Manor after breakfast, wondering where Columbine was and what he was going to do with himself, he was accosted by a friendly old customer who looked as if he might have stepped out of the pages of Bret Harte, and asked if he didn't want to be introduced to his horse. He put on something that approximated riding-clothes as the West knows them and went down to the stables with old Rip to meet his fate. He observed that Eagle, a flea-bitten gray with a look of responsibility, had an amicable eye; he listened to a droll lecture upon the habits and character of this particular horse; and with an ease that was surprising in the victim of a hacking cough, he swung up into the saddle.

Three days later old Rip reported upon the private education of Roderick Ghent as follows:

"Don't worry about that tenderfoot of yours, Miss Columbine. I'm learnin' him fast, and the little cuss seems to like it. The fust mornin' I took him out for a five-mile walk on Eagle to break him in gentle. We just rambled over the sage-brush in the front yard, and he asked a million questions. In the afternoon I discoursed about the scenery and gave him a whirl at the trout in Willow Creek. He's a rotten fly caster—keeps snapping off the flies and cussin' the man that invented 'em. Says it's a fiddlin', foolish sport for silly old prime ministers and heavy swells from Long Island. 'Who the devil wants to keep flippin' a snip of feathers around in a high wind?' he says. The next day he wasn't saddle-sore, so we did ten miles and got some action. And yesterday we tore off twenty and clumb some mountains. The boy's got pep, Miss Columbine, and he's goin' to be a ridin' fool. He fits into a horse natural-like. The only thing you need to fret about is that in about a week he's goin' to think he's a born buckaroo and take a run up to Cheyenne to ride outlaws in the big show."

Columbine began to feel reassured, but she continued to warn Ghent about the advisability of a light overcoat on the veranda in the evenings. She observed approvingly that he was taking on a becoming tan instead of the scarlet-nosed sunburn with which Mr. Chandler was showing the effects of the climate.

As for Ghent's mood, it improved every hour. He had forgotten that he might be threatened with incipient phthisis. Except for the fact that he wasn't seeing enough and Mr. Chandler was seeing too much of Columbine, he was enjoying himself. He was even mastering the language of Paradise Peaks, thanks to a growing comradeship with old Rip. He continued to freeze up, however, when the mighty hunters began to shoot big game verbally around the dinner table.

A few days later Mr. Chandler, who had as yet made his kills only in conversation, began to lust for the blood of a deer, and

"Come on! Quick!" she shouted. "See what Mr. Chandler has killed!"

an expedition to Snowdrift Ridge, a far-away place where a man could always be certain of getting a stately roebuck against the sights of his thirty-thirty, was planned for him. Angus was going along, and so were two lesser huntsmen of the dinner table. Mr. Chandler, out of the goodness of his heart, suggested that Ghent should join them.

"You'll see a deer, anyway," he remarked, implying that it would be impossible for Ghent to shoot one, "and the ozone up on Snowdrift is recommended by doctors."

Ghent accepted promptly. Then Columbine, who had been listening, said she would go too.

"Nonsense!" boomed Angus. "It's too hard a ride for you, my dear."

"Don't be silly, Dad," she retorted sharply. "I can ride there and back again without getting out of the saddle. I want to see Mr. Chandler get his buck. Besides, I think that Kenneth is up there at the lodge."

Her last remark gave Angus to think. Kenneth, his son and heir, had been away for two days, and the store of liquor at Snowdrift Lodge was particularly comprehensive. Columbine was the wisest member of the family when it came to handling that strange youth under such circumstances.

"All right," he growled. "We'll go up there together and chase Kenneth out of the woods."

Old Rip rode with the cavalcade, as was his duty as chief of guides. The man regularly stationed at Snowdrift and Kenneth's familiar spirit were to be conscripted into the party on arrival.

How many times, between Paradise Peaks and Snowdrift Lodge, Ghent silently cursed the inventor of firearms, because the carbine in his saddle boot made a new point of painful contact between man and beast in the art of equestrianism, is a matter between himself and his God. He made no moan, however, and for the first fifteen miles, before the stirrups began to gall his insteps and the rifle-barrel to bruise his thigh, he satisfied himself and old Rip as a gay cavalier.

It was on this happier phase of the trip that Mr. Chandler sprang another plot to ruin him.

The elder Angus, mounted on an ancient horse of weight and substance, was taking things easily and lagging behind. The two unidentified huntsmen, also being men *(Continued on page 148)*

HERE is a story of a level of society with which few magazine readers are familiar—a tale of the only real cave men and women left in modern civilization.

Dugan dropped him to the floor. "Nah," he growled,

STRIPED

By J. F. NATTEFORD

IN New York City there are thousands of young people like Milton Kauer, all inadequately trained for earning a competence in business, which they dislike, all turning soon or late to a temporary and hazardous dependence upon the exercise of their yearning and undisciplined artistic faculties. He wanted to become a poet—sincerely believed that he was a latent one. It had never occurred to him that his passionate hunger for the brilliant light and mauve shadow and rich color that the great singers have captured had nothing at all to do with the ability to write poetry.

To him, appreciation implied the power of creation. So he sent a contribution to the humorous column of one of the metropolitan dailies. It was naïve enough to merit publication, and Milton experienced the fatal fascination of seeing his name in print. Other attempts followed, and inevitably—for he was only human and could not fail all the time—a small check came.

Soon afterward he resigned his job and left the comparative peace and security of the dull Bronx for a more expensive and less sanitary bedroom "studio" off Washington Square. A year later he had discovered that a certain arithmetical sense, painfully lacking in himself, was absolutely essential to the composition of verse that would scan properly. And he had also learned that the *nomen* of *vers libre* concealed a double meaning. If it was sufficiently good, it could be given away. Sometimes one even received a year's subscription.

Refusing to drag his tattered plume of wavy black hair home in disgrace, Milton made the mistake of seeking, and finding, a job on the lower East Side. Here he competed with emigrants who were less hampered by tradition and education. Within a few weeks he had given or loaned most of his money to professional beggars.

When Milton's circumstances had become so straitened that he dared not give up his scant pay to seek a better position, he was discharged. For a while he floundered, grasping at straws, entering offices and factories exultantly, leaving them with dragging footsteps; later, with clothes shapeless and ragged, he worked days and nights upon the streets, burning and shivering alternately while he strove desperately to make the most of snow-removal jobs conferred by opportune blizzards. . . . .

On a day in spring Milton persuaded Big Dugan to give him a chance as "finder" for Dugan's gang of loft-thieves. None of the offenses of Dugan and his followers had ever been proved against them, and the leader preferred to take in only amateurs who had no criminal records. In Dugan's flat—which, by the way, differed in no respect from the thousands of other moderate priced brick-and-stone, one-flight-up-the-stoop flats on the central East Side—Milton sat that night and waited for the gang leader.

Mrs. Dugan, who was country-bred and knew and disliked her husband's occupation, tried to entertain him. She was a little, sensitive young woman of the listening kind, and Milton felt expansive, now that he had crossed the invisible Rubicon that divides respectable destitution from what he believed to be dishonorable prosperity. Only the slight stimulus of Elva Dugan's feminine interest and rural curiosity had been necessary to start Milton upon a nervously related history of his recent past, which he was just finishing.

"Well, I worked in the store less than a week. I sold a woman a forty-dollar cloak and a nineteen-dollar skirt of the same color, thinking they made up a forty-dollar suit. I was fired, and fined my week's pay for the store's loss on my mistake. And that night I was so cold and discouraged that I descended to begging.

"I was still without the price of a meal and a bed at midnight. Even as a panhandler I was a failure. Finally I spoke to a man,—he looked like a teamster,—and he offered me two dollars to help load a late shipment on his truck."

He paused, interrupted by a crescendo of growling and barking from the rear of the tenement.

"git your sample and beat it before I do for you."

POSSESSING, as the author does, first-hand knowledge of the types pictured in this story, it may be accepted as a photographic portrayal of the life with which it is concerned.

SATIN

Illustrated by

E. F. WARD

"That'll be Chet Marden," said Elva, rising and moving to the cupboard. "He always gives Connor's watchdog a bat with his cane. I wouldn't like to have that big brute hating me!"—apprehensively. She shrank over the dishes in her spotless sink. "Tell me the rest," she threw at Milton encouragingly over her shoulder.

Milton finished rapidly: "Next morning I fished a newspaper out of a refuse-can and learned that I'd been an accomplice to the biggest loft-robbery of the year. I'd risked my life and liberty for only two dollars. Well, I quit being a boob and tried to get wise. That's how—" His voice died away while he struggled for an inoffensive ending to the sentence.

"Ah-ha!" she responded absently.

Footsteps grated upon the sandstone stoop as she lighted the gas under the coffee, then turned her face to Milton over her shoulder, finger pressed to lips.

He took out a cigarette, and Chet Marden's observing eyes, alert for any understanding between these two, found Milton's inattention to the plump, faded little woman at the gas-stove quite convincing.

"Hurry up that coffee, Elvy," he ordered; and he asked of Milton, over-elaborately: "Well, kid, how's tricks?"

"O. K.," was Milton's effort at a reply in formula. Then he added cleverly: "That noisy bulldog in the back must be quite a nuisance."

"He is," grunted Marden, dropping into a chair. He was a spare, lean little man, thin of lips and nose and space between the eyes. "But I'd sort o' miss the brute if he wasn't there. I give 'im a whack every time I go by, an' he always comes to the fence for more."

"Cruel," thought Milton.

Marden leaned across the worn oilcloth upon the table and tapped upon it with a dirty forefinger.

"I got you that time, kid," he said with compressed lips. "You're doping it out that I'm a tough nut. Well, I am. I like to make men beg. I like to hear a woman squeal. When I see a dawg, I hit 'im. That's what gets me by. The stools leave me an' my mob alone. They may know we're on a job, but they don't wise up the cops."

He stopped, staring at Milton with gray, blank eyes like a cat's.

"Hurry up that coffee, Elvy," he snapped; and without heed to her mumbled, "Just a minute, Chet," he resumed:

"That's what gets me by with the fences, too; I aint too nice to put on the screws, an' they comes across with top prices to me. Oh, you may not like me, Mister Finder, but you'd better be glad that I'm hardboiled. It let's you cut in on longer dough when we clean up!"

Elva set down the steaming coffee before him as he finished. He looked up at her apprehensive, patient face, then seized her plump, bare arm with thumb and finger and pinched it until she winced.

"Put on a smile, dearie," he ordered. "Tomorrow's goin' to be pay-day for this mob."

She obediently twisted her mouth up at the corners, then stepped back of Marden and rubbed her arm. A little later Milton saw her surreptitiously letting down her sleeve to cover the thin, angry red line upon her soft flesh.

Again the sound of steps ascended the stone stoop, heavy, ominous and unhurried. Elva patted her cuff into place over the rapidly purpling welt, and stiffened.

"Luigi's with him," she said.

Milton, straining his ears, heard only the footfalls of one man. When the door was opened by a possessively authoritative hand, he was surprised to see over Big Dugan's shoulder an effeminate olive face. He stood up to meet the stranger.

" 'Lo," said Dugan to Milton. "Meet Loogi Bassini, our lookout. This guy, Milt Kauer, is our new finder, Loogi. You fellers better git acquainted."

Dugan picked up a chair, swung it behind him and sat down.

He was a true strong-man, not a giant with awe-inspiring breadth of shoulders and arch of chest, but rather under the normal height, so heavily muscled and boned as to be cylindrical of body, and rendered deceptively stoop-shouldered by the hump of his swollen triceps.

Elva immediately put a cup of coffee and a plate of food before her lord and master. He fell to at once, and only by the single grunted command "Sugar!" did he disturb the talk about the lower East Side which Milton had begun with Luigi.

Presently Milton turned the conversation to personalities. "I didn't hear you come up the steps," he said.

Luigi grinned, showing a double row of ivory teeth, almost too perfect to be credible: "Eet's a ceench. I tell you, it's not no trick at all. Rubber heels and fiber soles, feller. My uncle, he —what you say?—cobbler. He feex you up."

Milton shook his dark, high-browed head negatively: "No—I'm an honest clerk looking for a job. Always looking for a job."

They grinned appreciatively. Luigi turned the talk back to the East Side, and after hearing several flattering remarks about the greatness of his race, Milton decided that Luigi's insincerity furnished a clue to his own aversion. He answered noncommittally, as though rejecting the proffered compliments.

Then Luigi and Marden went out to enjoy a smoke on the front stoop, and soon afterward Milton left Big Dugan—brooding heavy-jawed and bristling over his pipe in the kitchen—and Elva, moving about subdued over her dishes, and stepped to the half-open window of the stuffy parlor. The shade was drawn, and when Milton heard Marden's voice, he started and looked behind him. When he saw no one there, he realized that it came from the stoop less than two yards away, and through the open window.

"An' he's hoggin' two shares where he's only g o t t a right to one. Wher'd he git off if I didn't go out an' peddle the stuff? I'd like to know! We don't need to stand for it, Loogi."

It sounded unconvincing, like a set speech that had been composed and memorized. The Italian answered softly, his voice falling, in the natural conspiratorial aptitude of his race, to a whisper. Milton heard only Marden's answer:

"I tell ya it's a raw deal. Let's get together, Loogi."

Apparently there were no more prepared arguments. Milton h e a r d Luigi's reply distinctly.

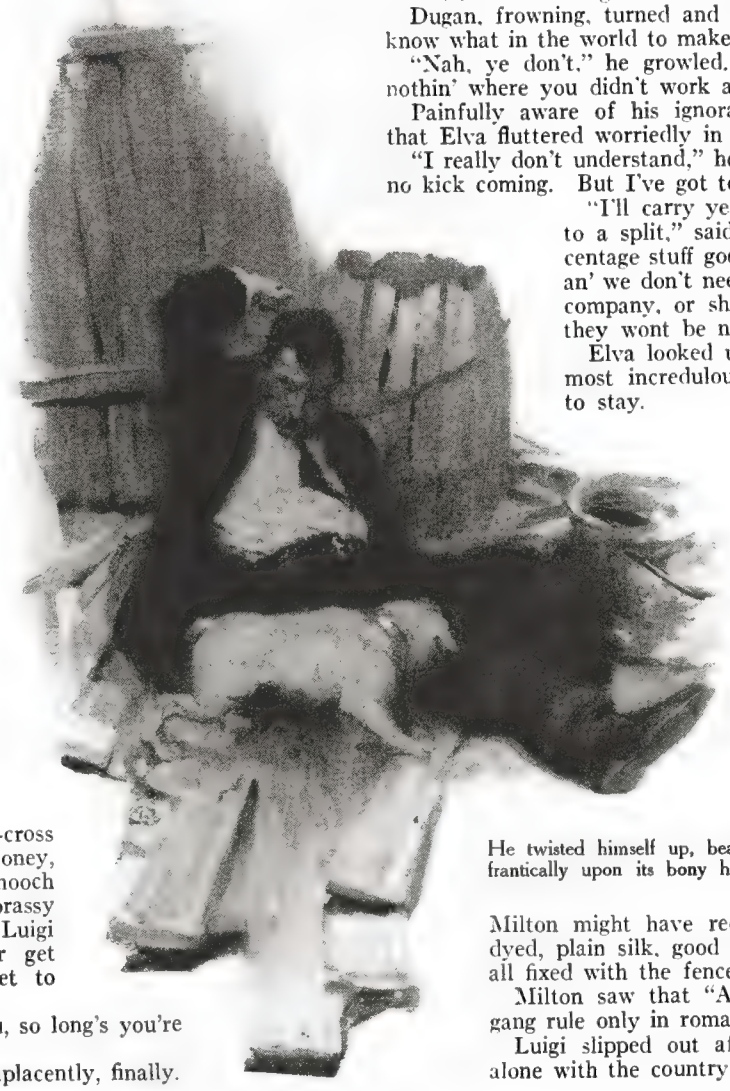
"You don't talk straight to me, Chet Marden. You tell me eet's da money, but I know better. You look at da woman. You peench da woman. Then you say we frame Beeg Dugan because he take too much da money. Pah!"

"S-s-h!"—in C h e t ' s imploring voice.

"That beeg ox, he hear nothing!" —contemptuously. "Listen: I weel double-cross heem wit' you. Not for da money, no. Not for da wife—she too mooch like a tin can of lard, all brassy an' blue an' pasty-white! Luigi Bassini have hees reason for get Beeg Dugan, but he keep eet to himself."

"Don't care what's eatin' you, so long's you're with me."

"I keep eet to myself!"—complacently, finally.



He twisted himself up, beating frantically upon its bony head.

They rose and reentered the flat, Marden's grimy fingers twisting self-consciously as he passed the parlor door. Milton moved quickly away from the open window and settled himself upon the imitation leather installment-house couch, pondering.

Foolishly, he realized now, he had expected to find his gang of crooks different from this. He had expected that his criminal associates would be like wolves, justified somewhat by the elemental law of keen fang and hungry belly, ranging free and alert. Already he was disgusted, partly at these human rats, but mostly with himself. But what was a hungry failure to do?

He lighted a cigarette and went irritably back into the kitchen. As he stepped through the door, he saw out of the corner of his eye that Luigi's head had just bobbed in a meaning nod. He looked at Big Dugan, the unsuspecting victim of the Italian's treachery.

The bully's bushy eyebrows were still raised in the interrogative scowl to which Luigi's nod had obviously been the answer. So, after all, Luigi was Big Dugan's man. And what was more to be expected, Milton realized, than the stupid giant's hiring of a brain to spy for him? He himself would likely be the subject of a confidential report later in the evening. He must be careful.

Dugan rose, stretching, and looked at his watch. "Eight o'clock," he said. "We better git started."

"Now?"

Preoccupied with the fact that this was like nothing in the books, Milton had spoken before thinking.

"Yes, n-o-w," Marden sneered. "Aint you hep that a loft job has got to be pulled off while there's still people on the streets? Did you figure we'd go out at one G. M.—when every guy he runs into looks as big to a cop as the Statcher of Liberty?"

"All right," said Milton pleasantly. "I'll learn."

He put on his hat and reached for his shiny coat. Marden, with an agitation incomprehensible to Milton, clutched Big Dugan's sleeve and stopped the leader's progress toward the door.

"He's comin' along!" he cried. "He's tryin' to cut in on us!"

Dugan, frowning, turned and advanced on Milton, who didn't know what in the world to make of the affair.

"Nah, ye don't," he growled. "You aint in on this, nor on nothin' where you didn't work as finder."

Painfully aware of his ignorance, Milton sat down, noticing that Elva fluttered worriedly in the background.

"I really don't understand," he said. "If I'm out of it, there's no kick coming. But I've got to eat and sleep."

"I'll carry ye from tonight till ye got a right to a split," said Dugan; "but none of this percentage stuff goes. We found this job ourselves, an' we don't need you. Stay here an' keep Elvy company, or she'll be bawling if we're late, an' they wont be no coffee ready."

Elva looked up and caught Milton's eye. Almost incredulous, he saw that she wanted him to stay.

"Don't you think he'd better go along anyway?" she asked. " 'Course you can handle the bale all right, b u t hadn't y o u ought to have a lookout in front and back both?"

"Shut up!" said Dugan with the ease of proprietorship. "It's all fixed; we got a cinch. Besides, we count on this lad's finding us some fat hauls, an' we aint goin' to take chances tonight, not for a little bale of dress-goods, nohow."

"It's just a one-man silk job," Marden added, trying to efface any impression of ill-will that Milton might have received from his outburst. "Undyed, plain silk, good as money in the bank. I got it all fixed with the fence, price an' everything."

Milton saw that "All for one, one for all" was the gang rule only in romantic fiction.

Luigi slipped out after the other two. Milton was alone with the country bully's country wife.

The lurking weasel in Marden had come to the surface. "Now I've got you," he snarled, "I'll show you."

"Mercy," she said frankly, "you don't know how good it feels to have a human being round, 'stead of that mean Marden fellow."

She raised her hand to pat an errant taffy-colored strand of hair back into place, and Milton saw that the mark of Chet's thumb and finger upon her arm had now become black, green-edged and swollen.

"Why don't you speak to your husband?" he blundered, and then lost his embarrassment at his error in amazement at the discovery that she had not resented his question.

"It wouldn't do any good," she confessed simply, quite unaware that there might be any code about discussing one's marital troubles with a stranger. "He wants Chet to be after me. He knows I hate him, and still he goes out of his way to put us alone together. I—I guess he's just using me—trying to get an excuse for beating Chet up. He's awful terrible, Reilly is, when he gets good and mad. And he seems to sort of like to get mad."

This discussion of Elva's husband didn't seem quite proper. Milton squirmed in his chair.

"You're not a New Yorker, are you?" he asked.

"No," she replied, leaning back against the sink, her unseeing eyes fixed upon space. "I'm from up-State. My, how I do wish I was back there! But Reilly wont go."

"Why don't you go, anyway?" Milton inquired, hoping that the answer would establish the true status of affairs between Elva, Reilly and Chet. It did.

"Maybe you'll think I'm crazy," she said faintly, "but I love him—not like at first, but—some."

Then Milton knew the significance of her patient, simple, tragic eyes, and marveled at the wealth of devotion that Big Dugan had squandered. . . . .

"You better read the paper while I pick up," Elva ordered, startling Milton out of his revery. "They'll be coming back now."

The gang did return soon afterward. Dugan entered first and swung a large bale easily down from his shoulder to the kitchen floor, where he set about unfastening its burlap wrapper. Milton, determined not further to reveal his ignorance, said nothing. But when Elva spoke to Luigi, he became alert.

"Run into any trouble, Loogi?"

"No real trouble, Mees Dugan. Only da bum of a night watchman, he must have sleep. He was half an hour late on hees round."

"Oh, you didn't hurt him?"

"No. Dugan, he want to quiet heem an' feenish da job right. We lay for heem in da—da alley by stock-room. But he hear a noise; he ron to weendow an' blow hees whistle. We have break open stock-room door, so Dugan snatch up da bale an' we make da break."

"Anybody see you?"

"Eempossible. I have da poosh-cart ready, wit' da bell an' da rags. We put in da bale, an' I poosh him here t'rough da street—da handsome young Italiano old-clo' man."

He laughed softly, appreciative of his cunning.

Dugan finished untying the cords, which he was saving so that the bale might easily be tied up again. He stripped back the drab burlap wrapper, stared incredulously at the glowing vision of Titian blue and flushed rose he had uncovered, and spat out a curse of disgust.

Marden peered over his shoulder and fairly howled:

"Damn that watchman! Ought ter be hung for sleeping! Here's what comes of his balling up the rounds! That's striped satin, not worth a tinker's damn; the fences wont even look at it."

Luigi flipped over an end of the satin and examined the distinctive red and blue pencil-stripe of the selvage. It was unquestionably a mill trademark.

"We get da wrong bale, all right. Thees no good. She must be dye."

He stared gloomily at the bale, devising fitting punishments for that careless watchman.

"Wot we goin' to do with the stuff?" whined Marden. "My man aint no dyer—he wont even look at it, not for any money."

Big Dugan swung around and glared up at him, his pugnacious jaw out-thrust, his eyes narrowed to pin-points under beetling brows, every hair a-bristle.

"I'll tell you what we're goin' to do," he shouted. "Our business man's goin' out an' git a buyer for that stuff. It's worth somethin', an' we're flat. Now clip a sample piece an' beat it."

"It's too late."

"Eet's only half-past nine," Luigi volunteered pleasantly.

"Honest, Dugan, no wise guy'll stand for that stuff. It's just as easy to trace as—as a hand-made lace."

Dugan burst out, at that, into a stream of profanity so lurid that Milton blushed for the woman present. He was plainly working himself into a rage, deliberately nursing his passion into that exalted state wherein he could tear, rend, crush and smite without the inhibitions of responsibility or humanity to stay his sinewy hands.

Marden shrank back from the fury he had roused. Before he was out of reach, Dugan thrust out a hand and caught him by the throat.

"Yeller!" he muttered, his voice now a husky, vibrant whisper. "Always knew you was yeller."

Milton sat bolt upright, amazed. Marden's feet had left the floor; his whole body dangled in the air at the end of that iron arm. Dugan shook his burden viciously, as easily as he had raised it, regardless of the hands that clawed at his shoulder for support. Marden's face was purpling fast when Dugan released his fingers and dropped him to the floor, a sprawling figure, strangely repellant when stripped of its dignity of erectness.

"Nah," he growled in the same hoarse guttural, "git your sample an' beat it before I do fer you. Don't never try to pull that stuff again. I know you got a bunch o' them fences bluffed, though Gawd only knows why they're skeered of a yeller pup like you. Git out—put on the screws. Make 'em come acrost with coin, or damme, I'll do you up."

Luigi let a knife trickle down his sleeve into the palm of his hand, bent over and sliced off a triangle from the end of the bale. Marden climbed to his feet, choking, and put the sample into his inner coat pocket.

He knew now that Luigi had deceived him in their agreement to "frame" Dugan; for the Italian had neither spoken nor acted in his defense. And Milton, the new finder, who hadn't responded to his advances, must be Dugan's man too. He favored them all with an impartially venomous glance, shrugged his shoulders and slipped through the door. They heard him still clearing his throat as he went down the stone steps to the street.

"'Bout time I taught him a lesson," Dugan said, plainly for the benefit of Milton only. "I aint blind; I been wise to him quite a while now."

Milton looked indifferently at Luigi and saw the Italian's eyes glitter at this. Luigi, Milton reasoned, knew the exact degree of Dugan's blindness, knew how much his own eyes and cunning directed the strong man's power and influenced his sluggish brain. With Marden out of the way, Dugan *(Continued on page 122)*

"Come across — wh re's that satin?"

The story so far:

WHEN innocent Mr. Billings lost his job, something moved him to spend his last dime for a cigar instead of a sandwich—and the cigar-band proved the open sesame to romance and adventure. On the inside of the band was a message, "9-29-Venga"—a message intended for a certain Spanish American revolutionist. It so happened that Mr. Billings was able to sell this message to its rightful recipient for five thousand dollars. And when his buxom landlady proposed marriage to him, he fled and took ship for a vacation at Isla de Palma. Aboard the ship he again encountered his Spanish American friends! And at the Isla de Palma he met and was entertained by Susana Dale, a clever and beautiful woman and the friend of President Juarez. From her he learned that Juarez was to ride in her carriage on the night of the Fiesta—and in all innocence he betrayed the fact to the plotting revolutionists. But perhaps Susana and Juarez had their spies also—who, for instance, was the American named Brown whom Billings encountered now and then?

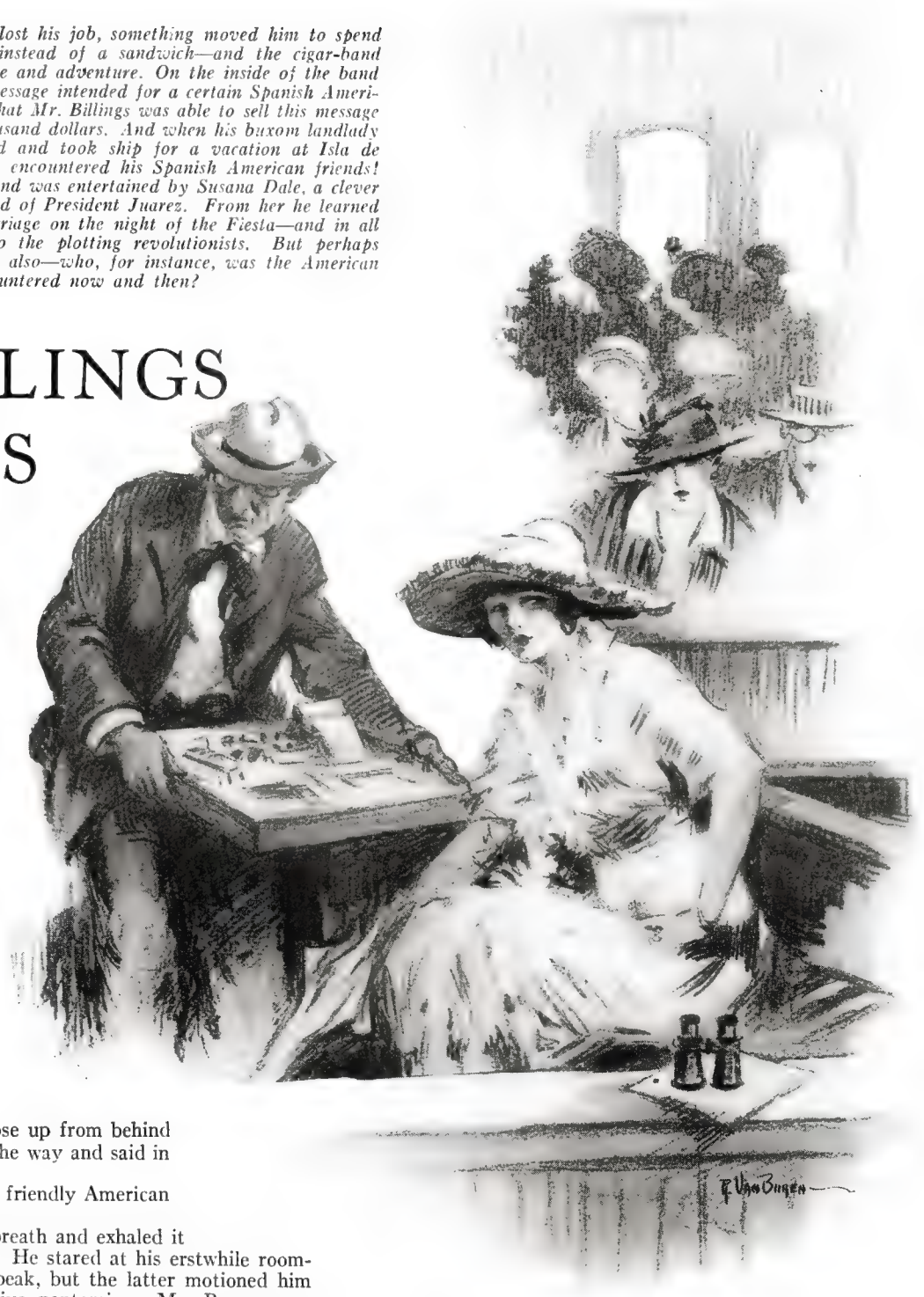
MR. BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME

By

DANA BURNET

Illustrated by

RAEBURN VAN BUREN



"I will have this and that." Then in a low tone. "You are—"
"Operative Number One," answered the sweetmeat vendor.

MR. BILLINGS closed the door of the stuffy smoke-filled chamber behind him and proceeded alone down the passageway. He had gone but a few steps, however, when a man in a Panama hat rose up from behind one of the barrels that blocked the way and said in a mysterious whisper: "Ssh!"

The man was Mr. Brown, the friendly American whom he had met on the boat.

Mr. Billings drew a startled breath and exhaled it slowly. His eyes became large. He stared at his erstwhile roommate. He opened his lips to speak, but the latter motioned him to be silent. Also, by expressive pantomime, Mr. Brown suggested that they leave the premises together, and that at once. Mr. Billings, nodding to show that he understood, promptly linked arms with the other; the two walked quickly down the hall, through the barroom proper and out into the street.

"Let us keep on as we are," said Mr. Brown. "We can talk as we go."

"Yes, but—my dear fellow!" broke out Mr. Billings. "What an extraordinary thing! How on earth did you happen to be in that hallway?"

"I went in there purposely," replied Mr. Brown, "in order to keep an eye on you."

"To keep—I don't understand."

The other man said simply:

"The Café el Amigo del Diablo is one of the most unsavory spots in this part of the world. A great many more people go into it than come out of it. So, naturally, Mr. Billings, when I saw you enter the place—"

"Ah! You saw me?"

"I was in the shop next door, buying some contraband silk pajamas—I can't sleep in anything but silk; it's a weakness of mine, and this is an unusual grade. Well, as I was saying, I saw you pass the door and ran out to speak to you. You were just going into the café. I said to myself: 'That's Billings, or I'm blind. But what the devil is he doing there?' I made up my mind that you had stumbled into the dive as many another tourist has done, out of curiosity, perhaps—or to sample the wine. At any rate, I was alarmed, and knowing the reputation of the place, I followed you into it. For the past half-hour I have been hiding in that hallway, expecting every moment to hear you shout for help."

"My dear Brown!" cried Mr. Billings, stopping upon the sidewalk and grasping the other's hand. "I am deeply grateful! To think that you— But I assure you that I was not in the slightest danger. In fact, I was there on business!"

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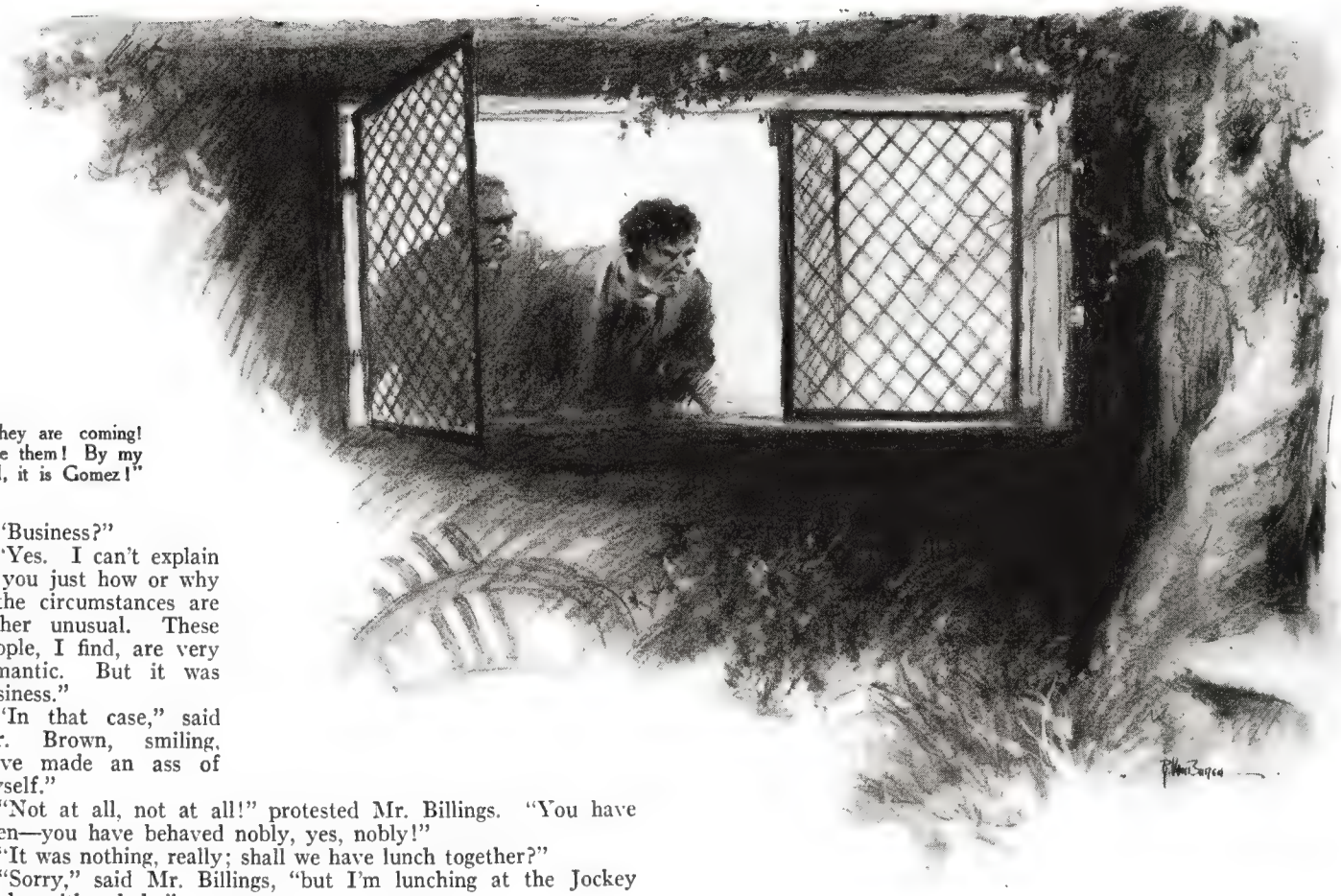


"They are coming! I see them! By my soul, it is Gomez!"

"Business?"

"Yes. I can't explain to you just how or why—the circumstances are rather unusual. These people, I find, are very romantic. But it was business."

"In that case," said Mr. Brown, smiling, "I've made an ass of myself."

"Not at all, not at all!" protested Mr. Billings. "You have been—you have behaved nobly, yes, nobly!"

"It was nothing, really; shall we have lunch together?"

"Sorry," said Mr. Billings, "but I'm lunching at the Jockey Club—with a lady."

"Ah!" observed Mr. Brown. "Then I'll leave you here. I've not quite finished my shopping. See you again, perhaps."

"Yes," said Mr. Billings. "We seem to have a habit of running into each other. Good-by! Thank you for troubling about me."

"No trouble at all," said Mr. Brown with a deprecatory smile.

The next moment he turned into the drygoods store and was lost to sight.

Mr. Billings hailed a *coche* and after conveying the address to the driver by means of signs, words and facial contortions, was driven back to No. 3, Plaza de Palma, reaching there shortly before noon.

"Remarkable how quickly one picks up the language," thought Mr. Billings as he paid the *cochero* and turned toward the house. He was immoderately pleased to have found his way home unaided. Moreover, his mood was further exhilarated by the additional bulge in his breast pocket. Another five thousand dollars! Could it be possible that he had ever wanted for money? Could it be possible that he had ever been down to his last dime?

"But I must not become conceited," Mr. Billings counseled himself. "After all, money isn't everything. No, money isn't everything. I must not become conceited."

Doña Susana was waiting for him in her private drawing-room above the stairs. She had on a white lace dress and a large white hat that gave her an exquisite flowerlike beauty.

"Cousin Susana!" cried Mr. Billings when he saw her.

"What, Cousin John?"

Mr. Billings compressed his lips, recalled his governing creed and restrained his ardor. He must not forget that he was a gentleman and a trustee, so to speak, of the proprieties.

"You are—ready!" he concluded heroically if somewhat lamely.

"Quite ready, Cousin John," replied the lady in her sweetest tone; but her eyes, beneath their long lashes, had a peculiar light.

To Mr. Billings, the afternoon that followed was one of pleasure, pride and profit. He drove with Doña Susana to the Jockey Club, an institution located upon the outskirts of the town near the sea, and lunched there in considerably polite notoriety. Apparently it was a matter of public interest that he should be lunching tête-à-tête with Doña Susana. He basked in the curiosity of the fashionable company, and was so warmed by the glances cast upon him that he needs must caution himself more than once against becoming conceited.

After luncheon they ascended Doña Susana's box in the grandstand. The races began. Mr. Billings, who all his life had studied the sporting pages of the newspapers, knew exactly how to comport himself, and even ventured some technical observations upon the entries, though he had never been near a race-track before.

An old man, very feeble and bent in body, came shuffling past the box with a trayful of native sweetmeats. He looked at Doña Susana in passing, and lifting his hand, scratched his right ear. The lady gave a slight start; then turning to Mr. Billings she said in a gay manner: "My dear Cousin John, you are very polite! But I know how anxious you must be to get down to the betting-ring!"

"Oh, no, really—" protested Mr. Billings.

"Nonsense! Of course you're anxious. It wouldn't be natural if you weren't. All men are born gamblers—not that I blame them! Indeed, I think the characteristic a fascinating one. Only, don't bet *too* much, will you, Cousin John?"

"I—ah! No—not *too* much," replied our hero, who rather to his own surprise found himself a moment later wandering about in search of the betting ring. Not that he particularly wanted to bet. But Doña Susana had seemed to expect it of him; evidently she had got it into her head that he was something of a gambler. Possibly, without intending to do so, he had revealed to her a recklessness in his nature. He had kissed her hand at breakfast that morning. Did she think him rather a devil of a fellow? If so—and it was not unlikely—he must live up to her estimate of him. He must bet a little on the races.

Meanwhile, as it happened, the ancient vendor of sweetmeats had turned back upon his course and was passing once more the box of Doña Susana. This time the lady leaned forward impulsively and addressed him.

"Here! Wait, old man! Have you any chocolates?"

"No, señora, but I have other things as good."

"Come into the box, then, and I will choose!"

So the old man came hobbling into the box and held his tray for Doña Susana to make her selection from.

"I will have this and that." Then in a low tone, she said: "You are—"

"Operative Number One," answered the sweetmeat vendor.

"Ah—clever! I will have this one also. You bring news?"

"Yes, important news. Billings has had a conference with *them* and has told them—yes, yes, señora, I am an old man with a family of ten! If the señora will only buy a little more! Ah, that is very kind of the señora."

"He has told them?" whispered Doña Susana, again bending, over the tray.

"All that they ought to know!"

"You mean—as to the Fiesta?"

"Yes."

"Splendid!"

"The señora compliments my poor wares! At least, I have a splendid variety, which is more than most vendors have. You understand clearly? You will know how to proceed?"

Doña Susana placed a silver coin in the speaker's hand and looked up with a serene smile.

"I will know exactly how to proceed. Everything is quite simple now. You may keep the change, old man."

"Muchas gracias, señora! May the blessing of God be upon you and yours."

The old man limped away. Doña Susana sat back in her chair and idly nibbled a *marron*. "Everything is quite simple, now!"

Mr. Billings finally found the betting-ring. It was located beneath the grandstand and was not a ring at all, but a long corridor filled with phlegmatic males who lounged about with their hands in the pockets, blowing cigar-smoke out of the corners of their mouths. There were numerous small booths arranged against the wall, each with a blackboard displayed in front of it. Upon these blackboards were written the names of the horses and the odds at which they were entered.

Mr. Billings looked at the names upon the first blackboard. The last on the list was that of a horse named Lucky Dog.

A sort of premonition seized Mr. Billings.

"Lucky Dog!" he murmured. "I think I'll bet on that one."

He walked up to the bookmaker and said in his cheerful, friendly way: "Excuse me, but has that Lucky Dog got any chance to win the race?"

"Surest t'ing you know!" replied the booky in good Americanese. "Didn' a turtle oncet beat a jack-rabbit? How much do you want to spend on him, Mister?"

Mr. Billings was somewhat nettled by the bookmaker's tone; in fact, he distinctly resented it.

"Oh," said he coolly, "I'll bet a hundred."

The proprietor of the booth pushed his hat back upon his forehead, looked narrowly at our hero and said to his assistant with a new note of respect, almost of awe, in his voice: "A hunerd on Lucky Dog t'win!"

Mr. Billings, feeling that he had properly rebuked the bookmaker, pocketed his ticket and strolled out to the track. The horses assembled at the barrier, were launched headlong, flashed swiftly around the track and came galloping past the judges' stand, with one roan steed a good length to the fore.

"Number Seven," observed Mr. Billings, as the decisive numeral was set up. "Ah, that's Lucky Dog! He did win, after all. I had a feeling that he would."

Hurrying back into the betting-ring, he presented his ticket to the bookmaker, upon whom he beamed with nonchalant superiority. The booky seemed crushed. He gave Mr. Billings a dazed stare and began counting bills into the latter's hand.

"One t'ousand—two t'ousand—Gawd! Who'd ever t'ought dat bird'd ever cop the kale? T'ree t'ousand—four—five! There you are, Mister."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Billings. "Did I—did I win all this?"

The other regarded him as though he had been a novel and a peculiar specimen of the *genus homo*.

"Say, d'you mean t'tell me y'didn' know the Dog was a fifty-to-one shot?"

"Fifty to—oh, I see. The horse was entered, and I bet a hundred dollars for him! So naturally I win five thousand!"

"Nat'rally," echoed the bookmaker faintly. "Sure! Nat'rally!"

Mr. Billings placed his winnings in his wallet, which now had attained an inordinate plumpness, and strolling back upstairs, reentered the box of Doña Susana.

"I can read your mind!" she said, smiling as he seated himself beside her. "You have bet—and you have won!"

"Only a little," replied our hero modestly, "only a few thousand—five to be exact!"

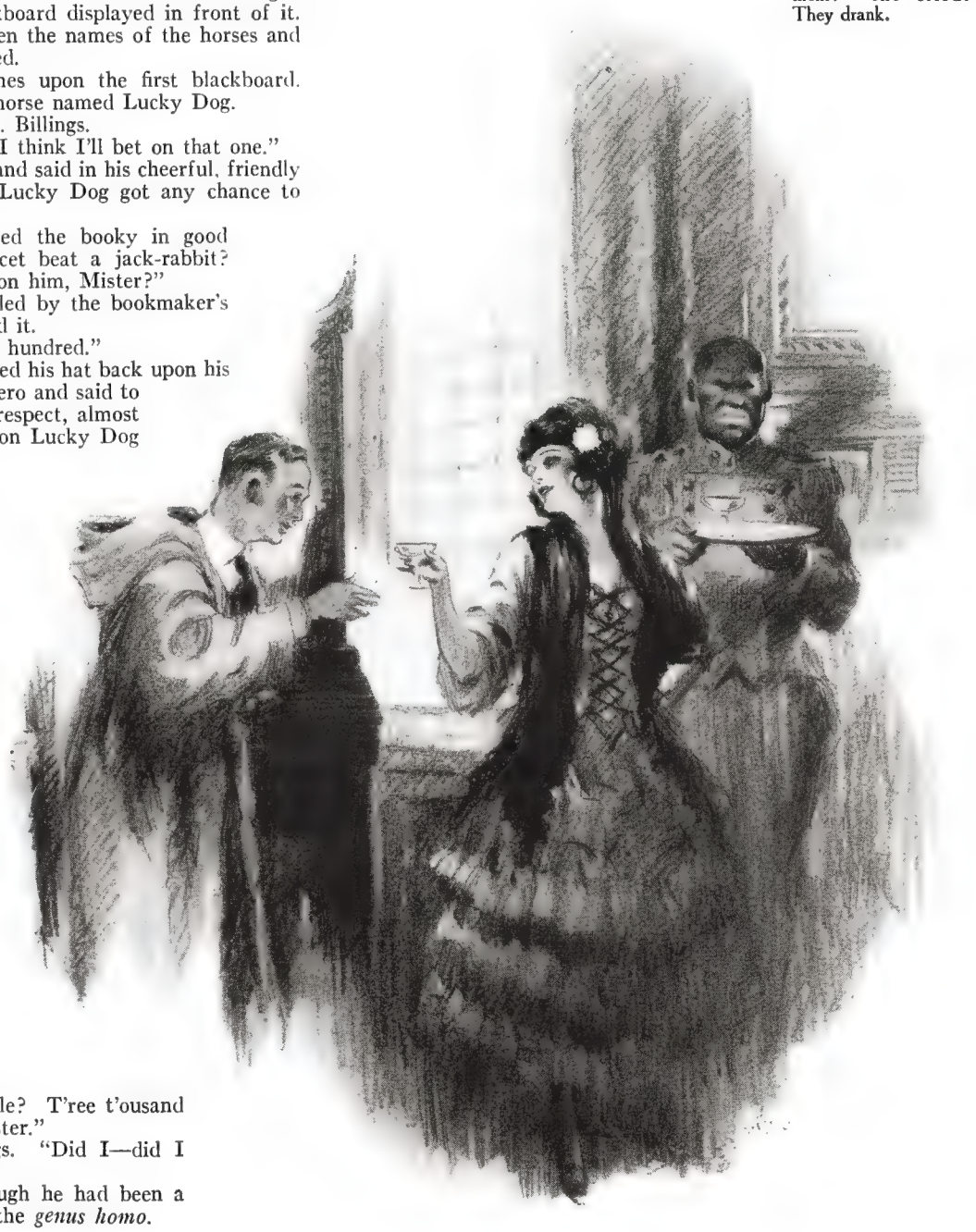
"Five thousand dollars! You won that much, Cousin John?"

Mr. Billings nodded.

"Yes," he said carelessly. "But what is money, after all? Money isn't everything. . . . ."

"No," admitted Doña Susana, "not when you have it. But five thousand dollars!"

They stopped on their way back to town to dine at a little restaurant that Doña Susana recommended. It was a charming restaurant, with a terrace overlooking the harbor, and Doña Susana pointed out to Mr. Billings the great ship *El Dorado* of



"Long live the Government!" she cried. They drank.

The whirlwind had come to a head about the abandoned vehicle in which sat the masked and costumed figure of Mr. Billings. The bandits jumped into the carriage, pounced upon our hero.

the Caribbean Line, that would sail the next night for New York.

"New York!" said Mr. Billings sententiously. "How far away it seems!"

"Yes," murmured Doña Susana. "And yet." Her voice trailed off into a languorous silence.

Afterward they drove into the city, to attend the *hai-jali*, that marvelous game which has been called the fastest in the world and which apparently deserves its title. It proved to be a form of handball, with various characteristics of squash, lacrosse and tennis thrown in for good measure. Instead of striking the ball with gloves or racquets, however, the players caught and hurled it, with incredible dexterity, in curved, talonlike baskets which they wore strapped to their forearms. The game was played on a three-sided court against the walls of which the bounding missile was thrown more swiftly, almost, than the eye could travel.

The audience sat in tiers upon the fourth side of the court. Below, in an established space, pranced and gesticulated the betting commissioners in their small red caps. The gambling was fast and furious, for the odds shifted with the score of the game; but one might play the "Mutuals" or common pools, by depositing one's money with an agent who existed for that purpose. Mr. Billings bought several tickets in the mutuals for Doña Susana and himself,—this seemed to be a convention among the boxes,—and by selecting the players whose names appealed to him, contrived to win several hundred dollars.

"Really, Cousin John!" remarked Doña Susana, "your luck is phenomenal!"

"Yes," said Mr. Billings, ever so lightly pouting his chest, "I am lucky. But I have noticed, Cousin Susana, that most successful men *are* lucky—if you know what I mean."

About ten o'clock there was a commotion in the entranceway; the crowd stood up and cheered, and the band burst into the national Anthem. President Juarez had arrived, with members of his staff. Some of the latter were in uniform, and made a brilliant showing as they mounted to their seats. The President himself wore a frock coat and carried in his hand a silk hat. He was accorded an ovation by the excited populace.

His box was next to Doña Susana's. As he entered it, he bowed to her and to Mr. Billings.

Our hero, not to be outdone in the usages of diplomacy, rose and bowed to the president. Whereat the audience, thinking him a celebrity of some sort, applauded vociferously. Mr. Billings turned and bowed to the audience. Confirmed in its deductions, the crowd redoubled its acclaim. Mr. Billings bowed once more—right, left and center, as he had seen actors do upon the stage—then sat down with swelling heart and tingling soul.

"What delightful people!" he exclaimed. "So romantic!"

It was still while under the influence of the exaltation produced by this incident that Mr. Billings had his inspiration. The idea leaped full-panoplied from his brain. Turning to his hostess, he said:

"Cousin Susana, I want you to come to supper with me at the Miramar!"

"Oh, Cousin John!"

"Yes, and—wouldn't the President like to come too?"

"The President? Estéban?"

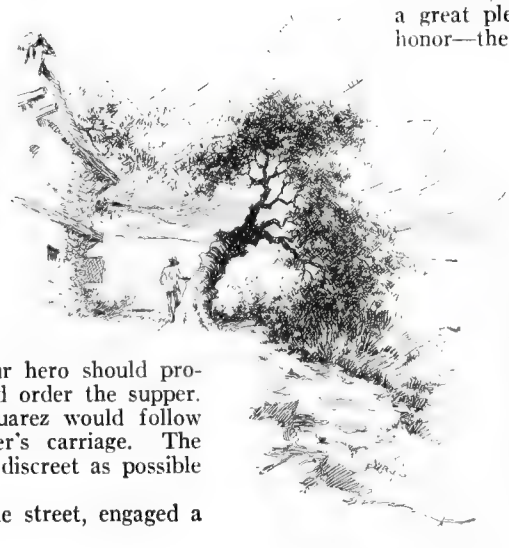
"He'll come if you ask him, Cousin Susana. And I—I should really like to know him better."

Doña Susana looked at Mr. Billings and smiled.

"Very well," she said, "I will try to arrange it for you."

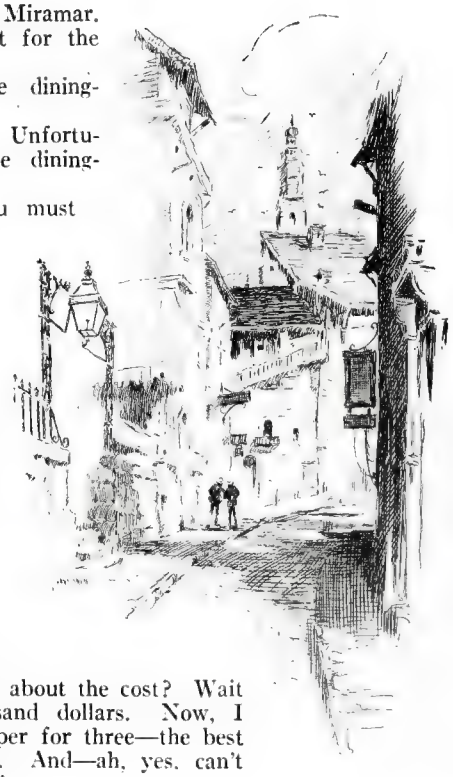
The result was that she wrote a note which was conveyed to Juarez. The latter read it, looked across the boxes and nodded. "He accepts with pleasure," said Doña Susana.

"I thought he would. He's so democratic," said Mr. Billings.



It was then decided that our hero should proceed alone to the Miramar and order the supper. Doña Susana and President Juarez would follow somewhat later, in the former's carriage. The affair, of course, was to be as discreet as possible and entirely *en famille*.

Mr. Billings descended to the street, engaged a *coche* and drove to the Miramar. Arrived there, he sent for the proprietor.



"I want a private dining-room."

"I regret, señor. Unfortunately all the private dining-rooms are occupied."

"Occupied! But—you must have some vacant space?"

"I regret. There is nothing, señor—nothing but the grand ballroom."

"I'll take it," said Mr. Billings.

"Señor?"

"I say I'll take it. You can serve supper there, can't you?"

"Si, señor, but it—that would cost a thousand dollars, señor!"

Mr. Billings delicately lifted his hand.

"Did I say anything about the cost? Wait—here is your thousand dollars. Now, I want a nice little supper for three—the best that you can give us. And—ah, yes, can't we have some music?"

"Music, señor?"

"Yes, certainly."

"But there is only the hotel orchestra."

"I'll take it," said Mr. Billings.

The proprietor gazed speechlessly at this Croesus for an instant, then bowed in a manner that was almost a salaam.

"Señor," he cried, "you shall have everything of the best, of the most extreme best, señor!"

So it befell. By the time Doña Susana and Juarez arrived, the proprietor's superlatives had been amply justified. No little supper party in history could have been more magnificently conceived or more superbly executed. The table, placed exactly in the center of the grand ballroom—a snowy, sparkling oasis in a desert of polished mahogany—gave an effect of spaciousness, of simplicity that was heroic.

A full orchestra, concealed behind a screen of palm-leaves, uttered music of a celestial nature, while the proprietor himself, assisted by an endless chain of waiters, served as though by magic the delicate viands and rare wines of the repast.

Doña Susana was wonderful; Mr. Billings was witty; President Juarez, though he ate little and drank less, seemed nevertheless to enjoy heartily his escape from official routine. The informality, the congeniality of Mr. Billings' little supper-party, he said, struck a sympathetic chord in his own nature.

At last he rose and made a brief speech.

"Señor," he said, addressing Mr. Billings, "you have given me a great pleasure. In return I wish to confer upon you a high honor—the highest, señor, that is in my power to bestow. I wish to relinquish in your favor the privilege of riding tomorrow night, during the hour of the Fiesta, in Doña Susana's carriage!"

"Estéban!" murmured the lady, gazing down at her plate.

"My dear President!" exclaimed Mr. Billings, quite overcome by this evidence of the executive's esteem.

"In doing this," continued Juarez, "I deny myself a happiness to which, I confess, I had long looked forward. But under the circumstances I am not without some happiness in renouncing it. Señor, believe it, it is only right and just that I should do this thing! You are better fitted than I for the rôle that fate has in store for you." Then, inclining toward Doña Susana, he said: "The situation is reversed, and it is I who plead for the señor. Permit him, I pray you, dear lady, to ride with you at the Fiesta!"

Doña Susana looked at our hero.

"That is for Cousin John *(Continued on page 144)*

PERRY BRAINERD discovers in this story the greatest thing in the world. Perhaps the story will guide you to a similar discovery.

MAKING IT HUMAN

By
BARKER SHELTON

Illustrated by
JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

Brainerd found himself far too frequently stealing time from important matters to stand at the window and watch the sparrows.

A MAN who, if we are to place proper credence in the Scriptures, had a somewhat slighter chance of entering into the Kingdom of Heaven than a camel has of going through the eye of a needle, stood at a wide window that looked down on the treetops in a very old and very famous churchyard. The sparrows which noisily settled their eternal differences of opinion in those topmost branches were hard at it as usual. The man at the window was watching them.

Early June was doing its best. In the lulls of those family squabbles in the treetops a breeze stirred the leaves to a pleasant rustling rhythm. It was a cool breeze with a delectable tang of salt in it. In the past seven years the man at the window had done incredible things, seemingly impossible things—accomplished them one after another with a speed, a precision, a sureness that had made his name known in the farthest corners of the earth. For this reason his thoughts should have been pleasant ones. They weren't.

Of late he had found himself far too frequently stealing time from highly important matters to stand thus at the window and watch the sparrows and brood over things it is not profitable for any man to think about. It was disturbing.

He was tall, wiry, something of the athlete in his build despite the droop of his shoulders. In repose, as he was now standing there by the window, he seemed too passively patient, more than a little dispirited, resigned to some lot in life which neither fitted him well nor particularly interested him. But no one ever saw him in repose. He took good care of that. The world knew him only when he was galvanized with action—alert, cold, the stoop gone from his shoulders, his clean-shaven face a mask that no man could read, some aura of tireless, relentless force emanating from him to lift those about him involuntarily to their tiptoes and to send shivers chasing up and down their spines when he spoke.

Three generations of forbears before him had dreamed the same persistent dream—to make the banking house of S. P. Brainerd & Company the *nth* power in the financial world. Old Seth Brainerd, his father, had nearly brought that dream to fulfillment. A liver that turned itself into a fine young piece of sole-leather despite all the efforts of the best medical talent procurable was all that stopped him. But old Seth, liver and all, had put in the last necessary groundwork for finishing the job. Among other things he had trained his son to carry on the work as few sons of such fathers are ever trained; Perry had learned the business from the ground up.

So when old Seth's halo became imminent, he had called his son to him, explained to him the last infinitesimal detail of his well-laid plans, placed all the responsibilities of the house of S. P. Brainerd & Company upon his shoulders, turned over in bed and let the refractory liver have its will of him.

Perry Brainerd was just turned thirty then. He was thirty-seven now. And he had done the job—the incredible thing, the seemingly impossible thing—better than his father had ever dreamed he would do it, he often fancied. It had taken it out of him, fearfully; but it was done. The three generations of Brainerds who had dreamed of their banking-house as the most powerful in the country—and one of the line of Brainerds numbered among its richest men—could rest easy in their graves.

Therefore the gentleman on the short end of the celestial wager should have been highly satisfied with himself. He should not have been stealing time from a matter that involved several million dollars to watch those raucously chattering sparrows shamelessly airing their domestic troubles in the churchyard treetops. He should not have been thinking that the churchyard was not an appropriate place for such an unholy racket, but that after all it wouldn't disturb the dead down there under the trees —that nothing disturbed the dead, that the dead were lucky. . . . . Something was wrong.

Next door to the private sanctum of the aloof head of the firm of S. P. Brainerd & Company is a large sunny room. A heavy mahogany table occupies its entire length. There are scissors and letter-openers, rubber stamps and tubes of paste

all up and down the length of that table, and comfortable chairs ranged about it.

Here each morning Wayne Hardwick and a corps of highly trained assistants put in a tense two hours separating the sheep from the goats in the accumulation of letters, telegrams and cable-dispatches that usher in the business day. Yawning wastebaskets, too eager for such fodder, fill up rapidly with the usual condemned-to-outer-darkness-in-advance communications from all sorts of mentally deficient souls whose desires range from having their puerile inventions financed to committing matrimony with the head of the firm.

At Hardwick's right elbow young mountains of paper pile up to be carted hence every few minutes and distributed in proper quarters around the office among the lesser lights of the organization who attend to the routine business. At Hardwick's left is a plain wire letter-basket that easily might be mistaken for a superannuated dish-drainer. Its intrinsic worth, however, is wholly out of proportion to its importance, for into it go the letters and dispatches requiring the personal attention of Perry Brainerd himself—communications the answers to which will shift the areas of high and low pressure on the financial weather-map with uncanny swiftness, make and unmake men all the way from Peru to Foo-Chow, and incidentally bring added revenue to the already overflowing coffers of S. P. Brainerd & Company.

It is rapid, expert work there at the long mahogany table each morning. It has to be; for at ten precisely, not a moment before that hour nor a moment after it, Wayne Hardwick must carry the gleanings in the dish-drainer into the throne-room next door.

Mirth has no place at that board. The humor of cranks and dreamers and ladies of romantic tendencies has long since gone flat from too frequent repetition. So signs of amusement in a spruce young man named Milner, who occupied Number 3 seat on the right-hand side of the table, drew Wayne Hardwick's attention thither.

Young Mr. Milner, very correct in his attire, very sure of himself and his importance, was reading a single sheet of paper he had drawn from a plain, square envelope with the address on it neatly typed. He was holding back a piece of violently red pasteboard pinned to that single sheet, the better to peruse the few lines, also neatly typed, beneath it.

Wayne Hardwick lifted his eyebrows inquiringly, and the young gentleman in Number 3 seat slid the amusing missive along the table to him.

It was the moment when Perry Brainerd was standing at the window watching the sparrows in the trees of the churchyard. The task at the long table was nearing completion. Only the barest handful of letters remained to be opened.

"Some one has got the big feller's number all right," Milner observed with a grin.

Hardwick picked up the letter. As he read it, the corners of his mouth twitched. The movement grew into the proportions of a grin that matched Milner's.

"Pass it back!" Milner suggested. "I want to keep that. Findings is havings, isn't it?"

"Nothing doing!" said Hardwick.

He put the letter topmost in the already unusually well-filled letter-basket.

"Huh?" Milner grunted, aghast at the action. "You're kidding, Hardwick. You wouldn't dare."

"He has a sense of humor. It'll amuse him, maybe."

"Accent on the 'maybe,'" Milner commented meaningly.

Hardwick glanced at the clock. He got up. He lifted the wire letter-basket with that sheet and the ticket pinned to it fluttering like a distress-signal on top of it. Milner held out his hand with mock solemnity.

"Good friend, good father, kind to the neighbors, one of the kind whose place is hard to fill," he said with a lugubrious wagging of his head.

Hardwick, grinning at him, opened the door of the throne-room.

Perry Brainerd had turned from the window. He was sitting at a small inexpensive desk on a much-worn inexpensive rug. Nothing about that room gave any indication that financial history was made there daily, unless it was Perry Brainerd himself, the man of ice and iron now, the man who raised people involuntarily to their tiptoes in his presence and sent shivers up and down their spines—Perry Brainerd, already galvanized into the action the contents of that wire letter-basket would call forth.

Hardwick placed it on the desk before him and stood by ready to carry out the orders that would come thick and fast once his chief had pounced upon the prey.

The topmost letter was whisked out of the basket. Perry Brainerd held back the bit of pasteboard to read the typed lines under it. Hardwick waited for the grunt, the hint of a smile, the brief nod of appreciation to himself that should accompany the tossing of the letter into a desk-drawer with other unique missives he had culled now and then from the mail.

But neither the smile nor the nod was forthcoming. Brainerd read it through several times, frowning at it. Hardwick was a trifle alarmed. Over Brainerd's shoulder he read the note again himself, although he was perfectly familiar with it already.

There was neither date, salutation nor signature—merely the few lines of type that seemed to leap toward him from the dead white of the paper:

> The Peter Fenwick Fresh Air Association offers its benefits only to the poorest. You, one of the richest men in the world, are offered the Association's aid because in the final issue you are one of the poorest men on the face of the earth, poor because your two great masters, Work and Ambition, have blinded you to the fact that there is a God in His heaven, and birds in the trees and flowers in the fields. So please accept the ticket which you will find inclosed.

The ticket in question offered "one admission to the Peter Fenwick Fresh Air Association Weekly Outing, Ram's Island Grove, June 10."

The moments slipped by. Brainerd read, reread and read again the brief note until Hardwick felt himself growing sick with apprehension. At last Brainerd swung about in his chair.

"You must be a genius, Miss Fyles. . . . . Anyone is a genius who can induce Hamilton Fyles to part with fifty thousand dollars."

Hardwick stiffened. He was like a man bracing himself for an expected blow.

"I am sorry," he muttered.

"You needn't be. I am glad you brought it in."

He began yet another perusal of those few typed lines. Hardwick waited, uncertain as to what was coming but wishing it might come and be done with it, whatever it was.

"No, it's not at all funny," Brainerd said after a long pause. "It's merely—"

"Impertinent?" Hardwick suggested.

"The truth," Brainerd said.

He clapped the letter under a weight. He reached for the next letter in the basket; but before he looked at it, he turned to Hardwick with a whimsical smile that transformed his face.

"I wonder if the Peter Fenwick Fresh Air Association could do anything for me. Do you think they could, Hardwick?"

"No," Hardwick said more tersely than he would have believed he would ever dare.

"Neither do I. Well, let's clean these things up."

That whimsical smile vanished. Perry Brainerd's face became again that inscrutable mask that no man might read. Hardwick began to jump to the usual broadside of orders. The morning became like a thousand other mornings in that room, save that now and then Brainerd's eyes strayed to a little bronze paper-weight upon a single sheet of paper with something violently red pinned to it.

WHEN finally the letters were finished and Hardwick went out, Milner touched his arm.

"Congratulations! I see you're alive," said he.

Hardwick grunted. He seemed in no mood for persiflage.

"The next time you find anything like that in the mail, Milner, tear it up instanter. You've got a rotten sense of humor."

"As rotten as yours. What's the matter with you, Hardwick? Did you get ripped up the back for putting it on top of the basket?"

"I did not. He thanked me for it."

"Why this sweet little grouch, then?"

"It hurt him."

"Hurt him!" Milner repeated incredulously.

"Got under his skin."

"No!"

"Milner, it isn't funny to see a man like him hit in that way. I don't think you'd care to see it any more than I did," said Hardwick coldly and turned on his heel.

Since the memory of man no business day had ever seen the head of the firm of S. P. Brainerd & Company out of touch with the office. But that which was without precedent had happened. An all-important dispatch had come into the office, a dispatch too imperative to await ten o'clock and its turn in the letter-basket; and the head of the firm was neither at his desk nor at the uptown house where he dwelt in solitary splendor, nor in any place within the ken of the wise ones of the organization. It was something sufficiently out of the ordinary to upset the universe revolving about the huge building.

Moreover Perry Brainerd had known the all-important dispatch was due to arrive that morning; he knew the exact hour it should so arrive, even as it had arrived. He knew it would require quick thinking, unerring decision, a day of hot wires all over the country and cables burning that decision to the four corners of the earth. He knew all this, and yet he was calmly playing hooky.

He had started downtown in his car at the usual hour. Five blocks from his office he had sent the car back, saying he would walk the rest of the way. This was the total result of the efforts of a dozen nervously busy switchboard-girls and a small regiment of messengers scurrying hither and yon.

IT was young Mr. Milner who suggested a possible clue for the chase. He seized Hardwick's arm as the latter flitted distractedly past his desk. He swung Hardwick about to face a calendar on the wall.

"Look at the date! Tell me what it is!"

"The date? Tenth of June. What's that got to do with it?"

"Exactly—June the tenth. Doesn't that suggest anything to you?"

"Nothing."

"It does to me. It suggests a red ticket about so long. Now you follow me. That's the stuff! Cease being somnambulistic, Hardwick, and walk with your eyes open. He's gone to that poor-man's picnic. By gravy, he has!"

Which, while it wasn't true at the moment, was at least prophetic.

Brainerd had stopped his car some five blocks from the office, got out and sent the car back, because on the way down he had been reading a few typed lines on a single sheet of paper to which was pinned a ticket violently red as to color. He had read it once or twice before. In fact, he had pulled it out of his pocket at all hours of the day and night the past few days to read it. Its contents had impressed themselves indelibly upon his consciousness.

He had said he would walk the rest of the way. True. The report that came to his upset business headquarters was quite correct. He had merely neglected to state to what destination the rest of the way would lead him.

He turned into the portals of one of the older office-buildings. It was five blocks from the place where he had stopped his car, but five blocks in the wrong direction. The executive headquarters of the Peter Fenwick Fresh Air Association were on the tenth floor of that building.

Maud Farrington Vandaman is general secretary of the Peter Fenwick Association. She doesn't live up to her name. Sixty-two summers had done their worst for her, and the winters had been no more kindly. Her sharp eyes take in the world from behind horn-rimmed spectacles so large and so heavy they give the impression Maud is trying to hide behind them. Those eyes are rather suspicious orbs and wholly without softening illusions.

But Maud is a crack-a-jack on her own job—an executive of the first water, something of a genius as an organizer. The trustees of the Peter Fenwick Fresh Air Association point to her with pride, and to the thoroughly businesslike manner in which she handles its field-work.

Miss Vandaman is not easily flustered. But when a young woman subordinate from the outer office broke in upon her meditations with the announcement that Perry Brainerd had come to the office in person, things immediately happened to Maud Farrington's habitual and aloof calm. It vanished, in fact. It was hard to believe anyone of her years could get out of a chair with such a youthful bound. Visions of a contribution that would fairly stagger the trustees at their next meeting encouraged that swift movement on her part. All gracious smiles, she hurried out, corralled the distinguished visitor, ushered him into her own eyrie and closed the door.

"This is so good of you, Mr. Brainerd!" said she, aflutter at the thought of the lengths to which her publicity campaign was reaching.

PERRY BRAINERD took the chair she indicated. He slipped a hand into an inner pocket of his coat.

"I received this ticket a few days ago," said he.

He held out the sheet of paper with the ticket on it. A moment later the situation indicated a hurry-call for water and smelling-salts for Maud.

"I don't know how to apologize for this affront," she began when the first shock of the blow had passed.

"Maybe it isn't an affront," said he, quietly.

"Of course I knew nothing about it."

"But perhaps you can help me find the person who did send it."

Miss Vandaman turned the ticket over. She scanned it carefully. Evidently she found something on the back of it for which she had been looking.

"I might have known," she said under her breath.

"Will you let me see the person who sent it to me?"

"I don't know," said she, looking at him doubtfully.

"Who was it?"

Miss Vandaman hesitated—then evidently considered the guilty party had laid herself open to what was coming to her. Anyway, her thin lips tightened across her teeth.

"It was one of my volunteer workers here, one of the sort we have foisted upon us every now and then," she said sadly. "A high-spirited young woman, a very willful young woman—"

"May I see her—speak to her?"

"Will it be best?" she asked, trying to read that mask which was Perry Brainerd's face, and feeling as if she were butting her head against a brick wall.

"I think it will not only be best; it is imperative."

"I do not like this young woman particularly. She has grated upon me ever since she came here. Still, it is probably merely a piece of thoughtlessness on her part, a perverted sense of humor—"

"I wouldn't bite her," said he grimly.

Miss Vandaman, her lips even more tightly thin over her large teeth, got up. There was no spring to the movement this time. It was lifeless, somewhat reluctant. She went out.

She came back in a few moments. With her was a girl, young, pretty, smiling as a man might smile who mounts the gallows.

"This is Miss Susan Fyles, who sent you the ticket," Miss Vandaman announced. —"Miss Fyles, Mr. Brainerd."

Some sixth sense of decency made Miss Vandaman turn toward the door. Before she shut it, leaving them there together, she cast one look at the girl. It seemed to say: "God help you—but you deserve it!"

"I wouldn't have supposed you would pay any attention to that

"This dispatch, Mr. Brainerd—" he panted. Brainerd turned to him, scowling. "Where did you get your ticket, Hardwick? I believe you haven't any ticket at all. You have no business here whatever. Get out!"

ticket, Mr. Brainerd," said the girl as the door closed behind the general secretary.

"Neither would I have supposed so. But I have."

"I did it on the impulse of the moment. It was fearfully raw. What must you think of me?"

"Let's sit down, Miss Fyles."

They seated themselves, one on either side of Miss Vandaman's primly ordered desk.

"Please tell me just how you came to send me that note and the ticket," said he.

She looked at him steadily for a moment.

"You are the sort of man who would be impatient with any attempt to smooth things over. I couldn't get away with any stuff like that. So I think I'll tell you as simply as I can."

"Do," he urged her.

"You see, I got waked up to doing useful things in war-time. I wanted to keep on doing useful things. I liked the look of the chance for such work here, with the Peter Fenwick Association. So I inveigled my father into coming across with a subscription of fifty thousand dollars to the Association, with the string to it that I should be taken on as one of the volunteer workers."

"Is your father's name Hamilton B.?"

She nodded.

"You must be a genius, Miss Fyles. I take hope."

She lifted her brows ever so slightly.

"Anyone is a genius who can induce Hamilton B. Fyles to part with fifty thousand dollars," he explained.

"Thank you!" she said. "It *was* a job. I hope I shall never have a harder one to put through."

"But you did it."

"I'm here. I never should be but for Dad's subscription."

"Hopeful again."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Please go on with your story; then I'll tell mine."

"I wanted to do some real work, and they set me filing cards in a drawer. I put up a yell. I wanted to go out with tickets for their outings and their rest-houses and their floating hospitals, and be a little angel of the poor. But Miss Vandaman threw up both hands. She said things weren't done that way. She said everybody knew of the Association, that they were swamped with applications for all the tickets and things, that it took a corps of trained investigators to look up these applications and sift out the beats and the fakers from the really worthy.

"It seemed to me their old shebang wasn't human. I said as much. There was an argument. It ended by her handing me one ticket for this week's outing at Ram's Island Grove. She said for me to go out into the highways and byways and find one worthy poor person who didn't know about the Association, who had never applied to it for any of its benefits, and she'd believe my criticism was just.

"So I went out with my ticket. But it couldn't be done. Everybody knew of the Association. Everyone in any way worthy of its aid was on the waiting-list. I just wasn't going to turn that ticket back to Miss Vandaman and have her spring her I-told-you-so smile of pity on me."

"No, I'll bet you wouldn't stand for anything like that. You wormed fifty thousand out of Ham Fyles. No, surely you wouldn't take back that ticket."

"So I said to myself one day—I was tired and hot and mad: 'If I can't find anyone that is poor to give this ticket to, maybe I can find some one who is rich who needs it.' I thought of Dad, sticking at his job of piling up money day and night. I was going to send it to him. Then I thought of you—so much richer than he is, and so much poorer because you are so much richer. I sent you the ticket that night."

"But you didn't believe I'd see myself as you saw me?"

"Not for a minute." She looked a little frightened. "What will we do about it?" she asked.

"What time does the outing happen, anyway?"

"The second boat starts for the island at nine-forty."

"We'll have just time to make it."

"We?"

"It's up to you to finish what you've begun."

"There are fifteen hundred cards to be filed in their proper places in File B this morning. They've got to be there so the trained investigators can get at 'em this afternoon."

"I stand in to lose upwards of half a million if I'm not at the office by noon."

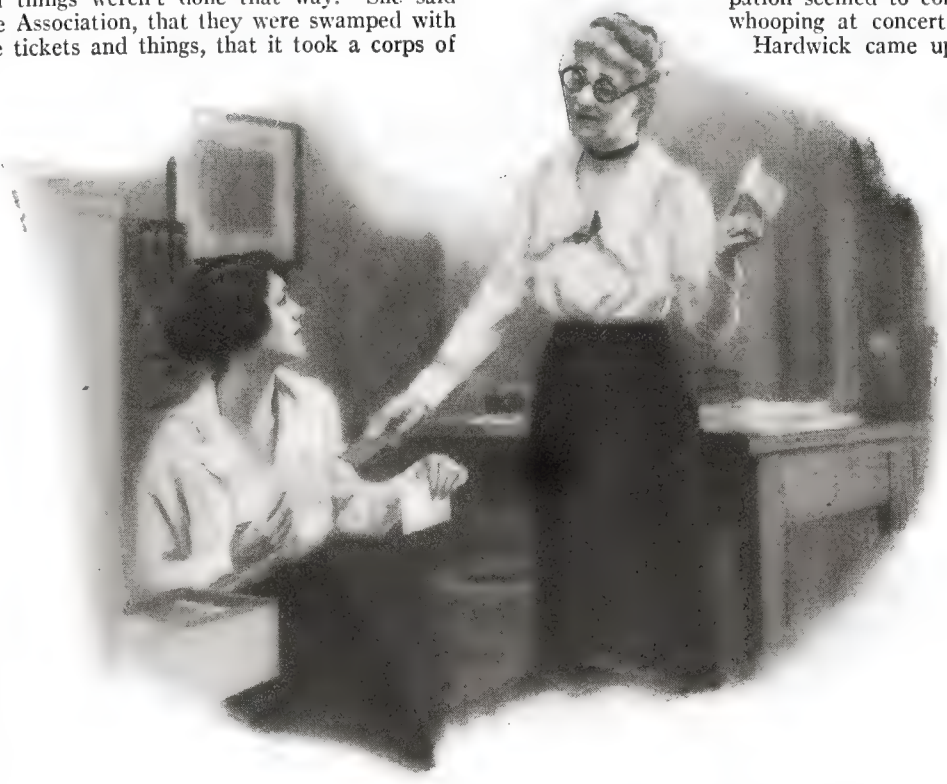
Miss Fyles' eyes widened.

A pair of doves fluttered to the window-ledge outside the screen just behind the girl. She turned to look at them. The morning sunlight fell full upon her. Brainerd leaned toward her. His office-force would have experienced a jolt if they could have seen him then. His aloofness had dropped from his like a cloak.

"This is your chance to make the work of the Peter Fenwick Fresh Air Association intensely human," he said, his eyes glowing.

"Come on! We can just barely make that second boat," said she.

A sleek, rangy power-boat which held numerous varieties of speed-records landed Hardwick at Ram's Island. Hardwick carried a leather dispatch-case. He seemed in a hurry. Ram's Island was a decidedly busy place. Hardwick passed three ball-games, a whooping crowd watching the finish of a half-mile race, stumbled over sand-heaps where the Peter Fenwick Fresh Air Association's guests of a smaller growth built castles or fought according to their choler and gained enlightenment as to the whereabouts of the man he sought from an active gentleman with a badge on his coat-front whose occupation seemed to consist of keeping things whooping at concert pitch.



"Miss Fyles, take these tickets. Give them wherever you like, so long as you get such results."

Hardwick came upon his quarry on the top of a steep bluff. It sheered off sharply to the water. It was the highest point on the island, also the most secluded. The sound of revelry below drifted up to it but faintly, suggesting in a pleasant fashion human beings properly and agreeably remote. Perry Brainerd was sitting at the edge of the bluff; there was a young woman beside him.

Hardwick tore open the case he carried.

"This dispatch, Mr. Brainerd—" he panted, breathless with his haste.

Brainerd turned to him, scowling.

"Where did you get your ticket, Hardwick?"

"This dispatch—" Hardwick tried to speak but was again interrupted by Brainerd.

"Have you a ticket for this outing?"

"If you will just look at this—"

"Hardwick, I believe you haven't any ticket at all. Confound it, I know you haven't. You're trying to butt in without one. You have no business here. Get out!" *(Continued on page 134)*

NOTHIN' DOIN'

Concerned with concentrating on his letter, Merrigan began to read. Then he stopped. A man had entered.

By SUZANNE BUCK

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

IN Merrigan's the lights were dim. The bulbs which spelled *Steaks & Chops* outside were dark. Bill Merrigan was closing up. By one small single light perched on a side-wall bracket somewhat to the rear Bill Merrigan attempted to discern a lengthy scrawl upon a lengthy sheet of paper. Clutched tight in one hand he held a small cubical box.

Merrigan was tall and broad. From shoulders down he tapered to a V; his head was large, and fastened firmly on his shoulders—no, he had no neck. Nobody built to stop a rain of blows could have a thing like that and live, y'know. Bill Merrigan's white hands had never done hard labor. On one finger blazed a diamond.

Concerned with concentrating on his letter, Merrigan began to read: "Dear Brother—" Then he stopped. A man had entered.

This man was also tall, but bent across the shoulders with the stoop of sheer dejection. Coat and trousers hung in limp and lifeless fashion from his frame.

Merrigan, with one short, quick, decisive motion dropped the tiny box into his pocket out of sight. He doubled up the lengthy sheet of paper, not with ostentatious haste, but with a speedy leisure which made every movement count. He walked up front to greet the other man.

"Hello," he said. "George, how they breakin'?"

"Tough!" The hopeless individual drew out a chair. He straddled it, then rested both his arms upon its back. He looked up at the big proprietor of "Merrigan's, Steaks, Chops & Oysters." "Bill," he said, raising a hand and shoving his derby till it hung upon the rear abutment of his head, "it's breakin' tough!" He looked about. "This place is dead! No booze! No dice! No nothin'!" He tipped his derby till it hung above one eye. "Bill, nothin' ever happens here! No fights." He paused. "Remember how we used to bounce 'em out for Cooky when he had the poolroom? Say!" He smiled in reminiscence. "Bill, we cleaned 'em up, all right! You never was a real tough fightin' fella, but—you never came out second best!" He raised a deprecating hand. "I know! There aint no other way a roughneck guy can pull big dough. You had your mother and your sister." He blinked. "Say, where's the old girl now?" he asked.

The big man's face fell. "Dead!"

"Your sister?"

"She got married!"

"Hit it right?"

"No! She—she's a widow, with a kid!"

"Her man?"

"Killed in action!"

"Kid, my ring!" he croaked.
"Without a fight? I aint built that way."

"Oh!" The hopeless individual slumped farther on his hands. His hopeless eyes blinked at the diamond which was winking at him. "Pretty soft for you!" he said. Again he nodded at the place. "Your graft is easy! Money comin' in!" Once more he blinked upon the ring. "Some rock! Remember how you got it?"

"Sure!" Bill Merrigan leaned on the corner of a table. "It was Cooky's!"

"Yeah, I know!"

The big man smiled. Across his vision flashed a scene, as short, as sharp, as vivid as the cut-in of a moving picture.

IT was Cooky's house, the place where all the suckers congregated waiting to be taken just the way Grant took Richmond—easy! There'd been one, a shrewd young fellow with a pair of steady eyes and with a steady hand. He rolled the bones, and lost! He played again, and lost! He flashed a wad, his shrewd young face bent low above the green baize table. "Kid," he said to Cooky, who was standing on the other side, "I want my money back. I'll fight you your way. Bring a set of dice from outside. None of these phonies." He tossed the cubes aside. "No noise! I'll clear out—win or lose!"

A sportsman's proposition. And the game was played, the goddess of chance presiding unencumbered. Merrigan could see the tense, hard faces bent above the game. Half a dozen moments—then Cooky came to where he stood against a bare, unornamented mantel. Cooky's eyes were worried, and his voice was husky.

"He wont quit!" he said. "He's put the arm on me for all I had! He aint the guy that we can bounce! You got some coin?"

"Put up!"

Bill Merrigan had drawn his roll. Five hundred dollars! Cooky had drawn off a ring—a swift exchange.

Half an hour after that the stranger left the house, a winner, unmolested—circumstances unusual in Cooky's. Merrigan's smile widened. Cooky had come back to him, a bulky figure looming truculently in the smoky light.

"I want my ring!"

"I want my dough!"

"You'll get your dough!"

"You'll get your ring!"

And then the fight! The rough-and-tumble Cooky, thoroughly upset by reason of his losses, had closed in—and Merrigan had knocked him cold. But still, before the crooked gambler had been led away, he promised, by a long, unbroken line of Merrigan's ancestors, that the debt on his side had been canceled and that he would get his ring.

This was the last line in the story of Sam Cooky's poolroom. Not long afterward one unfortunate, despoiled of cash and with the ill-timed judgment to protest, went out and hit the pavement harder than the rest—by reason of which action Cooky went up the river for twenty years.

FOR Merrigan, the picture faded. Up against the corner of a table in his half-dark place he faced the man who knew him and his antecedents, fumbling with his ring.

"Remember how Sam Cooky said he'd get it back?"

The hopeless fellow nodded.

"Bill, he will!"

"He's in the can!"

The hopeless individual picked up his head and looked about as though he feared some interference from the shadows.

"Bill," he said, "Cooky's out!"

"He is like hell!"

"On the level! Bill, he croaked a trusty. Straight! The way's been paved for him between his cell an' some big freighter coalin' now to clear by morning!"

Merrigan showed no alarm. His nostrils tightened.

"George!" he said. He left the table. Concentrative eyes went squinting to the porthole in the kitchen door. "I'll take a flash around inside an' see if everything's closed tight! I'll douse this glim. We'll leave together, see? I wanna hear about this!"

"Oh, all right!" the other said.

Bill Merrigan walked to the rear door, giving on the alley, stepped out beneath the single light showing there.

From among the shadows, tall and bulky in the dark, a figure integrated slowly, like a phantom. It was clad in dungarees. The upper part had on a coat with a turned-up collar that hid a phantom chin. Eyes gleamed through coal-black sockets.

Bill Merrigan, under the single bulb, stopped breathing for a moment. Cooky, slouched beneath a soft felt hat, projected something like a shining bit of blue-gray steel.

"Kid, my ring!" he croaked.

"Cook!"

"Can the chin-music. Cough! My ring!"

"My dough!"

The masked intruder hacked. "Forget it! Flip the ring!"

"Without a fight!" The big man stiffened. "I aint built that way!" he said.

Sam Cooky's voice slid lower.

"Kid, the guy that built you was a bum mechanic. Get this: I just beaned a trusty, an' I'm goin' *out!* I dropped another guy! One more—one less!" He paused. "That's right!" he said.

No vacillation! Merrigan had drawn the ring off. Cooky lowered his revolver.

The owner of the restaurant dropped the ring into the convict's outstretched hand.

"Put up your gun!" he said. "I heard about you. George M'Gann's inside. He says you're headin' for a freighter, Cook!" He laid his hand upon the convict's arm. "Take off your mask. It's no good if they get you. Wait, Cook. Lemme have it!"

"Mean—you mean—" The tenseness underneath the soft felt hat relaxed. "You mean that you aint sore—me blowin' in to grab my ring!"

The big man flipped a cordial hand out.

"Cook, you said a mouthful. Say!" He eyed the gun, then looked out into space. "I got a head on! Cook!" He led the way. "Come on. This door! The river's over that way. Wait!" He held detaining hands out. "Don't run! Nobody's givin' you the rush act."

"Bill!" The convict stammered. "God! An' I was gonna shoot you up!"

"Forget it!"

"Mean that?"

"Sure!" The big man whispered. "It's the last fair break *I'll* ever have the chance to give you, Cook. *Two* stiff ones! You can't never touch *this* burg no more!"

"I know it!"

"On your way now! On your way!"

"G'by!" the convict mumbled. And he vanished.

MERRIGAN stood silent for a moment. Then he drew a deep, long breath. His Fate had been unduly kind. He slammed the door. He locked it. And he made his way back toward his dimly lighted front, head down, his mouth drawn tight, his eyebrows meeting. Still upon the kitchen side, he stopped. And by the light through the porthole he went into action.

First he thrust his hand into his pocket, bringing out the tiny box. He sprang the lid. Upon a velvet pad there lay a ring identical with that which he had just surrendered. Merrigan permitted his tight lips to soften into smiles. He hacked a note of low, sarcastic laughter. Then he slipped the ring upon the finger just despoiled. He stopped. He fished out the letter the reading of which George M'Gann had interrupted. And he read.

Dear Brother:

Sending you the ring you lent me when I started business. More than proud I had the money to redeem it from the hock. It had me worried stiff. I know it wouldn't do your credit any good if they got wise the one you're wearing is a phoney. Bill, the grocery business is going fine. The kid is grand.

Your loving sister,
ELSIE.

Merrigan blinked at the letter. Then he blinked down at the ring. Upon his face there settled blank inscrutability. He shoved the letter back into his pocket. Then he pushed himself against his swinging door.

The hopeless individual was still down in his chair, and slumping on his folded hands. He yawned as Merrigan approached him.

"Bill," he mourned, "it's breakin' tough! This place is dead! No booze! No dice! No nothin'!" He stretched his hopeless legs out. "Think I'll ever see a fight again?"

The big man smiled. Across his vision flashed the picture of a fight which might have happened out there in the dark—but had not.

"You'll never see a fight in here again." He reached to turn the single light out. "George!"

The other fellow listened.

"What?"

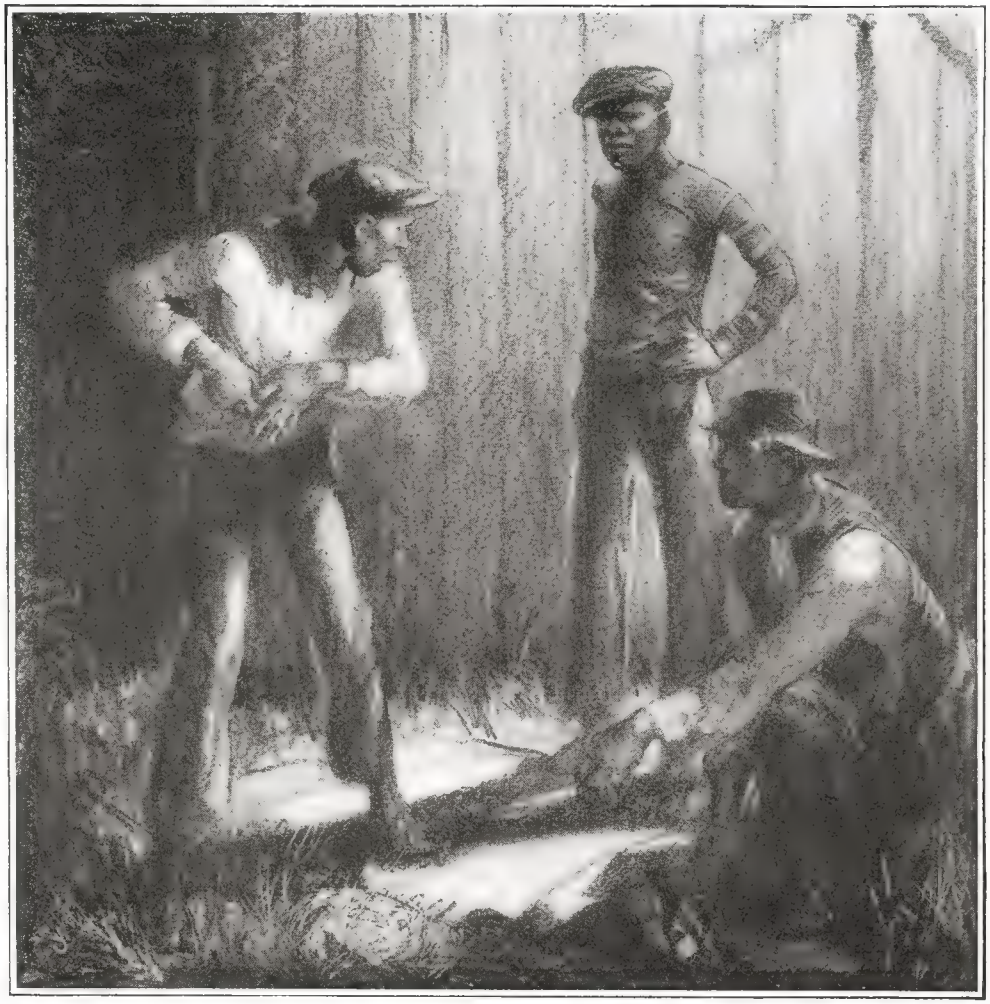
"Let's go!" he said. "There's nothin' doin'."

HERE is another story of the Sport of Kings, written by the one man who knows that sport a little better than anyone else.

THE NIGHT RIDERS

By
W. A. FRASER

Illustrated by
O. F. HOWARD



Finally Jim got his hand free. "It was jes' de same's a bee stung me," he said.

ALL afternoon Andrews—the man from the desert—and Stewart Owen had wandered about the club inclosure of the Woodbine Course, and as the horses went to the post in each race, had climbed up a back stairway to the top of the stand to watch them gallop.

It was a new experience to Owen, to watch race after race pulled off and not have a bet; for he was a mining promoter and as such, a gambler: prosaic things, with no chance for a quick win or lose, were too cold for his fevered blood. He fingered the big diamond in his tie irritably.

It was like the time he had gone on the water-wagon and had observed the other mining-men, each with a foot on the rail, as they tossed off the loquacity-juice. Today was a day off in the betting; tomorrow the big *coup* was to eventuate. Since their last big win over Red Devil, the man from the desert had somewhat monotonously admonished:

"You sit tight, Mr. Owen; we're on velvet now, an' we'll take a breather. I got a better one than Red Devil in the pickle-bar'l; yes sir, by gum!" And the patriarch had pulled lean fingers through the gray beard and showed his yellow fangs in a soulless grin. Tomorrow the juicy thing was to be lifted out of the pickle-barrel; Drummer was to run in the Woodstock Plate—and win it.

As each race was run, the man from the desert, stop-watch in hand, covered the horses with his powerful field-glasses; and always his comments were: "There aint nothin' gallopin' today can take Drummer's measure," or "Drummer would just lie behind that bunch breezin', an' gallop over the top of 'em in the stretch."

Once Owen gibed: "Have we got to bust the water-cart to bring home this Drummer colt—does our psychology friend sit into this game?"

And old Andrews had answered solemnly: "Drummer's a plugger—he's kind of like a cart-horse; he aint got no psychology. D'you remember King James, or Phil Dwyer's Banquet? P'raps you don't—you're a young one; but he's kind of like they was. He'll go out there onto the track lookin' as if he was sore at 'em wakin' him so early, an' he'll stand down at the barrier as if he was waitin' for a feed of oats; an' when the webbin' shoots up, there he'll be, humpin' along same's if he was off on a trip to Toledo an' had no fixed date to arrive. He'll jus' gallop, an' gallop, an' break their hearts."

When the last race had been run, the man from the desert said: "We'll jus' wait till all these gas-wagons have got away, an' I'll show you Ol' Reliable—that's what the boys call him."

When the crowd had thinned out, Andrews led Owen out through the paddock, across the parking square and down to the row of stalls in Stable A, the backs of which abutted on King Street. They were situated in the northwest corner of the race-course.

"He's in here," Andrews said as they stopped in front of Stall 13. To a negro stableman he added: "Jim, open the door; my friend wants to have a peep at Drummer."

When the door was swung, Owen's handsome face lighted up, and a grin displayed his white, even teeth: "Putting one over, old Mr. Snookums, eh?" he laughed. "That's ol' psychology—Red Devil, isn't it?"

The darky exploded in indignation: "What you sayin', Mistah! Red Devil's an ash-cart hoss specified alongside this stake-hoss!"

And Andrews added: "He kinder looks like him, bein' a chestnut an' all, Mr. Owen, but—" He stooped under a bar that halved the doorway, and slipping his fingers in the halter, turned the horse around. "Red Devil has got a white cloven hoof in his forehead, an' this hawse aint got nothin'; he's jus' plain sorrel from heel to muzzle."

"He's got a pair of hips on him like a Siwash squaw," Owen grunted.

"Yes," Andrews affirmed, "them's the push, the propellers. Men talk a lot about the angle of a hawse's shoulder, an' his cannon-bones, an' whether he's over on the knees or straight as a lamp-post; but gimme a long, lean neck, like Drummer's got, an' the power behind, an' I know I've got speed an' stayin' both. An' if you'll look at the width of that forehead, young man, an'

'em placid sleepy eyes, you'll know he's got brains, an' ain't feared of nothin'."

He turned the horse back till the immense quarters were facing the door; then he ran a forefinger down a crease in a mighty hip, saying: "See that little gutter, Mr. Owen? That shows that there aint no fat left; he's all bone an' sinew; that's what Ol' Reliable is—he never was better in his life. I'm tellin' you this, Mister, 'cause we've got to bet big money tomorrow to win much—he wont be more'n two to one, at the outside. I've done all I know how to cover him up, not lettin' him work out a full mile-'n'-eighth, easin' him up a furlong in the middle of every gallop; but the clockers're gettin' foxy; they've seen that long lope of his, an' see him come home breezin' in one-fifty-five, an' they've guessed the rest. They're callin' him to win."

Owen pointed to the number above the door—13. "What d'you expect, camping in that hoodoo joint? It's dollars to doughnuts he'll go over the rail, cross a leg, or get disqualified in the race," he declared.

"If the bookmakers was all like you," Andrews sighed, "I'd get six or eight to one for my money. Here's your friend Red Devil," he added as they moved to Stall Eleven. "He's as big as the other hawse—sixteen-two; but Drummer could lose him at a mile an' a quarter."

As they rode back to the hotel in Owen's car, the mining man kept lamenting the hoodoo number. There was a touch of impatience in the unemotional desert man's voice as he put logical deduction against this mental vagary.

"Drummer has showed me good enough to run that mile and eighth tomorrow, with a hundred an' sixteen pounds on his back, in one-fifty-one or fifty-two, an' the track record is one-fifty-two. This track's three seconds slower'n Saratoga."

"Look here, Uncle,"—and Owen let the smile fade from his face,—"you know as well as I do that racing is luck pure and simple; it's the devilish uncertainty of the thing. Why, haven't all the bookmakers got big automobiles—and don't they spend money like drunken fish? And d'you think that one of 'em Johnnies would get up on a stand to make a book if it was numbered Thirteen? Why in the name of Mike don't you shift him into some other stall?"

"'Cause I aint superstitious. I don't play cards on a hunch; three aces on the deal is better'n a bob-tail flush, I figger. If you don't feel like backin' Drummer tomorrow, as we agreed, you can pull your freight. I'll run for the stake—that's three thousand, an' bet purty nigh every dollar I've got myself."

"I aint leading up to no quittin'," Owen objected; "I'm in the game to stay."

They had dinner together at the hotel, and in spite of Andrews' conviction that Drummer was a certainty, Owen felt the metaphysical impact of the ill-reputed Number Thirteen; something would happen, he knew.

Owen had been brought up in the mining West, or rather, like Topsy, he had just "growed up," with very little schooling, and so his mind, bright, active and clever, was still the mind of a boy—subject to impulse. The spirit of the West had been casual; a hunch or a dream or a subconscious belief had won lucky prospectors more fortunes than mining engineers' scientific reports.

Owen studied the lean brown face of the man from the desert, and some understanding of Andrews' mentality came to him. Andrews' mouth was like that of a jack-fish—practically no lips; it was a slit through which food was put, or from which came the workings of that machine-like mind. His eyes were a cold greenish-blue, absolutely selfish, seeing only the main point, the deductable possibilities.

"It's just this way, Uncle," Owen said: "I never sat into a game in my life feeling I ought to keep out, that I didn't lose. There's something works here"—and he tapped his chest—"that rings like a bell on the target when I've a true bead. I went to see the Brooklyn Handicap run, and I got a four-ways tout on Dandelion as the winner. I went into the paddock to have a look at this pony. The horses were being led around in a ring, and every time I took a peep, all I could see was a big bay mare with Number Thirteen on her saddle-cloth—her name was Tokalon. I got a hunch right there that I ought to back her, because it was being shoved under my nose. The reason I couldn't see Dandelion, I learned after, was that he hadn't been brought into the paddock, being a bad actor. But my racing friend was a man like yourself, Uncle, all hard facts; and before we got to the books, he'd talked me over. I bet five hundred on Dandelion, at three to one, and let Tokalon—who was thirty to one—run for Sweeny. Well, Tokalon beat Dandelion."

"That aint nothin'," Andrews answered disconsolately. "She was the best hawse—that's all; an' she had a light weight. Anyway, you'd have won on thirteen that time."

"Putting one over, old Mr. Snookums?" he laughed. "That's ol' psychology — Red Devil, isn't it?"

"Yes, and the hunch was that I would; today it's that I'll lose—see?"

As they rose from dinner and went out to the rotunda, Andrews began to react; the other's persistency, his song of "Nevermore," was actually performing the impossible. He sat down on a lounge to smoke a cigar while Owen wandered about.

In half an hour Owen came back, and sitting down beside Andrews said: "You know Ben Hawke, the booky, don't you, Uncle?"

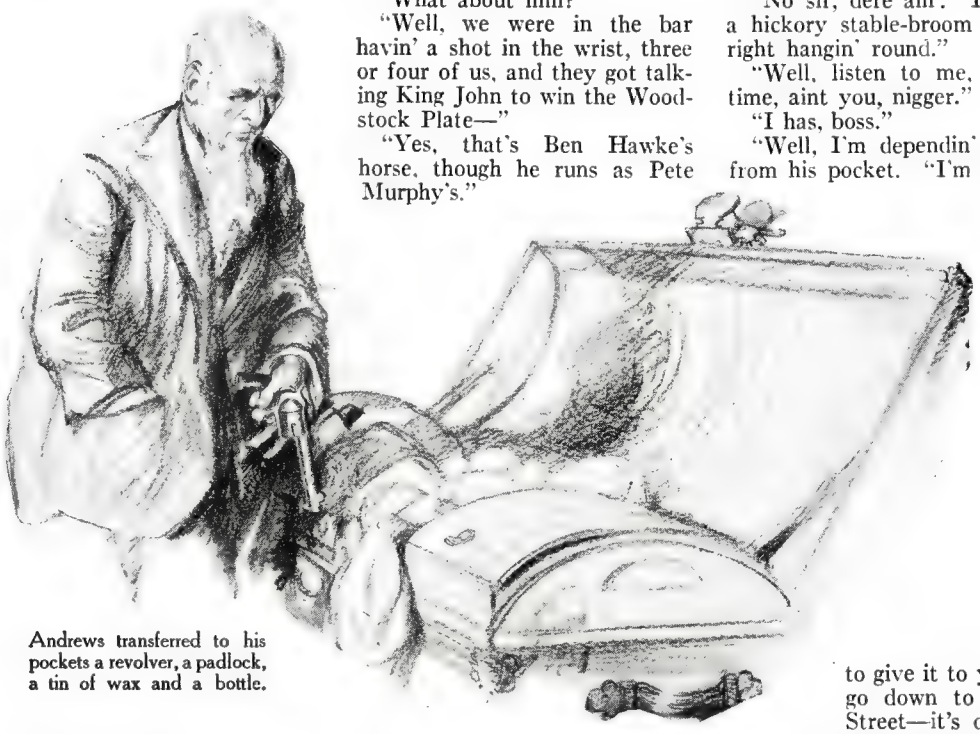
"I do; but if I was asked that question by a stranger, I'd say no."

"I guess he's kind of like that."

"What about him?"

"Well, we were in the bar havin' a shot in the wrist, three or four of us, and they got talking King John to win the Woodstock Plate—"

"Yes, that's Ben Hawke's horse, though he runs as Pete Murphy's."



Andrews transferred to his pockets a revolver, a padlock, a tin of wax and a bottle.

"When I said something about Drummer, Ben offered to lay five thousand to two against him."

The man from the desert frowned. "P'raps he's bettin' on Number Thirteen too," he said sarcastically. "Did you take the bet?"

"I didn't tell him Drummer was in Stall Thirteen."

"Nobody has to tell Ben Hawke anythin'; he's got a couple of burglars paid to spy on every stable, an' he knows as well as I do that Drummer can give King John ten pounds at a mile and eighth; an' tomorrow King John carries a hundred an' twenty-four pounds more'n Drummer'll pack."

"What does he want to lay against him for?"

"Takin' a chance, I guess. Drummer might die, or get sick, or be scratched before race-time tomorrow, an' you'd lose your bet. If the horse starts, he'd probably lay it off."

Andrews rose, saying: "There's my trainer—Cooper; I've got to talk to him. I'll see you later."

"Come up to my room," he said to Cooper when the two met.

In the room Andrews said: "Ben Hawke offered to lay five thousand to two against Drummer, Cooper; an' Drummer ought to be an eight-to-five chance if he goes to the post."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Andrews, he's got that horse-doper Memphis Jack here—that's the fellow got six months at New Orleans for night-ridin'."

"Gener'ly there aint much of that—it don't come off more'n once in ten years; but Owen's been croakin' all evenin' about what a hoodoo thirteen is, an' I'm kinder like an ol' lady at a revival meetin'; I feel somethin' pullin' me."

Andrews unlocked a trunk, and transferred from it to his pockets a revolver, a padlock, a tin of wax, and a bottle. Cooper watched this performance listlessly, comprehendingly; he anticipated the man from the desert's next words:

"I'll take a taxi out to the stables. Memphis can't pick this lock. It's damn' nonsense, but—I'll sleep better."

"Don't you want me to go instead?" Cooper asked.

"No, you stay here an' keep your ears open; the gang's about. I see Ben Hawke an' that wire-tapper Goener are purty thick."

When Andrews, leaving his taxi outside, walked into Stable A, he found his stableman, Jim, sitting in front of Stall Thirteen strumming softly an old banjo and puffing at a very bad cigar. At sight of Andrews the darky tried to hide the banjo behind his back.

"Better cut the music out, Jim," Andrews admonished; "that horse'll need all his sleep tonight—he's got some job tomorrow."

"De ol' feller likes it, boss; he jes loves dat li'le tinkle-tinkle on de banjo. Guess he kinder thinks he's down in ol' Kentuck again. He's a-roostin' in de hay now, boss, snorin', dat's what Ol' Reliable's doin'."

"Been anybody pokin' 'bout, Jim?"

"No sir, dere ain'. I'd've give 'em dat." And he pointed to a hickory stable-broom handle. "Dat's for vis-tors dat ain' no right hangin' round."

"Well, listen to me, now, Jim: You been with me a long time, aint you, nigger."

"I has, boss."

"Well, I'm dependin' on you tonight." He took the padlock from his pocket. "I'm goin' to put this on Drummer's door, an' you put the key in your pocket. Here's a pistol for you. I want you to sleep in Stall Twelve with the little mare. If you hear a noise, pop out; an' if there's anybody tryin' to get to Drummer, pump a bullet into him."

"I'll make a strainer ob him, boss."

"An' if anybody comes about, don't let 'em give you a drink—it'd be doped."

"I never take a drink when I'm on de stables at night."

"Jim, there's bad niggers an' good niggers, but there never was a nigger that wouldn't lie. You do take a drink; but you don't get drunk, or I wouldn't keep you. You're goin' to take a drink tonight, an' I'm goin' to give it to you—then no more. Here's a dollar. You go down to the Duke of York Hotel, along Queen Street—it's only about eight blocks, an' bring back a flask of the best Scotch."

The darky disappeared. . . . .

This order seemed a little odd, for the man from the desert had passed the Duke of York on his way down, and there was a hotel at the course. But—for the next ten minutes Andrews was a very busy man indeed in his preparations to offset the plans of whomever might want to get at Drummer.

When Jim returned, he saw a brass lock on the door of Thirteen and Andrews puffing stolidly at a cigar. He handed the key to Jim, saying: "Put this in your pocket, an' don't give it up if you have to kill a man."

He took the flask and emptied half of its contents on the ground, tears rising to the darky's eyes at this wanton waste.

"There's two drinks, Jim," he said: "take one now, an' one t'ward mornin'. Will you promise that?"

"Yes sah. I guess I gits what you mean, boss—dat I'll sit up dere in dat stall all night waitin' for dat drink."

"If you take good care of Ol' Reliable, he'll win tomorrow, an' you get a hundred dollars; an' whatever you see, or hear, or find out, mum's the word till I come early in the mornin'. If any pryin' son-of-a-gun wants to pump you, you jus' say: 'I don't know nothin'.' Don't open up any of the stalls till I come."

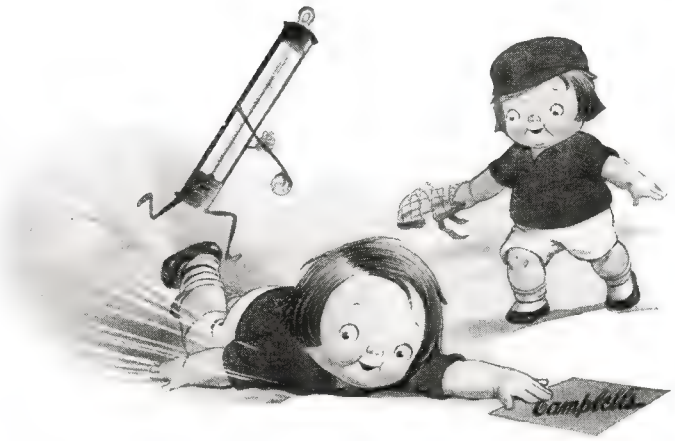
"Jes as you say, boss; I can give an oyster ten pounds in de Deef an' Dumb Stakes when I git de straight tip."

When the man from the desert had gone, Jim took the flask, and opening the door of Stall Twelve said in his soft voice: "It's on'y me, li'le gal—Jim. Don' you worry none, honey—you jes go right on sleepin'."

He stood the flask up in a corner, nandling .. as tenderly as if it were an orchid, muttering: "Dere you is, you red-head debbil! You stay dere till 'bout fou' clock, or p'raps t'ree; but don' you whistle, nor make no noise, 'cause I got to keep ma promise to de boss. You jes go sleep, li'le bottle."

He came out again, closed the door, and taking up his banjo, picked from its strings a tremulous wail. He could see along the line of stables two men squatted about a blanket shooting craps. Sometimes a voice carried to his ear—"Come on, you, 'leven;" sometimes he heard a laugh, sometimes an oath.

"Old Mr. Thermo your gait
Just brings you a little too late
You hustle and race
Till you're blue in the face
But you never touch me at the plate."



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The whisky had roused him to a mild venturesomeness; picking the banjo palled upon him. He leaned it against the stall door and sauntered down to the players.

It was Memphis Jack, the evil mulatto, who said cheerily: "Squat down, nigger, an' roll the bones."

Jim held back; but the itch was on him—his fingers tingled. Mr. Andrews had said nothing about rolling the bones, and if he sat back up yonder alone, he'd keep thinking of the whisky in the flask.

"Here, Jim, roll 'em for me again Bill," Memphis said. "I've got a little somethin'—I'll be back in a minute."

Memphis went down along the stable to a stall, and presently returned with a bottle in his hand.

Jim, now interested, remained in the game. But when the bottle was passed, he, true to his promise, refused to drink. "No sah, Mistah Memphis, I got to watch de winner ob de Woodstock Plate tonight, an' I don' mix ma licker an' ma business," he declared.

Memphis laughed disagreeably. "Drummer!" he sneered. "When did that ol' cart-horse ever beat a horse like King John? I guess you'd better look out, nigger, that somebody don't steal him an' take him down to New York to beat Colin."

"Dey got a mighty nice chance to steal him, Mistah Memphis, wit' a good lock on de doo', wit' de key in ma pocket, an' a gun in de othah." Jim displayed the two instruments of protection. "An' dis li'le coon'll be right dar, sleepin' in Box Twelve."

Memphis shot an evil glance across the blanket at Bill, and the latter nodded.

They played for an hour, the gleaming cubes holding them so intense that scarce a word escaped. Suddenly Memphis said: "Leave me out for a round—I'll be back in a minute."

He rose and went into a stall that held the racing accouterments of the string of horses that were really owned by Ben Hawke, though they were nominally Murphy's—the Murphy Stable. Here he took from his pocket a curious surgical-looking contrivance—a short hypodermic syringe attached to a ring.

Memphis filled this from a bottle and slipped the ring over the second finger of his right hand. The plunger lay in his palm, and the needle along beneath his finger. Memphis placed the needle point against his left hand, pressed the plunger gently by closing his right slightly, and a drop of fluid lay in his palm.

"That's all right, Mistah Jim—that'll give you a nice night's sleep, nigger." And he laughed.

Then Memphis went back to the game.

Jim was rolling the dice, and threw seven. As he reached for the bones again, Memphis exclaimed angrily: "Here, nigger, you lose the bones; you jus' rolled five—this aint the first round!"

With both hands he grasped the hand that covered the dice, and drove the needle into a finger.

Jim, with a cry of pain, cried: "What de debbil you got in you' han', yeller man—a razor? What you stick in ma fingah, Memphis?"

"I aint got nothin'; mus' be my finger-nail scratch you. Why you don't let go the bones?"

"How I goin' let go when you squeeze ma han', yeller man?"

Finally Jim got his hand free and looked at his finger by the light of the flickering stable lamp. "It was jes de same's a bee stung me," he said.

"Guess it was a thistle out of the hay hangin' to this blanket," Bill suggested.

Jim put the finger in his mouth and sucked it. "Mought've been a damn wasp fell out de hay—it stings," he grunted. "Guess I'll go up de stable an' put some arnica on it; I'm gettin' kind ob sleepy."

He gathered up the silver that was his stake and slouched back to Stall Twelve.

"That nigger'll be dead to the world in twenty minutes," Memphis declared. "Then we'll get that key."

The two had a pull at the bottle, and turning out the stable lamp, sat plotting for half an hour. Then they rose, slipped quietly along and entered the stall where Jim lay sleeping under the effects of the drug. They closed the door behind them, and Memphis found the key to the lock. Then the two men came out, closed the door again, and the mulatto said: "I'll go up to the Duke of York and phone Ben to make sure that ol' guy an' Cooper's in bed; if they're fixed for the night, we'll wait an hour an' then give Drummer his joy-ride. I'd phone from the hotel here, but there's a lot of fellers in the bar and what they don't see they can't tell."

In twenty minutes Memphis was back.

"I got Ben, all right," he said to Bill, "an' he says that both of 'em is in the hay. In about half an hour you take a saddle, a comb, a brush, an' a couple of cloths to dry Drummer out over to that little patch of trees in behind the old mill. Drummer'll win the Woodstock Plate tomorrow—I guess not. I owe that ol' whiskered son-of-a-gun somethin'. It was that ol' thief got me sent down."

"Don't break Drummer down, Jack," the other man said in low tones: "just gallop him till he's tired. The Davies Course is heavy, but the goin's good. Give him about four miles at a stiff clip; that'll take the edge off him."

"I aint got nothin' again' the horse," Memphis answered; "but if it was that ol' wall-eyed son-of-a-gun that owns him, I'd slit his throat."

It was still dark, though a faint tint of silver in the eastern sky suggested that a moon was climbing just beyond the hills, when Memphis silently unlocked the door of Stall Thirteen, speaking softly to soothe the horse as he entered. At a flicker of the electric light he carried, the chestnut, sensing a stranger, canted to his feet.

Memphis shut off the light, slipped a bridle over the horse's head and led him out, locking the door behind him; out through the corner gate on to King Street he went, and along to where Bill waited with a saddle in the shadow of trees.

"The Davies Course is about three miles from here," Bill said, "and you ought to be back in an hour an' a half. Walk him all the way back, Jack to let him cool out."

"He wont take no holdin' comin' home," Memphis sneered. "I'll have to keep him goin' after I've done with him in the gallop. Four miles with a hundred an' fifty on his back'll take the ginger out of him, I guess."

"Don't mark him with whip or spur," Bill cautioned. "When old Andrews finds him in the mornin' too tired to eat, his new lock all nice in place an' the key in nigger Jim's pocket, he'll just think Drummer's got botts or flu or indigestion. I'll be here when you come back, Jack. Now up you go."

Memphis lifted to the saddle, and keeping to the back streets, trotting and cantering, he swung along to the Davies track. When he came to the C. P. R. track at Leaside, he knew he was almost there. Presently he turned in through a gate that yielded to his lift of the latch; and a quarter of a mile farther on, across fields, a second gate in a board fence that surrounded the little three-quarter-mile track was also not locked.

The moon had now topped the trees that bordered the farm, throwing a mystic glamour over the course. It was an ideal spot for this stolen night-ride; the track was high and dry but sandy; there was a board fence on the outside and a low white-painted rail on the inside.

Memphis laughed evilly as he knotted the bridle-rein to the right length for his grip, and hunching the horse with his knees, broke him into a canter and then, with a tickle of the spurs, into a gallop. Round the egg-like oval the big chestnut was driven.

Presently the thunder of his hoofs carried to the ears of two ladies who lived in a little house near the entrance to the track. They raised chickens and supervised the track. Through a

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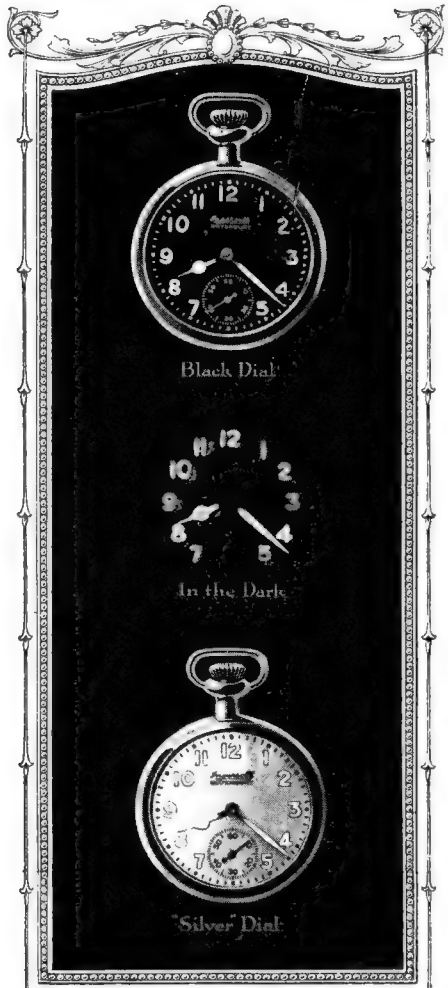

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window they saw the mysterious rider flash past in the ghostly moonlight, and being capable persons, they quickly dressed and slipped out to the track.

As Memphis swung up the home-stretch in his fourth round, suddenly an electric search-light blared at him right in the middle of the track; and his startled mount propped. So precipitate was the stoppage that the mulatto all but went over his horse's head, and his cap flew off.

Pulling himself back in the saddle, his startled eyes beheld a disconcerting vision. He would have laughed if he hadn't been so angry at the interruption.

The two women, gray-haired, wore riding breeches, top boots, and serviceable jackets. One of them held a flash-lamp and the other was armed with an automatic pistol.

"Get out of the way there, you two, or I'll gallop you down!" he ordered brutally.

A PLACID voice answered him: "What are you doing on this track? This is private property, and you have no business here."

"Do you happen to be Bob Davies' grandmother?" Memphis sneered.

One of the women stepped forward, and turning the lapel of her jacket, showed a silver badge:

"I'm in charge of this track; I'm a special constable; and if I have any more insolence from you, we'll lock you up and phone for a policeman. What are you doing here?"

Memphis could see the right hand of the other woman come up to a horizontal position; and the steel barrel of the automatic looked cold and merciless in the moonlight.

He was a quick-witted crook and he realized that with these quiet ladies bluff was of no value. His one object now was to get away quietly. He had galloped the horse four rounds, three miles instead of four; but it would be enough.

"I was only exercisin' my hoss so the clockers wouldn't time him," he answered solemnly. "I wasn't doin' no harm to this ol' dirt track. If you'll please hand me up that cap, I'll take him back to the stables. I didn't think there was no harm in jus' workin' my hoss here."

One of the women picked up the cap, and putting it in a pocket, said as she flashed the electric light full in the mulatto's face:

"I think there's something wrong about this, and I'll just keep the cap to identify you. I'll know your face again, too."

A cold chill shot up the mulatto's back. "Gimme the cap," he pleaded; "I aint doin' no harm."

"No!" the woman answered decisively. "And if you don't get off this course at once I'll make you dismount, march you into the house and lock you up in a room. I should do that anyway."

Memphis knew he was beaten; those self-possessed sisters would not yield, he could see; even if he got the better of a struggle, it would lead to a police case.

"I'll go," he declared; "but you aint got no business to keep my cap—I aint doin' no harm."

He turned the horse and passed through the gate.

DREADING that they might get busy over the phone, he trotted and cantered back instead of walking the horse, and so the chestnut was still in a lather of sweat when he came to the little bluff of trees. The two men worked with feverish haste trying to dry him out, Memphis even stripping off his shirt to use as an extra cloth. Then the tired horse was led back to Stall Thirteen, Memphis scraping out his hoofs with a knife-hook to remove the traces of dirt.

Just as he had cleaned the fourth hoof, a noise startled him. He sprang to the door, opened it on a crack, and peeped out; but there was nobody in sight. In his startled haste he had dropped his knife in the deep bedding, but he dared not flash his light to find it, and a hurried groping failed to locate it.

Cursing softly, he slipped out, locked the door, popped into Number Twelve and put the key in Jim's pocket. Then he discovered what the startling noise had been—it was Jim moaning and tossing about in his drugged sleep.

In the morning the sporting pages of two papers declared that the Woodstock Plate, the historic race that had been run for over twenty-five years, lay between King John and Drummer. But in the noon papers there was an ominous note by the sporting editor that Drummer might not be a starter in the Woodstock Plate—that he had not been out for a gallop that morning, that he was reported sick, that there seemed to be some sort of mystery about the matter, because his trainer, Cooper, declared he would start.

Twenty minutes before the first race Judge Frank drew the man from the desert to one side in the club inclosure and said:

"Now, Andrews, all we want here is straight racing. We don't take any interest in the betting except when it stops the horses. Of course Cooper is registered as the owner of that stable,—that complies with the racing rules,—but you finance him, to say the least. Both of you have had knocks in the South—that I've got nothing to do with; but here we try to keep the racing as clean as we can. If a man races to win here, we don't meddle with him unless he's been reported to the club; then we've got to."

"I know, Judge, all 'bout that; my hawses win whenever they can up here. What've I been accused of?"

"Nothing: if you had, I wouldn't be talking to you—it would be a matter for the stewards. This is unofficial advice. Drummer is a logical contender with King John in the Woodstock Plate; don't you think he is?"

"I don't think he's a *contender;* I think he's the *winner,* Judge."

"He wasn't out of the stable this morning, and he's reported sick. If a man starts a horse that's sick, in that race, the books'll know it, and they'd just steal from the public the money bet on him, and we're here to protect our patrons."

"The horse aint sick; if he'd been sick, I'd've scratched him before one o'clock. Cooper doesn't work all his hawses every mornin', an' when one of 'em's to go in a race, he often don't gallop that one Drummer didn't get a work-out 'cause he

The Girl of an American Summer

The fine exhilarating atmosphere of the North American climate has its complement in its variability—its quick changes of temperature that play havoc with skin and complexion.

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Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Baby's Chauffeur

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Dear Alice:

If you won't misunderstand me, I think you overdo your devotion to baby, wheeling the carriage up and down the Park by the hour. It really is neither necessary nor wise.

For the first year, anyway, Baby will be perfectly satisfied if you will place the carriage on the quiet back porch or anywhere in the open air, with a few toys hanging from the top to play with after his nap when he is taking his bouncing exercises. Put off as long as you can introducing Baby to automobiles and street sights and noises. It is better for his nervous system and saves you a lot of trouble.

He will be on the streets soon enough in all conscience. Anyway it isn't excitement that Baby craves. He'll be happy and good just as long as he is comfortable. A change of diapers is more welcome than a change of scenery. Plenty of talcum on little chafed legs will still his cries more quickly than jolting him over curbs.

You can see from the familiar blue can that I mean Mennen Borated Talcum. When mothers ask me about Mennen's, I just say that it is safe.

Of course anyone who has used it at all knows that it is wonderfully soothing to irritated skin, but what gives me such absolute confidence in its purity is the fact that for over forty years a majority of mothers, doctors and nurses have sworn by Mennen Borated. That must mean that the formula is absolutely right—just enough boric acid and other medicinal agents and not too much of anything.

Incidentally, I use it myself. I couldn't live through this hot weather without a talcum shower after my bath. It makes even tight corsets feel like a Greek dancer's costume.

Lovingly,
Belle.

The Mennen Company
Newark, N.J. U.S.A.

Laboratories: Newark, New Jersey Montreal, Quebec

didn't need it. I leave that matter to the trainer, an' Cooper says Drummer's fit's a fiddle. He's a sluggish hawse an' would benefit more by feelin' keen than he would by a gallop."

"Well, Andrews," Judge Frank said with a friendly smile, "I'm just advising you that if Drummer starts and runs a bad race, Cooper is going to be on the carpet; and the least he'll get, unless he can clear himself, will be that he will be told to take his horses away."

"But Judge, the purse's worth nigh three thousand bucks, an' I'm goin' to bet all I can afford, a thousand, on him. An' a friend of mine is goin' to bet three or four thousand on him. How could I make anythin' by havin' him down the course at the finish?"

"All right, Andrews, I've had my say: I know this will be talked over by the stewards, and I'll tell them what you say."

The man from the desert had scarce escaped from Judge Frank's inquisition when he was beset by Owen. That young gentleman's usually smiling face was sardonic in its deep gloom.

"What's all this in the paper about Drummer, Uncle?"

"'Taint nothin' but bunk."

"But it's all over the paddock."

"The touts in the paddock don't win my races, my boy," Andrews answered curtly.

"Look here, Mr. Andrews," Owen said: "a darky that's put me on to two or three good winners at this meeting says there's something doing."

"What does he say is doin', this darky?"

"He says that Drummer was stole out of his stall last night and galloped, and that King John is a certainty—a ten-to-one-on chance."

"They couldn't've galloped my hawse without my knowin' it, young man. There was a new lock on the door and the key was in my stableman's pocket; that lock was all good and tight this morning; the key was still in Jim's pocket, an' I had the other one. If you can't take my word that Drummer'll win the Woodstock Plate, you'd best foller that darky's tip; then, I guess, you'll find that thirteen *is* your hoodoo."

STRANGELY enough this last sentence had the opposite effect from that intended. The mention of the thirteen hoodoo struck Owen full on his superstition bump.

"Well, Uncle," he said after a little pondering, "I don't like it any more than if I was going to marry a girl I'd never seen—it's too much in the dark. If I can get over that feeling, I'll bet two thousand on Drummer. I'll tell you what I've done as they go to the post, so you'll know whether you're on or not."

"Well, here's just a word of advice to you, young man, 'cause I don't claim to dislike you none: If you wont bet on Drummer, don't bet on King John; then you can't lose. If I felt that number thirteen had hoodooed a race for me, I'd leave it alone. I wouldn't try to pick the winner out of 'bout ten other starters."

As Owen walked away, the fish eyes of the old man followed him with almost a look of friendliness in them. He took two

Your nails tell strangers all about you

How you can keep them always well groomed

IT is not only palmists who read your character by your hands. Wherever you go—whenever you appear in public, strangers are judging you by the appearance of your hands and nails. To many it is the one sure key to a person's standing.

Carelessly manicured nails cannot be hidden. The loveliest gown, the most charming manner cannot affect the impression they give.

But there is a way to correct that impression. Your nails can be as lovely as anyone's with just a few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week.

But it must be the *right kind* of care. Never cut the cuticle. The more you cut it the worse it looks. It grows thicker and thicker, the skin heals in little scars and hangnails form.

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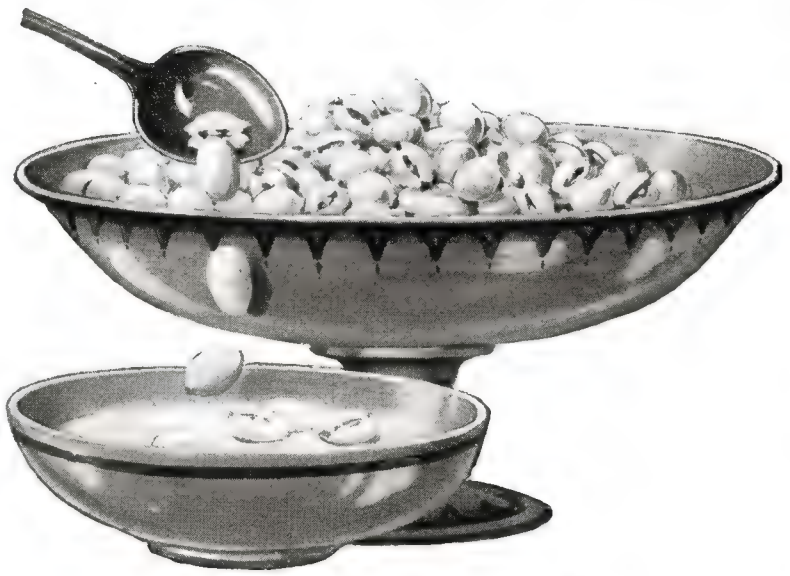

August Nights

Will bring to millions Bubble Grains in Milk

Don't put aside your Puffed Grains when breakfast ends in summer. Children want them all day long, and there's nothing better for them.

The supreme dish for luncheon or for supper is Puffed Wheat in milk. The airy grains—puffed to eight times normal size—taste like food confections. Yet every morsel is whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

The finest foods ever created

Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs are the finest grain foods in existence.

Never were cereals so enticing. The grains are fairy-like in texture, the flavor is like nuts. They seem like tidbits, made only to entice.

Yet they are major foods, with every food cell steam-exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

They will take the place of pastries, sweets, etc., if you serve them all day long. And at meal-time they will make whole-grain foods tempting.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

The Three Bubble Grains

On ice cream

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or three quick steps as though he would overtake the other; then he checked, muttering: "No, I'm hanged if it's up to me to tell my business to anybody! Somethin' might go wrong, anyway, an' if it does, I'll have troubles enough."

The rumor was certainly all over the paddock and betting-ring. Drummer was most effectually disparaged; men spoke in low tones to each other that the race was all set for King John to win. Goldcrest was second choice; even Mike Daley's Leatherstocking found backers, because old Mike was a wise guy who always had something up his sleeve.

The Woodstock Plate was the third race.

WHEN Drummer was led up from Stable A to the paddock, he was clothed in a heavy blanket and was taken directly into the little railed-in circle and there led round and round by Jim. He was a sleepy-looking horse at all times, but now he plodded as though he walked in a dream, oblivious of everything. His heavy, dejected air seemed to substantiate the many stories as to his condition. Trainer Cooper stood at the entrance to the saddling stall, seemingly disinterested, morose. To one or two questions from friends, he answered curtly:

"My horse ought to have a good chance; he likes the distance."

They would have liked to ask, "Is he well?" or, "Has he been got at?" but hesitated. There was something in the set of Cooper's square jaw that suggested he was not in the best of humors. It confirmed the general suspicion that something *was* wrong. And the horse had traveled out in the betting; at first he was two to one against; now he was four to one.

A young man came from the betting-ring and showed Cooper his race-card with the odds marked on it. King John was six to five, Goldcrest two to one, and Drummer at fours. Cooper glanced at the cards and then turned his head away as though not interested.

In the same circle of curious men that fronted the stall one said to another: "Did you see that? They're not backing him; that's his betting commissioner, and there's no sign of a stable play. Drummer *is* off, or isn't meant today."

"Yes, looks like it; shouldn't wonder if that foxy old salamander that really owns the stable isn't betting on King John. I'm going to play the favorite, anyway."

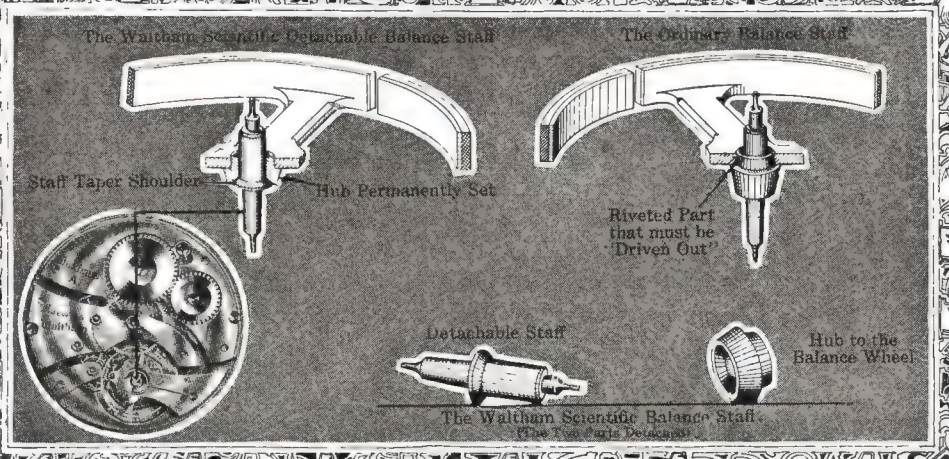
At this time Andrews elbowed his way into the betting-ring, glanced up and down the double row of bookmakers and then pushed on till he stood in front of Ben Hawke, who was on the block in front of his betting-stand. On the blackboard beside Hawke was chalked "4½" in front of the name "Drummer"—Andrews' horse was four and one-half to one.

The man from the desert drew a little fold of bills from his trousers pocket, and passing them to Hawke, said: "A thousand on Drummer."

Hawke turned and scanned the betting-sheet, asking: "How is Drummer, George?"

"Very little in on him," the sheet-writer answered.

PROOF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You will note in the illustrations above that Waltham makes the Staff in two pieces. One a perfectly ground steel hub which is riveted to the Balance Wheel and is an integral part thereof. The Staff (you will note) has an accurately ground tapered shoulder which permits of its being driven to its exact seat and located accurately to the ground steel hub.

Any layman can understand that, if his watch is dropped or has a severe shock, the result will be a broken or bent Balance Staff, therefore requiring repairs in this important unit. Now a Staff which can be withdrawn easily from the hub without affecting the original, perfect assembly of the Balance Wheel assures him of continued accurate time-keeping and service from his watch.

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Therefore, the original aperture in the Balance Arm has been more or less destroyed, and when the new Staff is fitted, the watch repairer must rivet over enough of the metal to secure the Staff, which distorts the Balance Arm and throws the Balance Wheel out of true and poise.

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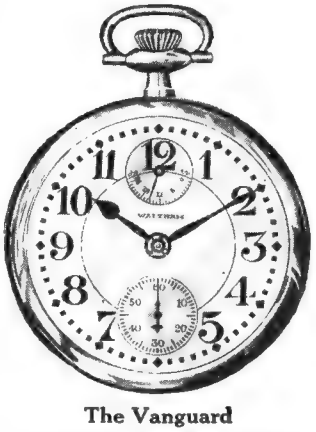

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In bottles or tins.

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"Four thousand and a half to a thousand Drummer," Hawke called, passing the money back to the cashier.

As he handed the ticket to Andrews, he said in a low voice: "Step around to the back; I want to speak to you."

ANDREWS went to the back of the box, and Hawke, leaning over the rail till his mouth was close to the patriarch's ear, said: "If the horse you call Drummer wins this race, I'm going to have the stewards make you prove that it *is* Drummer—see, old man? The *real* Drummer never could beat King John, but you aint got Drummer there; you've only got his name."

"You mean, Ben," Andrews answered back in as low a voice as the other's, "the stewards'll have to prove this aint Drummer—that's what you mean. An' they can't do it, 'cause there aint no other—this is the only hawse o' that name."

Andrews had drawn a cap from his pocket. He held it up so that Hawke could see it, saying:

"If, when my hawse wins this race, you don't cash this ticket without any howl, the stewards are goin' to ask you why your yellow man, Memphis Jack, stole my hawse out of his stall last night an' galloped him on the Davies track."

"That's a lie, Andrews; Memphis didn't."

"This mornin' when I found he had drugged my man Jim las' night, an' found in the hawse's hoof the wax I'd put there with gravel in it, an' I picked up from the straw this knife of Memphis'—then I knew he'd been night-rode." Andrews held up in his palm the knife the mulatto had lost. "I guessed they had galloped him on the Davies track, so's not to be seen, an' so as not to break the hawse down. I took a trip over there an' found two ol' gals that'd seen Memphis an' the chestnut gallopin'. They gave me this cap, an' it belongs to Memphis. They seen him close up with a flash-lamp, an' if he's brought face to face with 'em, they'll swear to it."

Consternation sat on Hawke's evil face. "Just a bluff, damn you!" he snarled.

"'Taint no bluff. You take my tip, Ben Hawke, an' don't start no trouble." And Andrews, putting the cap in his pocket, pushed through the crowd, colliding with Owen as the latter elbowed his way in.

"You'd better back my hawse, Mr. Owen," Andrews said quietly, "'cause he's goin' to win."

The young man hesitated, looked into the stolid eyes of the man from the desert and said: "I wasn't going to, Uncle—I tell you straight; but you're so damn cocksure, I guess I will."

AGAIN the old man half turned, as though he would detain Owen. There was a spasmodic twist to the leather face as if he were fighting out something mentally; but the surging maelstrom of eager bettors had swallowed up the athletic mining man, and Andrews pushed on out to the lawn, muttering: "His funeral aint mine, anyway. Over seven thousand in bets an' stakes aint so bad—'taint so bad at all!"

Owen brought up against Ab Alden's stand.

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"What d'you want, Owen?" Ab asked, grinning at the handful of bills the young man held.

"What about Drummer, Ab?" Owen asked in a whisper, as, grasping the box, he lifted himself to the bench at the bookmaker's side.

"Don't you touch him! My clocker tells me that he was night-rode last night; it's leaked. Leave the race alone, kid; there aint no money for Drummer; it's all King John."

Owen shoved the bills back in his pocket, and buffeting his way out, saw the string of thoroughbreds winding its way from the paddock gate onto the course.

Just as he came to the little turnstile that admitted to the club inclosure, he saw nigger Jim with his eyes riveted on Number Four, the Drummer. The horses were opposite the Club lawn, and a Highlander band was playing "The Suwanee River." Drummer stopped, raised his head, and looked across to the lawn as though he were drinking in the sweet strains.

Nigger Jim clapped his hand on his thigh, and wheeling in an ecstasy of joy, saw Owen.

"Look at dat ol' hoss, Mr. Owen—jes' look at him! He jes' lubs de music; he's a human, he is—he aint no animal. I can put him to sleep mos' any time tinklin' de ol' banjo. He t'inks he's had a dream an' is back in ol' Kentuck. Good Lor', wont he jes' tow-rope 'em mules home in dis race!"

Owen swung through the turnstile, and casting his eyes up to the Club stand, saw Andrews sitting placidly on a top step, the field-glasses hanging idly in his hand.

As Owen took a seat beside the man from the desert, he grinned sheepishly and said with hesitation: "I aint touched the race, Uncle. Ab tells me"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"that he's got a straight tip that somebody stole Drummer out of his stall and night-rode him."

Owen had expected to see Andrews start at this; but the latter answered quietly, without taking his eye from the horses that were now going down to the post, "Ab's a purty smart feller—there aint much goes on that he don't know."

That was all.

Owen studied the grim, white-whiskered face. What was behind that mask? Andrews hadn't denied that the horse had been night-ridden. Did he think that in spite of that Drummer could win? Or was it all some devilish plant between the crooked bunch that owned King John and this subtle old manipulator of events? Had Andrews taken offense at something Owen had done, and was trying to make him dump two thousand dollars into the coffers of the bookmakers? The two thousand would go to Ben Hawke, for his odds against Drummer were half a point longer than that of any other book, and Owen would have taken the longest odds.

He felt that, considering all these devilish things, he was well out of it in leaving the race alone. Good old Number Thirteen had probably saved him.

THE race was a mile and an eighth, and the horses were now lined up behind the barrier near the bottom of the stretch run. Three times a quiver ran over the little sea of humans in the stand, and men sprang to their feet; but three times it was the erratic Goldcrest breaking through—no start.

Owen, watching, could see that the big chestnut, Drummer, had stood quietly or had been turned around by his jockey. Once there was a mix-up like a tangle of many colored ribbons; Goldcrest had lashed out with his heels, and landed fair in the ribs of another horse. But jockey Kelly had swung the obedient Drummer clear of the fracas, and the big chestnut stood behind the mob waiting till he would be urged into place again.

There! Owen saw the green jacket on Drummer flatten down to the horse's withers; one green arm swished a whip; the sleepy chestnut sprang forward as if galvanized into life; the web shot upward, and cries of, "They're off!" went up.

The chestnut that had stood somnolently at the post was racing with the leaders; four horses almost abreast were being driven with whip and spur for the rail position—the shortest way home of the circuit.

Now they could hear the thunder of many hoofs; the windlashed silk jackets fluttered and crackled like many-colored flags as the ten horses flooded past the stand on their way around that mile loop.

Drummer was lapped on the horse that lay next the rail, Goldcrest; and as they swung around the sharp upper turn, Owen saw Kelly pull the big chestnut back and inward till his head nodded at the switching tail of Goldcrest.

"That's some ridin', boy," Andrews muttered from beneath his level glasses "I told him Goldcrest couldn't go the route but would bet the lead. When Goldcrest tires about the lower turn there, he'll swing wide—he's got a heart like a mushmelon; then you'll see somethin', Mr. Owen, 'cause Drummer'll only be gettin' warmed up then—he's a cold-blooded fish."

Down the back-stretch, straight across from the stand, the ten horses galloped, some beginning to trail already; the terrific pace Goldcrest had set was beginning to tell on the horses that weren't quite good enough.

King John, a bay with a white face, who had been partly cut off at the upper turn, was now threading his way through the strung-out horses. He was in sixth place; now he was fifth; then he had passed the fourth horse, and his nose was at Drummer's quarter.

"King John's overhauling Drummer!" Owen said.

"Coyn is ridin' King John; he's hustlin' him, an' Kelly's sittin' still on my hawse," the dry, alkaline voice rasped.

AROUND the lower turn they swung, still carried at that fierce pace by Goldcrest, who now had drawn out into a lead of a length.

Down on the lawn a strained nervous better cried: "There comes Goldcrest—you, boy! He'll get all this dough!"

And King John's head was at Drummer's girth.

Somebody, a step lower than Owen, said: "Drummer's tiring—King John's got him now; Goldcrest can't win!"

There was a shuffling wait of intensity, a scraping of feet, a craning of necks as the horses took the turn into the stretch. It was curiously like the fade-out in a moving picture, for instead of the brown figure of Goldcrest next the rail was the chestnut form of Drummer. And beside him, edging in between him and Goldcrest, was the bay King John.

Andrews lowered his glasses, and his flat-toned eyes rested quizzically on Owen as he drawled:

"That thirteen *was* a hoodoo, young man."

"Is Drummer beat?"

"No; he can't lose now. Any time Drummer's got the lead and the rail comin' into the stretch, there aint no hawse at this track can reach the tape first. I mean thirteen was your hoodoo, not mine."

Owen raised his glasses again, cursing softly under his breath. Yes, the man from the desert was right. Kelly was sitting hunched like a monkey, with not a motion of his arms, but with his face turned sidewise, watching that King John did not creep upon him.

The boy on King John was riding with whip and spur; but now the big galloping chestnut had opened up a lead of a length; and as they flashed past the judges' stand, it was two lengths.

The horse of the evil rumor had won.

WHEN they had weighed in, and Drummer, blanketed, was being led to his stable by the grinning Jim, Andrews said: "Jus' wait for me, young man. I've got a little ticket here, an' if Ben Hawke cashes it without no kick, I want to show you somethin'."

In five minutes the man from the desert was back, the money in his pocket; and saying, "Come with me, Mr. Owen," he led the way down to Stable A.

There Andrews drew a key from his pocket and unlocked Stall Eleven. He motioned Owen to enter, and followed, closing the door.

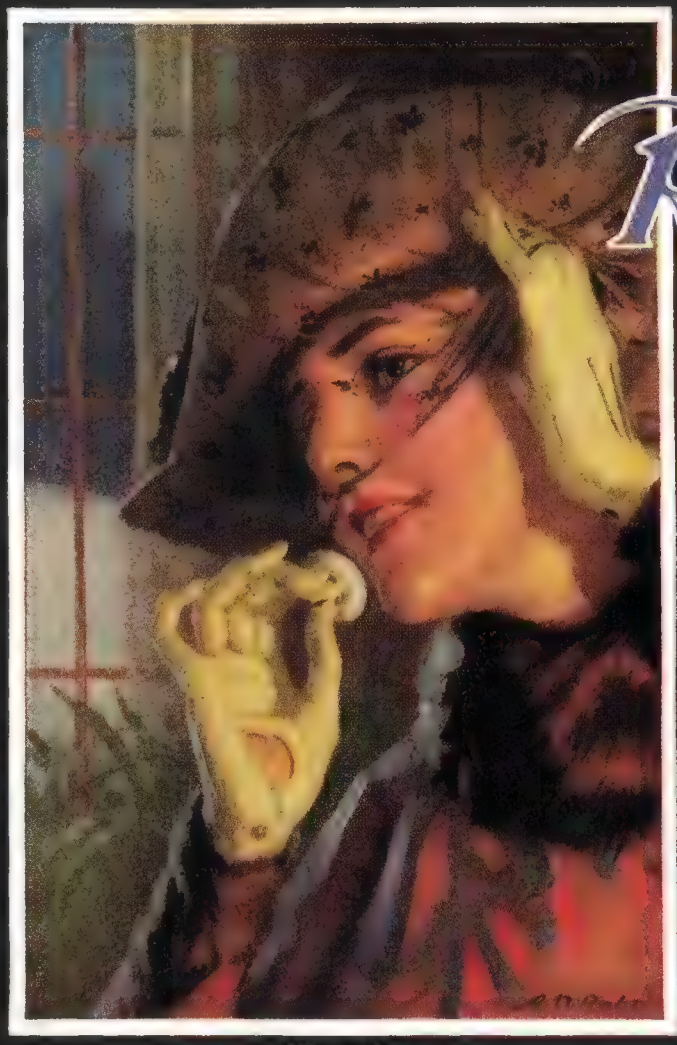
He drew a medicine bottle from his pocket and went up to the chestnut horse. He dampened a sponge from the bottle and rubbed the forehead of the horse that was plain chestnut; and as he rubbed, a white mark, a cloven hoof, appeared. Then he stepped back and said:

"Mr. Owen, this is the hawse they night-rode, Red Devil. I kinder thought there was somethin' doin', an' I changed Drummer an' Red Devil into each other's stalls. The hawses is like twins except that Drummer aint got no star in his forehead. I figgered that if Ben Hawke believed Drummer had been night-rode, he'd stretch his odds considerable. I was leavin' this dyed, not knowin' but I might need it as evidence, but I guess Ben's quit."

"Why didn't you tell me about this before the race, Uncle?" Owen asked, reproach in his voice.

"I nigh did—twice; but I figgered if you didn't believe me when I told you he'd win, you wouldn't take no stock in this yarn. I needed to have somethin' on Ben Hawke, an' if there'd been a leak, an' he was had up, he'd 'a' tried to get back at me with some damn' lie."

"It was my own fault, Uncle; but when wise-guy Ab was fooled, I aint so bad. It was hoodoo thirteen—that's what it was," Owen answered generously.



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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"BEYOND THE DESERT"

(Continued from page 61)

of lighted streets, and the sunset road through gardens and orchards to Santa Monica and the sea. His listeners must be distraught by their sufferings, he thought, for they did not seem to understand half of what he said, or to believe the other half. They looked at him with pity in their eyes. He tried to speak very lucidly and simply, as if he were telling tales to very small children, and seeing that they failed to grasp one of his very simplest statements about motor-cars, he fumbled in the basket beside him for the Los Angeles Sunday newspaper, which contained, among other things, an elaborate picture-section. He did not know that the news-section contained an account of the crime for which he was wanted by the police.

"Bring the light!" cried Asabel Bennett.

A small boy dived under the shadows of the wagon and came running back with a lighted lantern. It was placed on the ground in the midst of the circle. Asabel Bennett spread the paper out before it and began to read, with the others peering over his shoulders. Baxter still sat leaning back against the wagon, and watching that ring of absorbed faces against the background of the unchanging desert cliffs and the high, unchanging stars. The faces looked bewildered.

"This is a very strange fairy-tale," said Asabel Bennett at last. "We have all of us had our visions of the Golden West. It is a good tale, so far as I understand it, but it tells only of what things will be like many years from now. There is the date at the head of the paper, August 30th, 19—. By that time Los Angeles may have earned its name and become a kind of paradise; but it is small comfort for us of '49."

"But it's true! I swear it's true!" cried Baxter vehemently, drawing all those hungering eyes back to his face.

"There is no time in the desert," said the tall woman who had given him the water. Her lean, dark face had the look of an Indian Sphinx against the stars.

The old man who wished to stay by the water-pool was still poring over a section of the paper. His eyes became suspicious. He looked up quickly.

"What is your name, stranger?" he asked.

"James L. Baxter."

"Listen to this, friends," the old man cried shrilly. "This is how men love their paradise, when God has given them the free run of it." He read slowly and painfully, following the lines with one finger, like a schoolboy.

"'Dynamite plot discovered: The authorities have obtained evidence recently of a wide-spread plot to extend the theories of Lenine to this country. The extremist leaders of the I. W. W. have for some time been advocating the overthrow of all existing forms of Government by violence and bloodshed; and the first step to this end was to be taken during a deliberately provoked general strike within the next few weeks. The police are now actively searching for the leaders of the revolutionaries, among whom James L. Baxter, a native of Los Angeles, is the most violent in his aims. It is reported that he is responsible for a bomb-throwing plot aimed at some of the leading citizens of the State. Among those marked for assassination, at the time of the general strike was Senator John Reddington.'"

A MOMENTARY ripple of mocking laughter broke from the lips of the listeners.

"Did you want to destroy the paradise of which you have been telling us?" said the dark woman.

Baxter tried to explain, pouring out words almost as eloquently as if he had been at a meeting of the Reds, but at the end of every sentence he heard that low, melancholy laughter, withering his old insanities till it seemed unbelievable that they had ever bloomed.

"We are the pioneers—in the desert," said Asabel Bennett at last, and his voice was as dry as the whisper of a dead cactus in a desert wind. "We should like to know the truth about our promised land. You say that there is no man so poor that he cannot ride from end to end of your country in these magical carriages that move without horses? You say that many of your laborers possess these carriages. There are pictures of them in this paper, driving their wives and children through boundless orchards. But in the world that we know, even the fabulously rich, even the greatest emperors of Europe could not do these things; and anyone who promised them these miracles would be thought mad. Surely your poor men are very rich in some things. But I understand they complain. What is their grievance?"

"Ah, you don't understand," said Baxter, lamely trying to explain—or so it seemed both to his hearers and himself—that the cars of the rich were better upholstered than those of the poor.

The shadowy circle of the pioneers looked at him pityingly.

"So," said Asabel Bennett, "it is because others are richer than yourselves, that you wish to destroy?" Again the low, withering laugh went whispering round. "These newspapers," he continued, "where every morning you find all that has been happening in the remotest corners of the world flashed to you by lightning, so that you sit like gods contemplating the whole planet—the wealthiest princes of our world would give half their possessions to see a miracle like that! But you tell me that for a few cents these things are open to all, and that all the wonders of the world are passed every night before the eyes of the down-trodden in—how do you call them?—your picture palaces? You tell me that armies march before your proletariat there as they have never marched before kings, and that navies dip their flags and salute you nightly in those halls. These things do not appear marvelous to you. They have been staled to you by custom. But how would you like to show those wonders to your children, Janet Rogers? And what is your grievance here, James Baxter?"

Once again the revolutionary leader tried to mutter something, but it sounded as foolish to himself as it did to his hearers. They understood him to say that everybody could not sit in the best seats, and that some things cost more than others.

"So again, although every one of you is richer in these things than any emperor that we knew," said Asabel Bennett, "it is only because a few others have more than yourselves that you wish to destroy that happy state?"

Again the low mocking laughter went round; but this time James Baxter himself helped to swell that strange ironic chorus.

"And these hospitals," Asabel Bennett continued, "where miracles of surgery are performed every day, and where tens of thousands of your proletariat are saved by doctors (members, I understand, of what you call the *bourgeoisie*). Man, do you know that Crœsus himself could not command that healing skill in our world?"

"Ah, but there are some in my world today who can command more," answered Baxter. "They are rich enough to be nursed privately."

They all laughed together again.

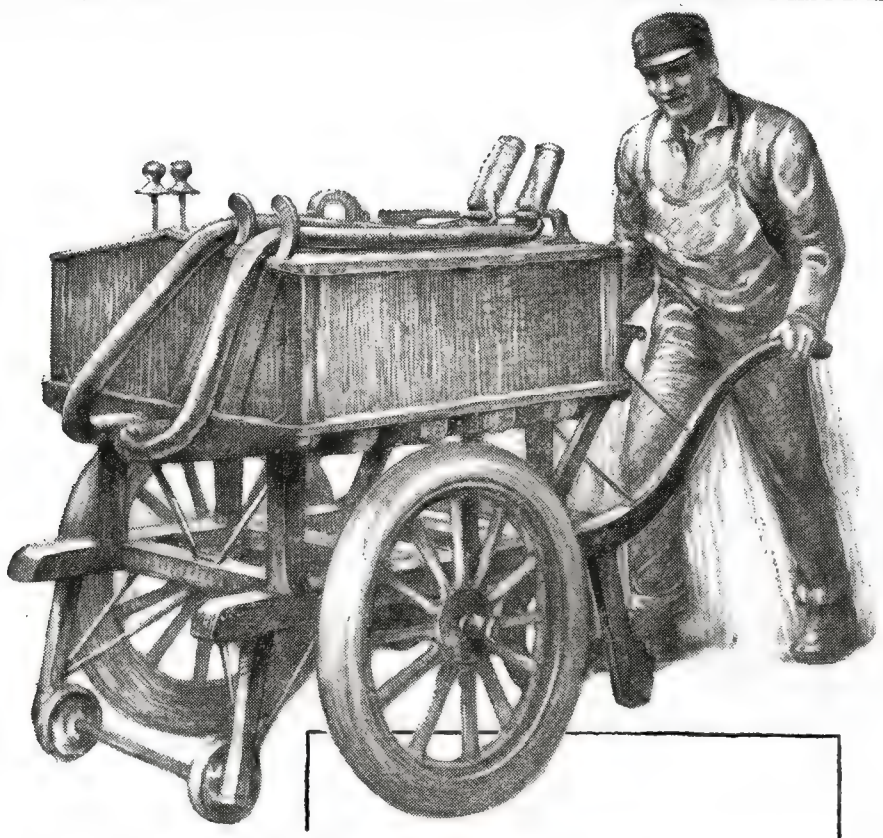
"So, finally, it is not because you are poor," said Asabel Bennett, "but because others have more than yourself, that you wished to destroy your world, and came into this hell? Man, man, that is not love of your kind! That is the black envy of a shrunken brain and a shriveled heart! It is not the democratic passion of which your revolutionaries rave; it is a blind hatred of the good that all can share, and a desire (as you must know if you honestly search your own mind) for something more to accrue to yourself alone. It is *because* all can share your good that you despise it.

"We are the pioneers, and we shall never live to see the miracles of which you have told us. We shall never reach your City of the Angels. But we can plainly see that the least of your world is richer than the greatest in ours. You are revolting against Nature herself if you revolt at every inequality.

"Even between ourselves there is one inequality that you can never adjust. We are the pioneers, talking to you here in the timeless and unchanging desert, where thousands have laid them down to die on their way to your paradise. How are you going to repay them? You talk of your rights: have you no debts? Do you owe nothing to the bleached bones in this valley of death, that you feel so free to throw over all duties for random robbery and murder?"

THE man in the red shirt spoke with the glow of an ancient prophet. Baxter struggled to his feet with his hands to his throat as if he were choking.

"Say no more," he cried. "The desert itself, this blind, brutal desert, has been enough to show me that I am up against something more than man—something that wipes out cities with lava, and wrecks ships at sea, and kills men of hunger and



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Back and forth he pushes it between the nitroglycerin store house and the mixing house. He follows a smooth planked walk made exclusively for his use. At one end of his trip the buggy is filled. At the other he pours the nitroglycerin into a mixing machine by means of the long rubber tube attached to the buggy. With this act he gives life and power to Hercules dynamite.

Soon, before the breath of this modern Hercules, great mountains fade away; rivers change their courses; waste and arid lands are changed to fertile fields; metals and minerals, all important in our modern life, are blown from the earth.

The man with the nitroglycerin buggy plays an important part in supplying the enormous force necessary to produce the coal and other minerals and metals which are the pillars of our material civilization. Look around you as you read this. Wherever you may be you will find, if you trace it back, that dynamite made possible most of the necessities and conveniences on which your eye will fall. And a very large part of the dynamite used in this country bears the name Hercules.

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thirst, or when it can't do that, robs them slowly of their powers and makes them grow old and brings their dust back to the dust. I know now that I have been attributing those universal injustices to my neighbor. I know now that when men are lost in the desert they have no time to fight. It is only when they have conquered it, and become a little prosperous, perhaps a little too prosperous, that they begin to kill one another. Then the desert comes in again, and wins. I didn't know my enemy."

"Come and see one that you mistook for an enemy," said Asabel Bennett, picking up the lantern.

A woman rose from the shadow of a wagon on the farther side.

"Tread softly; she's sleeping," she whispered, pointing to a dark, recumbent figure at her feet.

Asabel Bennett swung his lantern forward a little, so that its faint light fell for a moment on the sleeper's face. It was the face of the young woman that Baxter had seen at the wayside station, feeding her horse with sugar; but in sleep it was the face of a tired child.

"Come back, and I will tell you about it," whispered Asabel Bennett, and his voice was low and musical as the whisper of the trade-wind among the palm trees of Monterey.

Baxter followed him to the other side of the corral.

"We found her last night at the mouth of the valley," Asabel Bennett continued, "lying on the ground where her horse had fallen and died. We carried her down here and brought her back to life. She told us her tale, as you have told us yours. Her name is Jean Reddington, the daughter of the Reddington you were going to kill."

"I didn't know my enemy," Baxter muttered again.

"Perhaps," said Asabel Bennett, "you neither of you knew your friends. When you were pursued, she refused to let anyone ride her favorite Nita but herself. She was not thinking of you. She was not even thinking of helping the officers of the law. She was thinking only of Nita. So she rode after you, with a man on each side holding on to the stirrups. They couldn't keep up. When they let go, one of them fell, and his shout frightened the mare. She bolted, and the darkness came. Since then Jean Reddington has been leading you deeper and deeper into the desert, as carelessly as she once pursued you. Her only food has been a few bits of the sugar that she had put in her pocket some days ago for Nita, and she would have died of thirst if she had not known how to find the sap of the cactus. She is helpless now, so there is at least the bond of your peril between you. If ever you overcome it, try to remember what you learned here. We are all of us pioneers. Each of us has to conquer a desert and pass through this valley of decision. You must leave us now and try to return to your own generation. If you succeed, remember that we have only sent you ahead of us, as we sent Manly and Rogers ahead, believing that they would be loyal to us, the pioneers."

Again the strange sensation of having passed through this place before in some

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previous existence possessed the mind of Baxter as he stared at the shadowy figures round him. They seemed to be growing more shadowy.

"Tell me the name of the valley!" he cried.

"Death Valley," came the answer, quite clearly, though he did not know whether it was the voice of that vanishing throng or only a light stirring of the desert air. On that instant the shadowy folk with whom he had been speaking seemed to melt into the purple shadows of the cliff. Pioneers, wagons and cattle, melted away as though they had never been.

JAMES BAXTER moved forward, stretching out his hands as if to try and grasp some substantial thing in the vacant air, moved forward to where the pioneers had shown him the daughter of his enemy stretched on the earth in a profound sleep. He stole quietly to her side and looked at her face again, the face of a tired child.

He knelt there for two or three minutes, wondering at the hostility that the mere mention of her name would once have aroused in him. Gradually his own world and all that had happened since his escape came back to him. Then he moved a few paces off and sat down to wait for the dawn and the waking of the sleeper.

A little distance away he saw his precious basket and went to examine its contents again, fearing that during his mental wanderings they might have been lost. The remains of his food supply were still safe. One of the water bottles was still unopened, but the other was empty. Perhaps it was his own hand that, during his delirium, had put the cup to his lips. The pioneers had told him that Jean Reddington also had drunk of that cup. He wondered if it was possible. . . . .

The sleeper woke before dawn. The recumbent figure stirred slightly, and Baxter heard a faint cry.

He answered it at once: "It's all right. Don't be afraid." And the next moment he was standing face to face with the daughter of the man he had planned to kill.

Baxter saw by the expression of her face that she knew him as the fugitive whom she had followed into the desert nearly sixty hours ago; but she showed no fear.

"Water!" she whispered.

Without a word Baxter drew the carefully guarded bottle from the basket, opened it and held it with his own hands to her lips. He let her drink as much as he had been intending to make his own daily allowance; then he withdrew it, saying: "This is all that we have to see us through the rest of the journey."

He took his own morning's allowance of food from the basket and put it at her side. "I am afraid this is all that we can give you for breakfast," he said. He turned his back upon her and pretended to busy himself with his own share.

"How far have we to go?" said Jean Reddington, rising to her feet at last.

"It may be three or four days before we come to water."

"And we only have that one bottle between us?"

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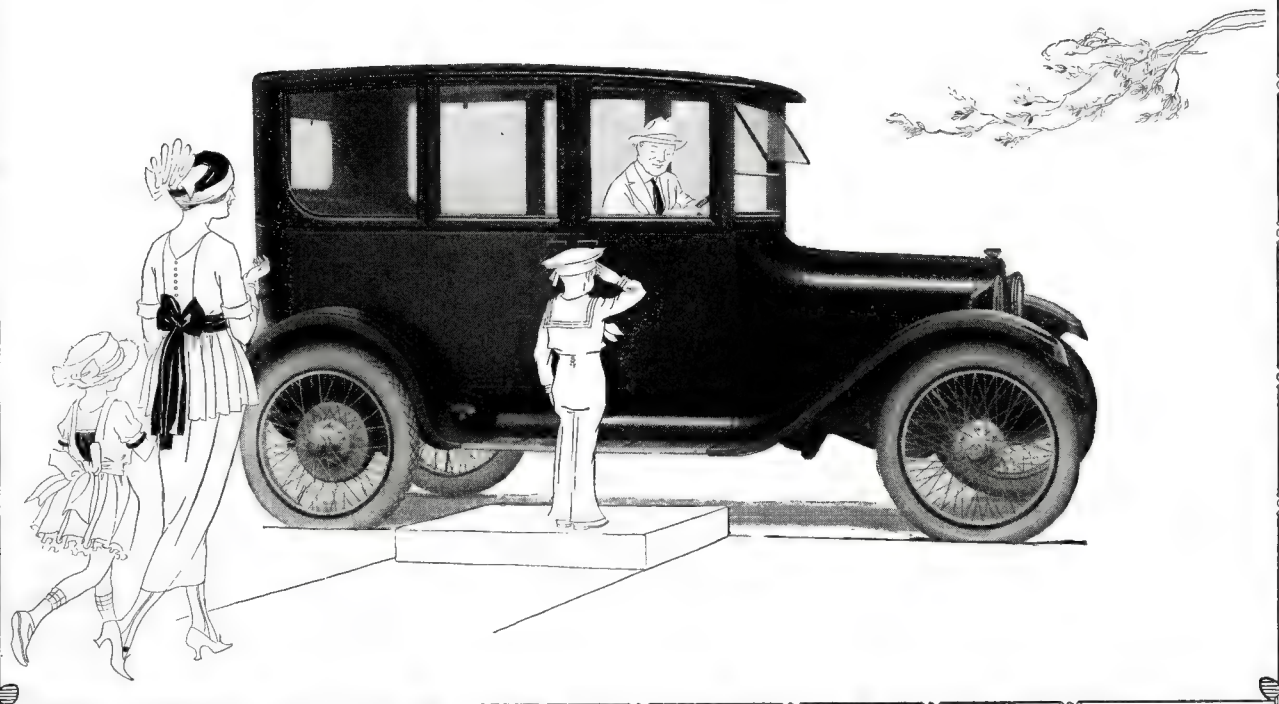

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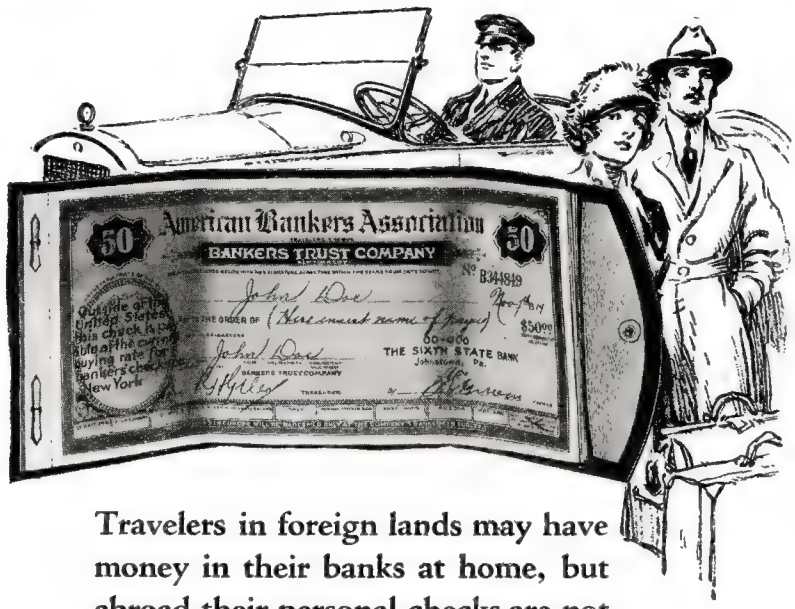

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Baxter pointed to the neck of the empty bottle protruding from the basket. "I have another there for myself," he said.

"And you are ready to give me half your chance of getting out of this?"

"Don't be afraid," he replied. "You're going to come safely through this trouble; and if you feel up to it, we'd better make a start at once, before the sun begins to make things worse."

Jean Reddington was so enfeebled by privation that Baxter soon began to realize the hopelessness of the attempt to take her with him. The only chance would be for him to go ahead as rapidly as possible, find help and return.

"You'll have to get out of this furnace," he said. And though, a moment earlier, he had felt as if he himself were about to drop with fatigue, he picked her up as if she had been a child and carried her to that deep recess of shadow. It proved to be a small cave nearly twelve feet deep.

He sat down beside her while she rested. It was quite clear to him now that the only hope of saving his companion was to make the last desperate effort to save himself without delay; but he was thinking out the difficult problems. If he left her all the water that remained, it reduced his own chances of bringing back help, and yet he could not bring himself to the point of deciding that he must take his share.

"There is only one thing to do," he said at last. "You will have to wait here until I can come back with help."

She looked at him with eyes too tired for fear, and the hopelessness of the look wrung his heart.

"I shall leave you half the water in this bottle," he continued, "and that will last you for two days if you are careful.

He saw a dreadful momentary suspicion come into her face, and added: "I am afraid I told you a lie about the other bottle." He drew it out and showed it to her. "I thought I might be able to help you along a little faster; but there is only one way, and I doubt whether I could get to the end of the journey without taking some of yours. But don't be afraid; I shall come back."

Very carefully, safeguarding every drop, he poured a little less than half of the water into his empty bottle.

He put a few of the crackers in his coat pocket, placed the basket at her side. She protested that he should take more of the food, but he refused.

"I shall not take any more," he said. "And unless you promise to stay here, I shall not take anything at all. Remember, that if you don't, you may be responsible for the loss of those who come to look for you."

He turned and left her; and in a few minutes, Jean Reddington saw him, a white speck dwindling into the tawny distances of the desert valley.

ABOUT nine hours later, bent nearly double with fatigue, Baxter was still moving forward through a deep rock-strewn gully, dry as bone-dust and without a hint even of the returning green of the cactus, when he saw before him against the stars the vast shadowy dome of the Sugar Loaf Peak, which, as he knew, marked the southern limit

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SMOOTH, silent flexibility in a motor that is positively free from carbon troubles, gives R & V Knight predominance among the more powerful six cylinder cars today. There are no valves to be ground, no tappets that stick; the longer you drive it the smoother and more silent it runs.

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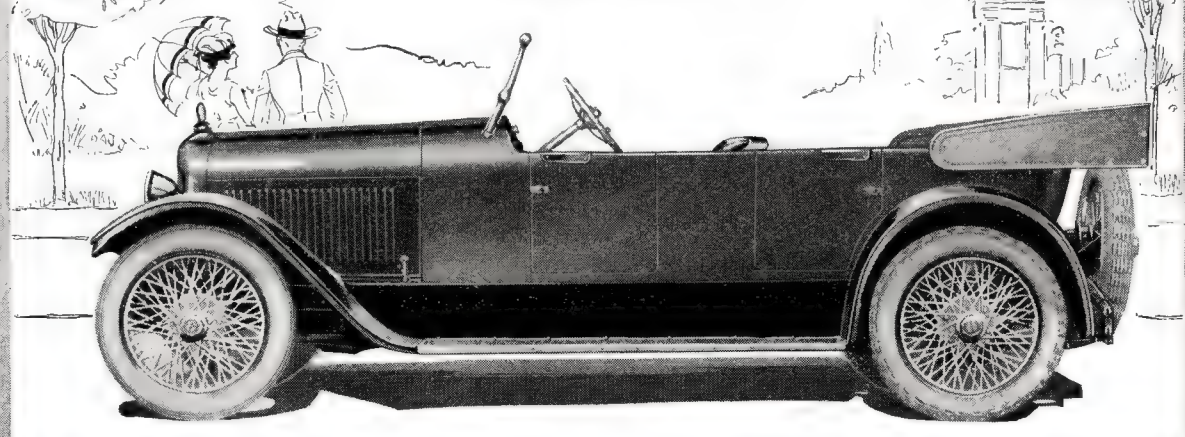

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Millions know that teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay. This is the reason for it:

There forms on the teeth a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Brushing in the usual way leaves much of it intact. It may do a ceaseless damage. And most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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This film combatant is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent for home test to everyone who asks.

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Only lately has this method been made possible. Pepsin must be activated and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now discovered a harmless activating method. And that method now enables us to fight that film with pepsin.

The results are soon apparent. You can see them for yourself. The 10-Day Tube which we supply will show. Get it and know what clean teeth mean. Cut out the coupon now.

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Druggists everywhere are supplied with large tubes.

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Then note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. In ten days you will know what is best.

of the valley. As soon as he saw it, he made his final gambler's decision, drank the small reserve of water, less than a cupful, that he had intended to keep for another twelve hours, rested for five minutes, and then, finding it easier than to rise to his feet, crept forward slowly on hands and knees. As he neared the base of that Dark Tower, he thought that once again the shadows must be talking to him. He heard them calling to each other and hallooing among the rocks.

Then, abruptly, he found himself face to face with a glimmering figure, seen vaguely like his own image in a shadowy mirror; and for the second time on that desert pilgrimage he fell forward, face downward in the dust, while shadows and voices gathered around him. They were more visionary even than the shadows of the pioneers. Their outlines and faces were blurred, and their voices only a murmur; but their very strangeness in this desert proved their reality, and he knew that he was among beings of flesh and blood.

They revived him quickly. Water and brandy gave him strength to speak, and he poured out directions as the horses were got ready.

"It can't be more than twenty miles, on the right side of the valley," he repeated, adding anxious little suggestions: "Call to her as you go; she may be asleep. You might miss her; it's a cave in the cliff."

He wanted to go with them, though he knew that he was at the end of his tether. While he was insisting, and trying to lay hold on the reins with his numbed hands, he reeled again and dropped. But before he lost conscio isness he heard the thudding of the horses' hoofs as the search-party went up the valley.

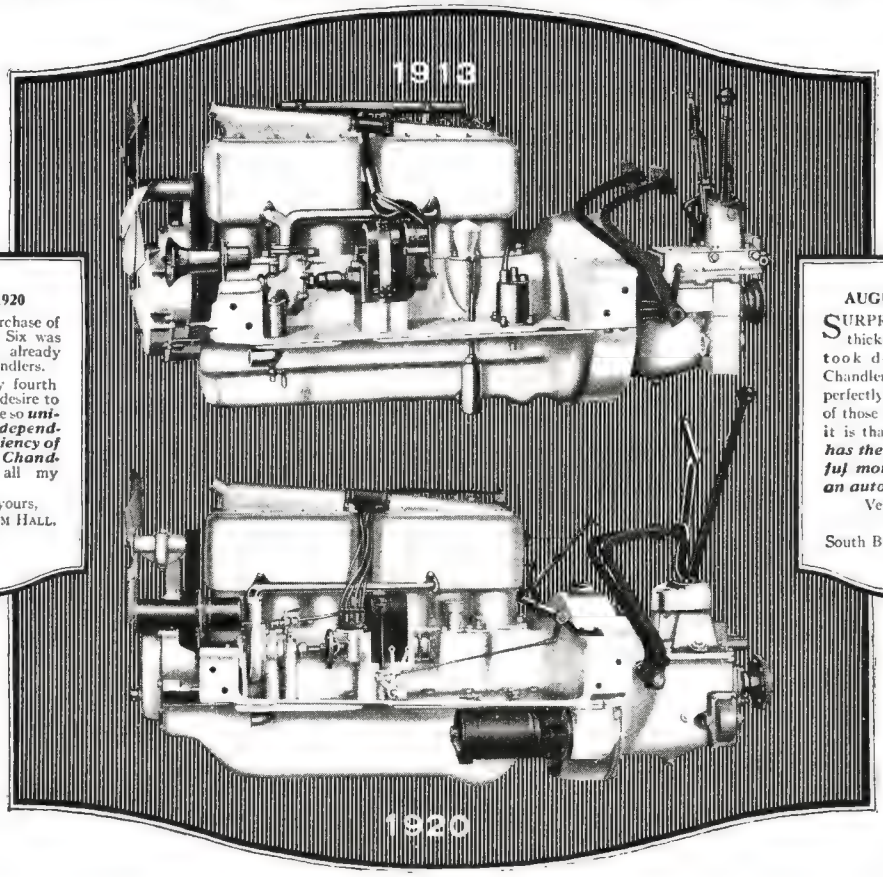
They had told him to sleep, but he could not sleep until the search-party returned. He had little doubt now that all would be well, but there was something better than sleep in the orderly movement of those shining hosts above him, by which he marked the lapse of the hours. There was Orion, on his long bright trail to the west; Orion, the hunter, slain by Artemis because he loved the Dawn.

"All safe!" he heard voices calling. A clatter of hoofs echoed among the rocks. The distance could not have been as great as he thought. He raised himself on an elbow and saw one of the rescuers lifting Jean Reddington down from the saddle. Then he turned over and slept.

THE journey from the desert through its gray-green fringes of sage-brush to the palm-trees and blossoming orchards of the sunset-land has always a suggestion of beautiful compensations, as if dews had been denied to the wilderness only to enrich the paradise beyond. The travelers from Death Valley passed slowly through those exquisite gradations between the golden drought and the sun-kissed valleys where the warm mist floated at evening over fragrant orange orchards. Days and nights had drifted by, but to Baxter the whole journey was one deepening and miraculous hour, confirming in some subtle way everything that the pioneers had told him in the desert about the heaven that he had wished to destroy.

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



APRIL 28, 1920

MY recent purchase of a Chandler Six was because I have already owned three Chandlers.

This car is my fourth Chandler, and I desire to comment upon the so ***uniform economy, dependability and efficiency of the marvelous Chandler motor*** of all my Chandler cars.

Respectfully yours,
G. GRAHAM HALL.
Houston, Texas.

AUGUST 29, 1913

SURPRISES have come thick and fast since we took delivery of our Chandler Six. It rides perfectly and the opinion of those who have driven it is that the ***Chandler has the most wonderful motor ever put in an automobile.***

Very truly yours,
W. L. OTIS.
South Bend, Indiana.

The Motor of Seven Years Ago and the Motor of Today

THE Chandler Six of 1920 is a refinement of that first Chandler Six of 1913. Seven years of devotion on the part of the Chandler organization to this one Chandler motor, has placed it in the position of distinction which it holds today.

Seven years of service in the hands of thousands of owners, seven years of skillful application by Chandler engineers, has brought the Chandler motor and the one standard Chandler chassis to approximate perfection.

In these seven years many motors of many makes have come and gone. Chandler continues a leader among fine cars, because of the excellence of its performance.

On the one Chandler chassis are mounted six handsome types of body.

The Chandler is the Most Fairly Priced Fine Car

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1995 *Four-Passenger Roadster, $1995*

Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, $2075

Seven-Passenger Sedan, $2995 *Four-Passenger Coupe, $2895* *Limousine, $3495*

(All prices f. o. b. Cleveland, Ohio)

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Export Department: 5 Columbus Circle, New York **Cable Address: "CHANMOTOR"**

Protection—
"The Best that Money Can Buy"
THOSE who pay tribute to the creation of men's skill find in the exquisite workmanship of a Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt Revolver the same reasons for pride in its possession as does the jewel collector for a flawless gem.
In every field the name of some one product always stands forth, establishing a standard of quality by which all others are measured.
In the fire arms field that name is COLT
For more than 80 years—in the uncertain hazards arising from the unrest of a congested city—in isolated country—amid the dangers of peace and the conflict of war—COLT has stood for the uttermost perfection in fire arms.
For simplicity of construction—dependability of action—certainty of results—the product of COLT'S factories is universally acknowledged "the proven best by every test."
To be satisfied with less is to deprive yourself of COLT protection—"the best that money can buy."
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HARTFORD, CONN.
Manufacturers of
Colt's Revolvers
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COLT'S
FIRE ARMS

It was not until they were entering Hesperia, that little shining town of palm-trees among the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, that Jean Reddington spoke to him of her rescue.

"I have never thanked you," she said as they dropped a little behind the rest of the party, "for bringing me back to all this. It's like heaven opening out, isn't it?"

"And the arms of God's mercy," murmured Baxter.

She looked at him with shining eyes. "I suppose you are going into danger at this moment?" she said. "Have you any plans?"

"I am going to keep my promise to the pioneers," said Baxter.

"My father would help you if—"

"No," he interrupted at once, "I must stand on my own feet. Besides, I've got to try and persuade my old friends that they're on the wrong road. There's a meeting in Los Angeles tomorrow night, and I must be there, or I may be too late to prevent worse things happening. They would never listen to me again if your father were even to shake hands with me. You see,"—he smiled a little grimly,—"I'm between two fires. I can't go with you much farther, or I may be taken by your own friends. I understand that the plan is to put up at the Juniper Inn here tonight. I shall slip away as soon as we reach it."

"But how will you get to Los Angeles?"

"Even in Hesperia there are a few followers of the red flag. One of my friends here will lend me a coat and drive me in by automobile."

"You will let me know how you get on?"

He looked at her for a moment without speaking, and his face had all the drought of Death Valley in it.

"I don't suppose we shall meet again," he said. "I am a pioneer now, in the desert."

"But you have conquered it once?" she replied.

Nothing more passed between them till the glimmering figures a hundred yards ahead pulled up at the entrance to the Inn. Baxter and Jean Reddington also stopped, and dismounted in the shadow of a lion-maned palm. He held out his hand.

"I must say good-by to you here," he said. And as she laid her hand in his own, her face looked as he had seen it once before, when he left her in the desert.

It was dark in the shadow of the palm; but he saw that the tears were running down her face; and for a moment his control failed.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he cried. "There are so many deserts between us. Good-by!"

For a moment her tears were salt against his lips. Then they parted, blindly. Baxter hurried down a by-street under the deep black shadows of the eucalyptus trees. Jean Reddington, with bent head, led the two horses up to the Inn.

WHEN Baxter arrived at the secret meeting of the Reds in Los Angeles, he knew the risk that he was about to run. The forces of the law were already against him; before long he would prob-

What would you call such a man?

—A man who drove his automobile with the top down in a pouring rain?

Isn't he deserving of the same name if he neglects to put on Weed Tire Chains when roads and pavements are wet and slippery?

What do *you* call such a man?

Write it on the line below and mail it to him or to us.

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She Played to Lose!

This woman—so soft—so lovely—so exquisite in every detail—so out of place in that wild gambling hell—this woman played to lose. Across the gleaming tables her long white hands pushed the crackling bills. One after another the yellow backed hundred dollar bills passed from her golden bag to the dealer. And yet she smiled serene.

How she got there—why she was there—how she got away—it all makes a thrilling story—a tale with not one mystery, but three—and it has been told by today's master of detective mystery—

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The American Sherlock Holmes

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The American Conan Doyle

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Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out of date beside the infinite variety the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

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Name.....

Address.....

Occupation..... R. Bk. 8-20

ably be an Ishmaelite among the forces of rebellion.

But there was an unwonted ferment in the city tonight. Little groups of excited men at street-corners were discussing (as Baxter knew) the impending strike which was to initiate the revolution. The newspapers carried big headlines warning the public that all light and power might be cut off from the city at any moment. It was a dramatic coincidence that, while the car was still only halfway through the city, the appointed moment should come to confirm Baxter's new apprehension of the truth. All the constellated glory of those lights, the stars of civilization that he had fought through Death Valley to reach, were suddenly turned off as if by a gigantic hand at some central station, and the whole city was plunged into darkness. The battle had begun already.

The meeting of the Reds was held in one of the worst districts, at a dilapidated hotel, run by a Mexican half-breed who had become uncommonly prosperous of late, since the trickle of Red gold had begun to flow through Vladivostok. This man and three of the Red leaders greeted Baxter with enthusiasm in a stuffy little room behind the main "lecture-hall" where the others were waiting. One of the leaders, known among his associates as the Panther, overwhelmed him with congratulations on his escape, and boasted volubly of the complete triumph of the proletariat that was even now beginning. Then they led him through a door that opened directly onto the platform in the larger room.

Baxter could see nothing of the men assembled there, for since the proletariat had extinguished its own lights, the room was in almost complete darkness. But he knew from former experience that it was a long, low hall which would seat some hundreds. A single oil lamp on the platform showed only the faces of the four men beside him. The chairman, a Russian with fanatical eyes, and a mass of black hair that looked as if it were brushed back over a frame, opened the proceedings.

"Comrades," he said, "the triumph of the proletariat is beginning. Let us sing 'The Internationale,' but quietly. We do not wish a police raid tonight."

Somewhere in the darkness a group of voices began to sing in low tones. The song was taken up, section by section, till the whole hall vibrated like the engine-room of a steamer. There were certainly hundreds of men present. The Panther wandered up and down at the back of the platform, his long fingers twitching. He examined the shuttered windows at each end, exactly as his namesake examines the doors of its cage.

"Comrades," the chairman resumed at the end of the song, "the first speaker tonight will be Comrade Baxter."

A LOW thunder of applause, a thudding of feet on the wooden floor all over the building, was succeeded by a hush and an audible intake of the breath as Baxter threw off his light coat and stood before them in his tattered, blood-stained clothes.

"Comrades," he began, "I have brought you a message from the desert."

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AUGUST stands at Summer's gate and waits for your adieu. Behind you lies the garden of your heart. A token of your love should crown these weeks of summer pleasure. "Gifts that Last" immortalize their memory.

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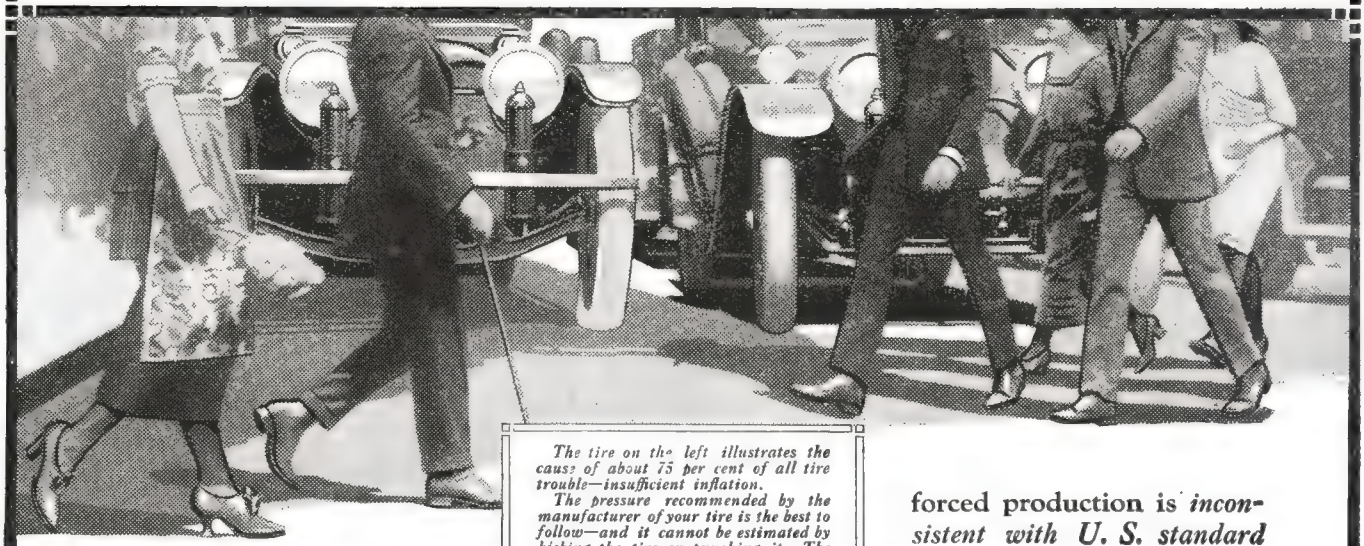
Opinions about Tires should be *Weighed* as well as Counted



The tire on the left illustrates the cause of about 75 per cent of all tire trouble—insufficient inflation.

The pressure recommended by the manufacturer of your tire is the best to follow—and it cannot be estimated by kicking the tire or punching it. The regular use of a reliable air gauge is the best safeguard against punctures, rim cutting and fabric breakdown.

THERE is hardly a motorist who hasn't at some time or other in his experience had a tire dealer attempt to sell him a tire by representing it as the fastest seller in town.

More attempts are probably made to sell tires by playing to the motorist's alleged weakness for "crowd of buyers" than by any other known method of selling.

* * *

The *experienced* motorist, of course, refuses to surrender his individual judgment to any crowd or mass of whatever size.

Too often he has seen the results of accepting opinions at their face value, without first finding out *what they are based on.*

And you will find him going more and more to the dealer who has something to offer in support of his tires other than "crowds of buyers" and "numbers of sales."

* * *

The opinion in favor of U. S. Tires is not based solely on the number of them in use.

Great as that number is, it is due to something besides clever arguments.

Thousands of motorists today are putting up with second choice tires because forced production is *inconsistent with U. S. standard of quality.*

The United States Rubber Company's enormous investment—greater than that of any concern in the industry — has always been aimed *solely* at quality.

Building a *tire* first and a market afterwards. Thinking of the *individual user* instead of the number of sales.

One of the reasons, perhaps, why there is now a scarcity of U. S. Tires.

* * *

If the time ever comes when U. S. Tires can be supplied to all, or nearly all, of the people who want them, they will still have *more to recommend them* than merely the largest following.

United States Tires

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THE most important and most difficult decision you are ever called upon to make is the selection of your children's school. The Red Book Magazine —because of its high standards and because it is the one magazine which is read and loved by both parents and young people alike—has been chosen by the best schools in America as the medium in which to publish their announcements. For this reason you will find in our section of educational advertisements a veritable scholastic show-window. In these pages of The Red Book Magazine (6 to 17 of this issue), you and the schools of America may most easily and most confidently make each other's acquaintance. And if you are in need of further information as to the particular qualities of the many good schools listed there, you may obtain any further information desired by addressing a letter to the Educational Department of—

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

33 West 42nd Street

New York City

Tersely, vividly, he told them of his escape from his warders, of his journey through Death Valley and his meeting with the pioneers. "Those were the true Reds," he cried, "those men in red shirts, Asabel Bennett and the rest of them. They told me, they taught me, that you and I were making a mistake; and I have come to give you their message. I am sorry that I cannot see your faces. All this putting out of lights, we are told, is only a means to an end. But the lights have not come on again in Russia. Let us make sure that the end is not going to be total darkness here too."

Baxter had always been a good speaker; but tonight as he warmed to his work he spoke like a man possessed with a spirit greater than his own. He spoke as if he had become a mere mask, a mouthpiece of the vanished pioneers who had built up a nation with their hands. He pleaded with the hidden crowd in the rough, direct vernacular that they could understand, pleaded with them for the fabric that they were ready to destroy. Mutterings reached him from the darkness, and he saw with a sidelong glance that the Panther, after some whispers with the Russian, was leaving the platform. It was a danger-sign, he knew. The leaders would stick at nothing, and he guessed the nature of the consultation that was being held in the little room at his back. But he was gripping the crowd in front, and he knew it, even in that darkness.

Lucidly, point by point, he delivered the message of the pioneers and passed before his hearers the pageant of their great inheritance.

The gist of his argument was that they did not know their enemy. The apparent indifference of the great body of civilization to its own people had sometimes an appearance of wicked cruelty; but this indifference was the same in kind as that of the Reds themselves or any other group of men to whom a wholesale massacre in China means less than a knife-thrust in their own immediate circle.

"This very night," he said, "men were on the operating-tables in the hospitals. Did you think of them, when you put the lights out and left the surgeons groping in the dark to stop them bleeding to death?"

HE told them that they were bound together much more closely than they knew. He showed them that men must pay the penalties for their own mistakes, and that as a rule they must even abide by their bad luck. He gave them analogies from their card-games. "What would become of the game," he cried, "if everyone insisted on winning?" Let them organize for creation, for developing the game of life not for destruction and general chaos. It was in the laws of the game that they would find their freedom; and the development of the game depended on their development of its laws, not in a return to lawlessness. If it was greater wealth they wanted, they would never obtain it by destroying the existing wealth of a few, or by sharing it out, one dollar to each of the proletariat, and a sackful to the Panther. They must level up, not down.

"It is not a bad desert that we are fighting through," he said in conclusion.

"The pioneers in Death Valley told me it was a better paradise than any of their kings had ever known. If it is not good enough for you and me, we must organize to make things better, without troubling our heads about robbing and killing the few lucky ones who don't agree with us; and we can't even see the next step on our road until you put the lights on."

He had carried the greater number of the hidden crowd with him, and he knew it even before the unexpected burst of applause that told him so. Unfortunately the crowd was not the leader of the crowd. The applause was so evidently real that it put Baxter off his guard. He turned; and seeing that he was alone on the platform, he walked without hesitation through the door at the back to look for the others. He expected at least a hot argument with the three leaders, but they stood facing him there in the stuffy little room, looking strangely complacent, as if they had come to some satisfactory conclusion. The Panther even snickered a little. Not a word was spoken. The Mexican shut the door behind Baxter. There was hardly a second between the click of the latch and the savage grunt of the half-breed as he drove his knife into Baxter's left side.

THE house of John Reddington, on the heights overlooking Los Angeles, had been plunged into darkness like the rest of the city. On the following evening, when Jean Reddington looked from the veranda for the usual constellated streets and starry towers that shine so brightly through the Californian air, she saw only a vast obscurity, illuminated here and there by the red and white fireflies of motor-lamps flickering through the long avenues of trees.

Down there, she knew that a lonely outlawed man, her rescuer, had been fighting with that darkness. It seemed to her like a tangible and gigantic enemy, a symbol of the evil forces that were trying to reduce the world to a desert again.

A motorcar came slowly round the curved road to the house, and stopped in front of the door. A young man alighted and came up to the veranda, raising his hat.

"Miss Reddington?" he said.

"Yes."

"One of my patients at the hospital asked me to bring you this note. It was that I. W. W. blackguard who was responsible, I believe, for all your troubles in the desert. He showed me the note, and I couldn't make out why he should want to bother you with it; but the poor devil was dying, and so I told him I would. He died just before I left. They had a big row at one of their meetings last night. I am told that he routed the extremists and that the strike will probably end at once. The meeting ended in a free fight, apparently, and somebody knifed him. They just missed his heart. He managed to lay out two of the leaders, and then staggered into the street. We did everything we could for him at the hospital, chiefly because he killed the other two chaps, but he died about an hour ago."

Jean Reddington leaned over the parapet of the veranda and took the note.

"Thank you," she said. "Ah, there's

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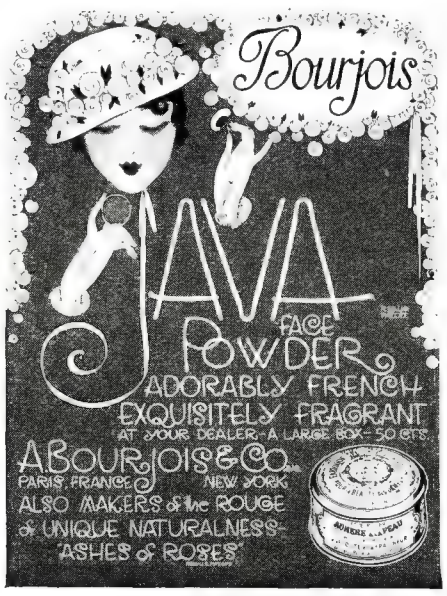
Next Month: **"UP IN THE AIR,"**
by F. Britten Austin



Worn the World Over

For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to men the world over. It not only keeps the old, but makes many new ones each year. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

GEORGE FROST CO., *Makers*, BOSTON

my father. I know he'd like to speak to you about it."

The doctor smiled, raised his hat again and walked toward the burly figure that had just emerged from the house.

Jean Reddington turned and ran up to her room. There she lighted a candle by the side of her bed and opened the note with shaking fingers. It contained only a few scrawled words in pencil, but her body shook with all that she discerned in them, as though his arms were about her and his lips upon her lips. There was no meaning for the others in those words. He had chosen them carefully for herself, and suppressed everything else.

All's well. I have come through Death Valley, and it's opening out again. There was a palm in Hesperia.

James Baxter.

She extinguished the candle, moved to the window and looked again toward the darkened city. Far away to the southward a crown of little lights glittered as if a cluster of stars had dropped to earth.

The watcher sank on her knees by the window. Mile after mile, as if the lonely hand of the dead man were turning them on from an invisible center, innumerable points awoke in the valley. She seemed to be looking down over the edge of the world into another night of stars and another milky way.

Nearer and nearer came those glittering constellations. The clustering globes shone out like bunches of white grapes along the dark avenue of palms that climbed to the house.

It seemed as if all the lights in the world were on now, with the exception of one. Jean Reddington preferred to remain kneeling in the dark at her window, repeating over and over again the words that only she could understand:

"All's well. I have come through Death Valley."

STRIPED SATIN

(Continued from page 76)

would really be working for Luigi without knowing it.

"Wolves—a fine pack of sneaking foxes and mangy curs!" thought Milton.

WARDEN, meanwhile, had vented part of his chagrin, pain and anger by giving the bulldog at the lumber-yard in the rear an especially heavy clout upon his sensitive nose. He felt better as he walked on toward the tenement where Ivan Birofsky lived over his little wholesale drygoods shop. It was ostensibly a bargain-counter for small manufacturers in the needle trades, dealing mostly in silk mill ends and converters' seconds. There were rare bargains sometimes for Birofsky's regular customers.

Marden pushed the bell at the side of the blistered, hand-grained imitation oak door, and after waiting a moment, lighted a cigarette to steady his nerves.

Birofsky cautiously raised his parlor window overhead and peered down just as Marden's match flowered into flame. He recognized the pinched, cruel face that the orange glow brought out distinctly, and ducked quietly back into the room. Going to a wall telephone, he called the number of a near-by saloon and spoke in a low tone to one Imey Schlank. Then he waddled down the bare stairs, the *flip-flop* of his leather slippers apprising Marden of his approach.

"Vell?" asked Birofsky, boldly closing the inner door behind him and standing under the gas-jet in the vestibule.

"Lemme in."

"The old voman is upstairs. Ve can talk here better."

Marden turned his back to the open outer door and drew the sample of satin from his breast pocket, shielding it with his coat from the sight of any passer-by.

"Nah!" cried the fence at first glance. "I vouldn't touch it."

"It's quality stuff, ya old tightwad."

"I should pay good moneh yet for a qvality rope to heng myself!"—wearily.

"Aw, come on. I got a hundred yards; it'll be worth two dollars, dyed. Let you have it for seventy-fi' cents."

"Vat is the use?"

"Half a dollar, then."

"Nah!"

The fence turned to go. With a confidence he had never shown in his dealings with Marden before, he threw over his shoulder:

"End don't come beck. I trade by you on Monday, on Vensday you esk me for a lend, on Friday you hold me up, you rob from me more moneh yet."

He fumbled for his keys, continuing: "I gif you a fair price; then you gouge from me all my profits. If I kick, I am t'reatened. So I esk you, don't come beck."

AS Birofsky finished he felt his wrist gripped from behind, and a hard palm pressed upon his mouth. He clung to the key, which he had turned in the lock, until the thin metal cut his fingers; then he was dragged toward the entrance.

The lurking weasel in Marden had come to the surface. He would show this miserable old flabby alien how soon his mind could be changed by a little scientific torture. He twisted the old man's arm viciously, forcing him to stoop over forward to avoid the impending dislocation foretold by his cracking sinews.

"Now I've got you," he snarled, kicking one of the outer vestibule doors shut, "I'll show you. I'll teach you how to treat me. You're goin' to take that bale o' satin, an' be glad to git it. Yeah, an' you're goin' to pay for gettin' gay, too. Now, come across,—I know you got it in your clothes,—or I'll croak you."

The other half of the vestibule door was already closing when Birofsky, frantic with pain, managed to jerk his head free and cry, in a penetrating squeak:

"Schlank! Oh, Schlank!"

Marden let go of the wrist he held, in order to clap his other hand to the old man's throat. Then he looked out. From the dark rectangle that marked the portal of a car-barn across the street three figures had darted; already they had crossed the pavement and were leaping over the car-tracks toward him.

He dropped Birofsky, cleared the single stone step in a bound, dodged the first of the aids from the corner saloon and sped up the deserted side-street toward Dugan's flat.

At the corner of the Avenue he glanced over his shoulder. He had barely held his initial lead, and the quick feet of his pursuers pounded after him.

He left the sidewalk and crossed the Avenue diagonally between the pillars of the elevated. Shoppers looked curiously after him—then resumed their chaffering at the push-carts.

Marden, panting now, had been too busy with thinking things out to notice landmarks as he ran. Birofsky's mercenaries hadn't shot at him; therefore they weren't hired to kill him. But they had hung on at his top speed—they were probably picked athletes; they had followed him across the boundary of the Avenue into his own territory; no doubt they were promised good pay for beating him up thoroughly. With a start of relief he noticed that he was running by a low wall of billboards. He took it at a flying vault, already sure of escape among the wagons, lumber-piles or junk-heaps that must be on the other side.

Save for a fine distinction of split seconds, it might be said that he was still running when he landed lightly. But before his third stride had been taken, a white, compact shape hurtled out from the shadow of a stack of lumber. It seemed to sniff hastily when but a yard away, and then he had stumbled over it. Next he heard the ripping of cloth, felt a warm flood gush over his knee, and experienced the first twinge of pain from his torn thigh before he could struggle to rise.

That was impossible, he found; he twisted himself up and bent over the leg that was clamped between the dog's slavering jaws, beating frantically upon its bony head. The brute merely relaxed his body a bit so as to yield somewhat under the blows, and held on, struggling to breathe through nostrils that were pressed against Marden's thigh. With a sudden inspiration Marden clapped his hand over that hot, wet nose and bore down with all his strength. There was a tensing of the dog's body, then a lightning snap, and the long canine teeth met in his hand.

The hand is more sensitive to pain than any other member of the human body. Marden howled candidly, piteously, for help.

AFTER an eternity of agony and despair a light flashed into his eyes. He blinked, regarding his vision, and saw

QUALITY

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MAZE

in that radiant circle a foot, contained in a large, substantial, neatly polished black shoe. The foot was very broad and flat.

"Oh, hell!" he groaned wearily.

"Hold 'im, you mutt," said the owner of the foot, and Marden felt a large, heavy hand patting his hips, his waist. He threw his free arm back, but the angular object nestling in the armpit beneath it had been already discovered. The patrolman drew it out and slipped it into his own hip pocket.

"Leggo," he told the dog, kicking him gently.

He lifted Marden to his feet and turned the flashlight upon his wounds.

"They'll fix you up at the station," he announced without interest. "I gotta take ye in under the Sullivan law; so come along."

As Marden rose he saw the dog's square, honest face, vibrating to the growl that still shook his deep chest. The soft brown eyes regarded him intently, and satisfaction was written large upon the grinning black jowls. Only the bulldog knew, for it would never have occurred to Marden, that a watchdog in a lumber-yard has a lonely job. He had gone constantly to the little gap in the fence, hoping for pats and attention from passers-by. Other men, who had given him kindness, might have returned with trucks and hauled away the whole stock of lumber, for all the dog cared. But he had come to associate the scent of this man with repeated blows upon a sensitive muzzle.

Once through the gate and upon the street, the patrolman took Marden's left arm, half supporting him, and swung along beside him apparently careless, actually alert. He saw Marden fumble in his hip pocket, bring forth a handkerchief and wipe his bloody hands as they passed a street-light. Then in the interval of dark mid-block beyond he thrust the handkerchief into his inside coat pocket. Invisible to the patrolman, something fluttered down to the sidewalk as he withdrew his hand.

Most uncannily the officer stopped, without a word. There was a jingle, a click, and the cold steel of a handcuff burned the gangster's wrist.

"Now," said his captor, "we'll be after seein' why ye take a handkercher from yer hip an' bloody it up, an' thin ruin yer coat by stickin' it into the breast pocket."

He flooded the grimy pavement with his flash, twitching the circle of light until its edge picked up, behind them, the serene blue and the delicate rose stripes of the telltale scrap of striped satin. It shimmered like an opal, that jewel of misfortune.

"We'll just take that along to the station, if ye don't mind," he observed sardonically.

THUS it was that Chet Marden was first scientifically cauterized and bandaged at the station house of Precinct F, and then taken directly into the detective room—for the superannuated lieutenant at the desk was too lazy to make an entry in the blotter. The sample of satin tallied with the description of the bale that had been reported stolen two hours before, as a sequel of the warehouse watchman's call for the police.

Chet was put under the third degree at once, and of course refused to make a statement, although he knew quite well that he would have to talk before they got through with him. It was now a little after ten, and the detective sergeant in charge would be going off duty at twelve. Marden decided that he must stick it out for nearly two hours if he were to make the best bargain possible. Then, to occupy his mind while they hurled questions incessantly, he grappled with the events of the night.

At ten-thirty Chet Marden decided that he should have killed that bulldog the first time he ever saw him. Then he took up the matter of Big Dugan and the gang, to the monotonous accompaniment —punctuated by sundry blows placed where the examining magistrate wouldn't see the marks—of:

"Come across—where's that satin?"

One patrolman Carney, meanwhile, had come in from a tour, had recognized Chet as one of Dugan's mob, and so informed the detective sergeant.

He in turn telephoned Headquarters, which O.K.'d a memorandum to the telegraph office. Fifteen minutes later the red lights above all call-boxes—one to every four blocks—were winking, calling patrolman on tour to answer the box telephones and be ordered to pick up "Big Dugan, white, about five six, one eighty, red, heavy eyebrows, and a strong-arm, tough, hardboiled guy."

True to his training, Carney had remembered every important detail except —where Dugan lived. That alone slipped his mind. It was somewhere near the sash-and-door works, or was it the sugar refinery, now? He couldn't say for sure.

THE alarm clock upon the kitchen shelf twitched its rusty minute hand to the half-hour after ten. Simultaneously, Big Dugan's rusty mind crawled to the conclusion that he had been double-crossed. The kitchen chair creaked under his weight as he turned and leaned back with crossed legs, staring at the sparkling, opalescent mound of satin that flowed out of the coarse burlap cover. The police were wise already, he knew. He remembered the watchman's hoarse bleat, the grinding of the factory window as it was flung open, then the arresting urgency of the police whistle. Yes, they were hep.

Elva opened a bedroom door within, creating a draft. Upon the pile of satin something moved and caught Dugan's eye. It was a thread, torn from the web by the thrust of Luigi's knife when he had cut off Marden's sample. Dugan's little eyes grew circular at that, and he caught his breath with a perceptible sniff. The front legs of his chair rapped upon the floor as he sat up.

All of his half-formed apprehensions and doubts had crystallized into a definite alarm. Chet wanted to "get" him; and Chet had the evidence of that sample!

"Loogi!" His voice flattened with excitement. "Where'd Chet go?"

"I theenk he go to Birofsky, or Chal the Gyp's."

"Go find 'im. No, you stick here. Hey, you, know any fences?"

Something serious appeared to be the matter. Milton shook his head noncommittally.

"This satin's gotta be worked off tonight. I'm goin' out, Loogi, to Birofsky's. If that gink don't loosen up, I'll ram the stuff down 'is throat."

Dugan bent and seized a corner of the strong fabric between his thumb and forefinger. Then he planted a dusty, heavy shoe upon the bale and jerked. The end ripped off with a snarl, leaving the crumpled, soiled silk festooned with waving fibers.

Elva heard and ran out of the bedroom, broom and dustpan in hand, to ask breathlessly:

"What's the matter?"

Without deigning to answer, Dugan turned to the door, beckoning Luigi to follow by a gesture of his heavy thumb. Elva dropped her utensils and ran up to him.

"Reilly! Where you going?"

"Shut up," he grunted. "None of your business."

"But Reilly," she cried, "I'm afraid! Don't go out now."

Wouldn't she ever learn that she was married now and shouldn't interfere with him? In a final hot burst of exasperation he whirled upon her. His open hand caught her flat and violently upon the chest. He had meant only to shove her away from him,—he never could really strike until he saw red and the blood sang in his ears,—but he had forgotten his strength and her light weakness.

She fell backward, half turned in an effort to regain her balance, and crashed against the stove with a great clattering and jumping of pots and pans.

Dugan took a step forward, decided that yielding even a little would encourage her to repeat the offense of "butting in," and then shuffled out and down the stone steps, with Luigi, catsilent, beside him. On the sidewalk he stopped and cursed.

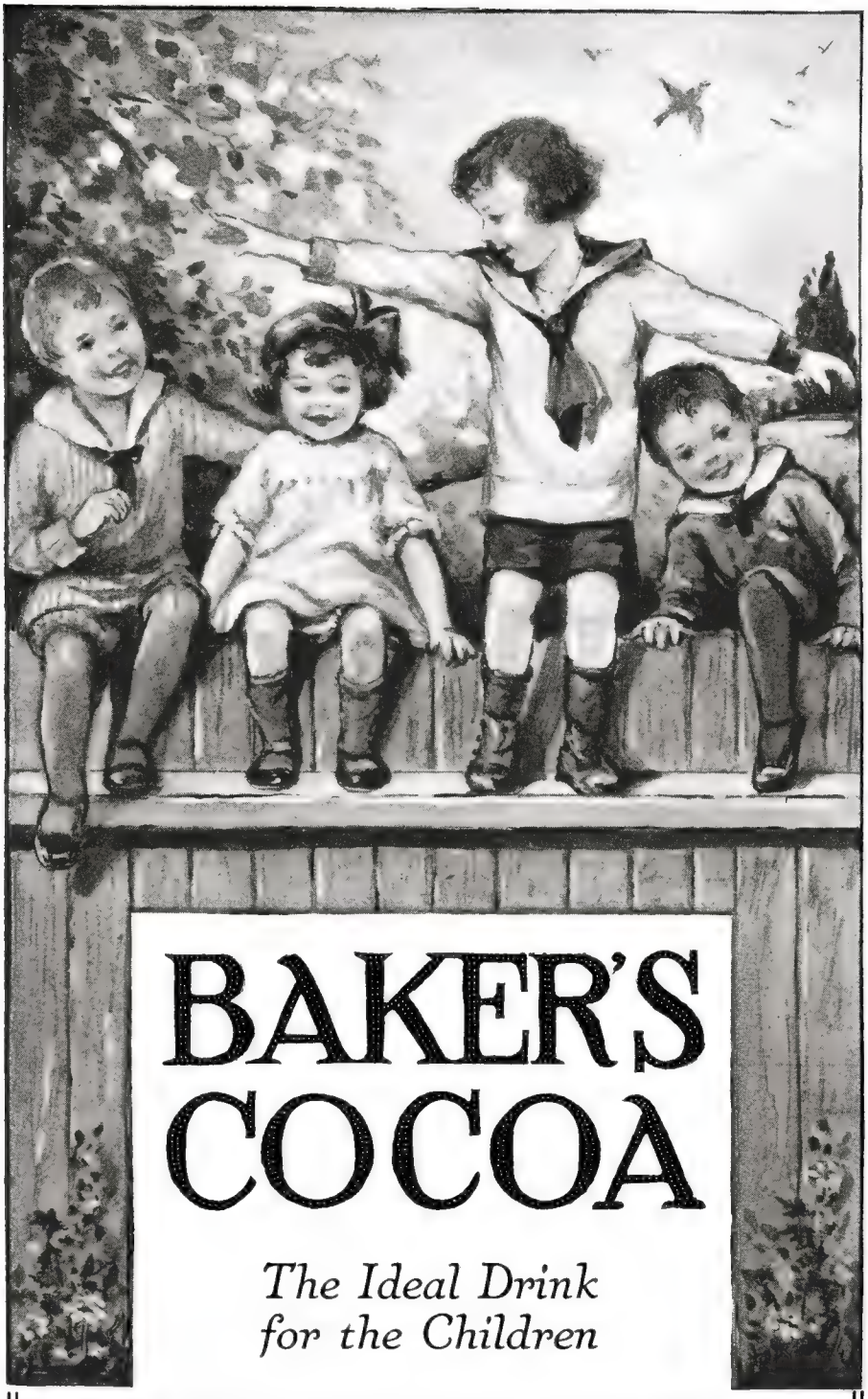
"Loogi," he finally ordered, "I gotta find Chet, or git rid of that damn satin t'night. Between that an' her, I'm rattled. You stick upstairs; that finder's too new to leave alone. I'll go to Birofsky's an' to Chal's. If Chet turns up, hold 'im. Git me?"

"All-a right, boss."

The Italian slipped up the stoop, through the open parlor window and back into the flat, to loll sprawling upon the installment-plan couch and light one cigarette from the stub of another, eavesdropping upon Milton while he tried to attend to Elva's bruises without too much unaccustomed and embarrassing familiarity.

DUGAN turned west, and left word at the corner saloon that Luigi be notified by messenger in case Chet dropped in there. Then he stamped across the Avenue, raging at his inability to grapple more definitely with the difficulties which were closing about him. If he could only get his hands on somebody!

While still between the car-tracks Dugan saw Patrolman Jacob Link standing at ease upon the corner, waiting for Tex Adams, his relief. It was eleven-



BAKER'S COCOA

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PURE AND WHOLESOME

It has a delicious flavor and an attractive aroma of which no one tires, because it is the natural flavor and aroma of high-grade cocoa beans prepared by a mechanical process. No chemicals used.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

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DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

forty-six, and Tex was a minute overdue. Tex had a girl; and Patrolman Link, putting two and two together, saw that he was favored with an opportunity of "kidding" the lank, drawling Southwesterner. He grinned in anticipation, and looked up as Dugan hulked by. The arc-light glared full upon the short, red-haired, heavy gang leader.

Headquarters' description tallied exactly.

"Hey there, Billy," called Link, his club still swinging carelessly by his side.

"What cha want?" Dugan was sure that the watchman hadn't seen him.

"What's your name?"

"Dugan—Reilly Dugan. What's it to you, ya big stiff?"

"Dugan, eh? Thought so. You're under arrest."

"What for? I aint done nothin'. You start in to pinch me, an' I'll—"

Link was used to threats.

"Cut the bluff," he advised. "I don't want to hear how good you stand in with the district leader; save it all for the station. Come 'ere—I gotta frisk you."

Link stepped up to Dugan and reached out to feel of his hip pocket. He was surprised, but not alarmed, when the short man's arms licked out and pinioned his own to his sides before he could swing up his night-stick. As he was crushed against Dugan's barrel-like chest, he realized that he could not successfully match lumbar muscles with his opponent. So, with a full swing of his sinewy leg, he delivered a smashing kick fair upon the other's ankle.

Dugan set his teeth, grunted and thrust forward. By all the rules of the Department, that kick should have dropped him shrieking, with a shattered shin-bone. Instead it had changed him from a sullen, worried, brutal man into a silent, earnest killer.

Link saw that he was in trouble, and swung backward, hoping to extricate himself from the clinch when Dugan should step off his balance, or at least to deliver another of those terrible, crushing heel kicks. But before he had well started his backward swing of shoulder and head, he found that Dugan had straightened and lifted him off his feet. Immediately he tried to throw his legs up for a body scissors hold that would break the other's relentless embrace.

But Dugan dropped one arm, holding the policeman's weight easily with the other, and pinioned his ankles.

For a minute, with his breath sobbing in his throat and his stubby fingers contracting with the desire to kill, he glared down upon his victim—and Tex Adams found him standing thus as he rounded the corner to meet and relieve his partner.

TEX hesitated in pure amazement, for it was unprecedented that one of "the finest" should be worsted in single encounter.

He slipped his revolver out of his hip pocket. He intended to cover the gangster when he would turn to bear away the conventional trophies of a victory over a "cop"—the badge, nightstick and gun.

Had there been anything in Dugan's brain other than lust to kill, or capability

From actual photograph, taken in The Edison Shop, Fifth Avenue, New York City. Standing next to the New Edison, Mr. Albert Spalding, America's greatest violinist. Behind the screen, Mr. Cecil Burleigh, the eminent American composer; Mr. Berton Braley, the poet and song-writer, and Mr. Henry Hadley, who wrote the opera, "Cleopatra's Night."

Do You Know Any Violins?

YOU quickly recognize a friend by his voice. Just as quickly a musician recognizes the voice of a violin he knows.

Every good violin has a tone-quality that makes it different from every other violin. The fundamental violin tone is given an individuality by minute differences in the over-tones.

This tone individuality is inherent in the instrument itself; it is independent of the player; it gives each fine violin something that in human beings we call "personality."

RE-CREATION of Tone Characteristics

The New Edison's success in RE-CREATING these over-tones prompted the interesting test, pictured above.

We wanted to know if, to the super-critical ears of experts, the New Edison RE-CREATED, not only the fundamental violin tone and the artist's execution, but also the individual tone characteristics of a violin, so fully and absolutely, that those who knew the instrument would immediately recognize its voice by its RE-CREATION.

Test Against a Guarnerius

The test was made in the Recital Hall of The Edison Shop, Fifth Avenue, New York, just before Mr. Spalding sailed for his tour of Europe and South America. Spalding played his Guarnerius in direct comparison with one of his New Edison RE-CREATIONS.

This Guarnerius is a rare, old, highly treasured violin, noted for its brilliant, joyous, singing tone. Experts have valued it in five figures.

How the Test Was Made

Behind a screen were Henry Hadley, whose opera, "Cleopatra's Night," was performed last season at the Metropolitan; Cecil Burleigh, one of the best of American composers, and Berton Braley, who has written many song lyrics. They could not see either Spalding or the New Edison. Their judgment was formed from the only positive musical evidence—sound.

Mr. Spalding stood beside the New Edison and played a selection. Suddenly he lifted his bow. The New Edison took up his performance and continued it alone. Thus they alternated, Mr. Spalding and the New Edison.

The test ended. The experts of the jury were asked two questions. First, if they could detect any difference between Spalding's technique and its RE-CREATION? Second, if they could note any difference between the tone-quality of his Guarnerius and its RE-CREATION?

Decision of the Jury

Unanimously, they declared that they could not. The New Edison, they agreed, RE-CREATED absolutely, not only the individuality of Spalding's art, but also every tone-quality of his wonderful Guarnerius. The New Edison gives *everything* that Spalding gives with his great Guarnerius.

Mr. Edison has spent more than three million dollars in perfecting the New Edison to a point where it will RE-CREATE even the subtle tone-qualities that distinguish one violin from another. After a thorough investigation, we believe that the New Edison is the only instrument capable of sustaining this test.

The "Two-Violin" Test

Your local dealer will gladly give you the interesting "Two-Violin" Test described on this page. It will enable you to determine the New Edison's Realism for yourself. Ask for it. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

A Test You Can Make

The "Two-Violin" Test

Albert Spalding, with his brilliant, joyous, singing Guarnerius, has made a RE-CREATION of an "Ave Maria". Carl Flesch has also made a RE-CREATION of an "Ave Maria". His violin is a Stradivarius, rich, profound and mellow in tone. Let your Edison dealer play these two "Ave Maria" RE-CREATIONS for you. Ask for the "Two-Violin" Test. See whether the New Edison brings out the subtle distinctions between these two famous violins.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Paying the Price

IN the struggle of modern business, he has lacked the stamina to win. His vitality is low, his wits dulled by the slow poisoning of infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Many a man of middle age thus pays the price of dental neglect. Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums, but its germs invade the body and weaken its resistance to physical ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

If you are nearing forty, watch your gums. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection — and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea — or check its progress — if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy — the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush — gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

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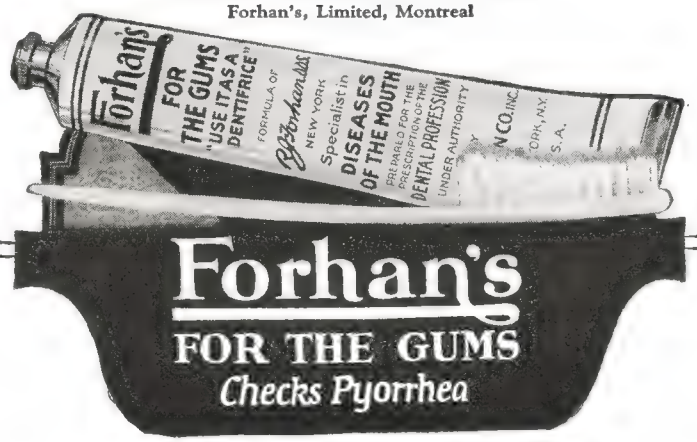


for anything but destruction in his hands, he would have probably gotten off with a year up the river, for this and the silk-theft were his first provable offenses. But that hide-tearing, rock-lifting ancestor had given him power and longing to rage as he had raged, and to kill as he had killed.

Tex's surprise at what followed stopped the challenge for which his lips were already framed. As Dugan strained himself erect, Link's prostrate body rose from the sidewalk. And it continued to rise, without a tremor, until the stocky gangster held it over his head at arm's-length. He shook it, found a better balance, and thrust out his right knee.

Only then did it flash upon Tex that here, on this deserted corner, his friend's back was about to be broken before his eyes. In his hidden anger he wanted to spring upon Dugan with his hands and club, but already the short Hercules was tensing for the downward thrust that would snap his burden across his knee.

Tex stepped closer and fired; then in a continuation of the same movement he dived in an attempt to catch Link before he should fall upon the slate sidewalk. He went down under the combined weight of the two men; and even before he squirmed over upon his shoulders to lift off the stockier, heavier body of the gangster, he knew that it was lifeless.

JUST at the time when Dugan had reached the Avenue where he was accosted by Link, eleven-forty-five by the battered advertising clock upon the detective sergeant's desk, Chet finally opened his bruised lips to say to that official:

"Send your two manhandlers out of the room, an' I'll talk to you."

At a nod from the sergeant, the two detectives who had been conducting the "third degree" withdrew.

"See here, Sarge," Chet began, leaning forward and emphasizing his words with a dirty forefinger, "you can't bull me. I'm wise. Get me? Wise. You go off duty at twelve, an' it's near that now. D' you want credit in the newspapers for this stunt, or don't you? I'm willin' to come through now, but I gotta get somepin for it."

"Well," — judicially, — "what's your proposition?"

"I aint got none. Make me a noffer."

"You got a nerve. Why, you're guilty as hell!"

"What's the best you c'n do for me?"

"M-m-m! I was goin' to charge you with breakin' an' enterin', larceny in the first, an' the Sullivan law charge, 'count of your gat."

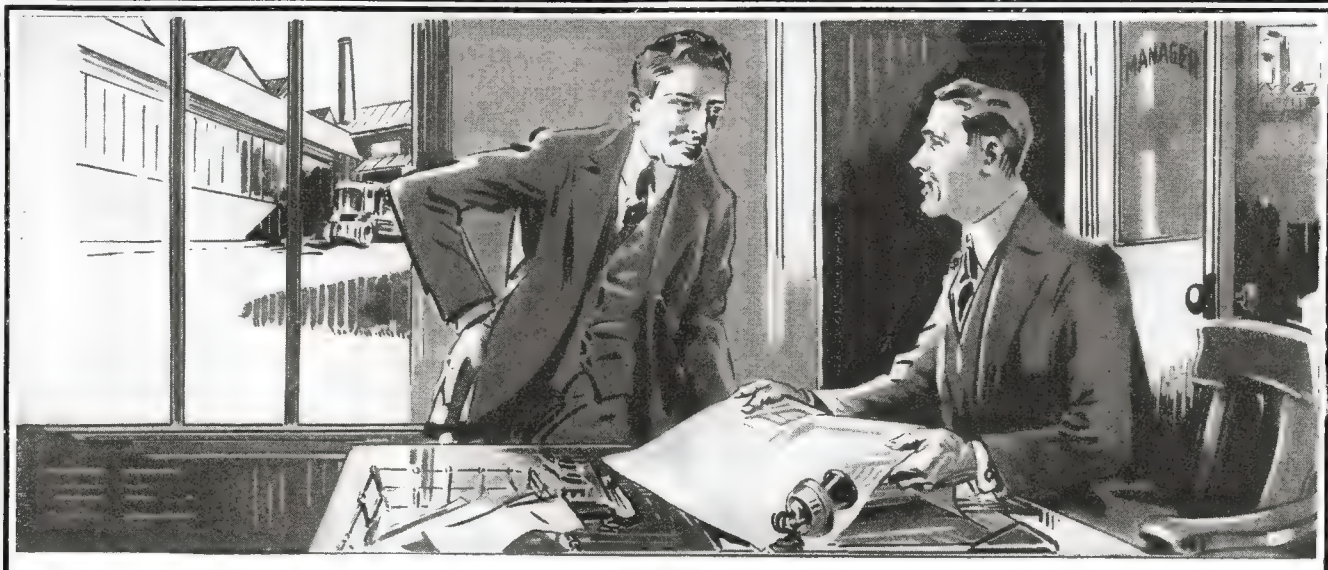
"How much off on that if I give you the whole dope straight?"

"Well, the first two 'll have to stand; I might fergit the gun."

"'T'aint enough. Make it accomplice on the first two, an' fergit the gat," he suggested.

"Too much. I'll give you a recommendation to the coort an' 'charge ye with accessory to burglary an' grand larceny. The gun I'll keep. That's the best I c'n do."

That, Chet saw, was undoubtedly the least that could be charged against him, considering the evidence. He nodded his



"How Did You Put It Over?"

It was after business hours, and Perkins—who asked the question—had stepped into the office of the newly appointed General Manager for a talk.

Perkins was sore. Until recently, both Edmonds and he had been Department Managers for the J. J. Black Manufacturing Company. But something had happened during the week just past to change all this. The former General Manager unexpectedly resigned. The board of Directors met to appoint a successor. Edmonds got the job.

Perkins was stunned. Not because he had expected to get the position himself, but because he didn't see why Edmonds had landed it. He was frankly curious.

"Jim, old man, how did you ever put it over?"

Getting Out of a Rut

And then Edmonds told him. "Perkins, you and I were both doing the same kind of work. We knew our respective departments pretty thoroughly. But right there our knowledge stopped. We were strictly 'one department men,' and as such, our value to the Company was limited.

"We both worked pretty hard but we didn't seem to get ahead. We seemed to have found our level—and it was just high enough to keep us from becoming discontented.

"But one year ago I woke up. An advertisement did the trick. It was a Home Study Course Advertisement—but not the usual kind. This advertisement offered me a Course of Study in Industrial Engineering and Factory Management. As a Factory trained man it appealed to me at once as an intensely practical course. It told me in plain fashion what I wanted to know.

A New Kind of Training

"I saw a chance to train myself, during my spare time, in the fundamentals of big business—a chance to study the basic principles which govern factory organization and administration, the selection and layout of buildings and equipment, the planning and routing of work, wage systems and bonus plans, cost accounting, the generation and use of power, the valuation of property, statistical control and all other factors which are conducive to maximum production at minimum expense.

"I acted then and there. I took this chance and won."

Thousands of factory trained men, among whom are presidents, general managers, superintendents, industrial engineers, foremen, cost clerks, accountants, store-keepers, inspectors, and plain, every day workers at the bench have seized the same opportunity which came to Edmonds and have been helped to bigger jobs and better salaries by enrolling in the "Factory Management Course and Service" offered by the Industrial Extension Institute.

An Organized Course of Study

This remarkable course is the only one of its kind in the world. It is based on the University plan of organized study, consisting of lectures, talks, reading assignments, text books, problems and model solutions to these problems intended to help you meet and solve the questions which arise in your daily business.

No University has been able to present a Course like this one. It would be impossible to hire as teachers the sixty prominent industrial specialists who have personally co-operated to produce the Factory Management Course and Service. The combined experience of men like Gantt, Knoeppel, Babson, Ficker, Steinmetz, Franklin, Bloomfield, Myers, Case, etc., each a recognized expert in his own particular field—has been systematically arranged and presented in plain, understandable language so that you can profit by it.

You will understand what men at the top think about the "Factory Management Course and Service" when we tell you that 33% of the last 1,000 men to enroll were managing executives. This does not include any man below the position of superintendent.

Wanted—The $20,000 Man

The demand for men trained in industrial management is far greater than the supply. Big business is literally begging for the man who can hold down a $20,000 job.

We claim no magic or occult qualities for this course, calculated to transform you into a millionaire overnight. But we do know that the man who studies it conscientiously will quickly qualify for greater responsibilities, and, what is much more important, he will find his qualifications recognized and the responsibilities thrust upon him.

You have read this advertisement. Now take the chance it offers you. Tear off the coupon below and send for:

"THINKING BEYOND YOUR JOB"

—the interesting 100-page booklet that tells you, without any obligation on your part, everything you want to know about the Factory Management Course and Service.

Industrial Extension Institute

Nine East 45th Street, New York City

Send me "Thinking Beyond Your Job," without obligation.

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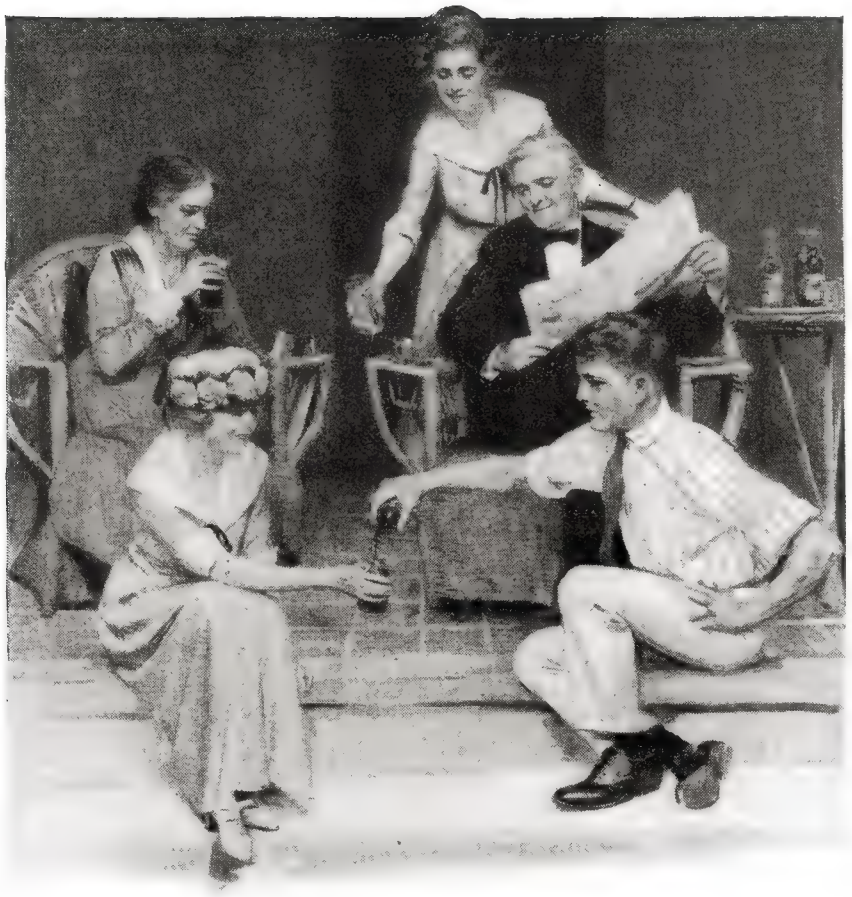

Hires *For the Nation's Homes*

HIRES, a fountain favorite, is now everywhere available in bottled form also. Hires in bottles for the home is the same good drink that you have found it at soda fountains.

Nothing goes into Hires but the pure healthful juices of roots, barks, herbs, berries —and pure cane sugar. The quality of Hires is maintained in spite of tremendously increased costs of ingredients. Yet you pay no more for Hires the genuine than you do for an artificial imitation.

But be sure you ask your dealer for "Hires" just as you say "Hires" at a soda fountain.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Hires contains juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries.

Hires

in bottles

battered head, which was swollen by the patient brutality of his two former inquisitors.

"The address is eight-seven-nine East Third," he said, "ground floor; name on the bell's Dugan. He's a hardboiled strongarm. After you get him, I'll give you a murder on 'im."

"What's he done to you?" the sergeant inquired.

"Tha's all right. Now listen: they was five of us, and they was all in on liftin' the goods 'ceptin' me. I didn't do nothin' but to go out and see a fence an' try to make the sale. I'll give you his name—Birofsky. Wouldn't take the stuff, but you can watch 'im."

"How about the other three of you?"

"Dugan's wife found the stuff." This was utterly false, but Chet believed that on this charge she would be sentenced to as long a term as he received, and he could thus be sure that she would be kept within his reach.

"Then a guy named Milton Kauer went round an' sized up the place. He showed us where it'd be a cinch, so Dugan broke in, with Kauer's help, an' Kauer wheeled the stuff to the flat in a push-cart what Luigi Bassini got for the job."

He'd show them, thought Chet, that they should have stood in with him and not with Dugan. He'd get even with the whole crowd. His lips curled, and his gray, shallow eyes narrowed maliciously as he continued:

"Bassini was the lookout. He's a wise kid—slick as they make 'em—a double-crosser an' a knife-man. Sweat 'im hard, an' you'll get somepin on him too. I hope you do!"

"Right," snapped the sergeant, now in high good humor. "You gotta sign that in writn', next."

He pushed a bell and summoned his "stenographer." A moment later he was dictating a confession which Marden signed.

WHILE Big Dugan sought out his death and Chet Marden drove his bargain with the detective sergeant, Luigi Bassini lolled upon the couch in Elva's neat parlor and eavesdropped upon her conversation with Milton in the kitchen. Luigi, knowing them to be ignorant of his intensity of hearing, hoped to pick up and report to Dugan some information regarding the new finder.

"Your forehead's swelling," said Milton, looking with genuine concern upon the purple welt that ran from Elva's brow to her hair.

"Yeah," she responded, rubbing it tenderly. "It hurts."

"I'll put a cold cloth on it."

He let the water run into the sink for a minute, then dipped and wrung out the clean old handkerchief she handed him. She winced as he pressed the chill cotton upon the bruise.

"Gosh, it hurts—but it feels good."

"Not so cold as a country spring, is it? Or did you have a well at home?"

Overlooking, manlike the magic power of his last word upon a woman's emotionalism, Milton had thought only that Elva might ease her feelings by talking about a safely tactful and presumably interesting subject.

COLGATE'S

FACE CREAMS

The Fair Way

THOUGH a gentle breeze becomes a strong one and the sun grows hot — the ardent sportswoman pursues her game. But whether it be golf or tennis, sailing, riding or walking, she carefully protects her skin.

Charmis Cream—the cold, cold, COLD cream—used thoroughly at night, soothes and cools the burn of sun and wind. Colgate's Charmis is an efficient cleanser of the pores and restores the necessary oil to the skin.

Mirage Cream—non-greasy and vanishing—is for morning and daytime use. Pat it in lightly—it leaves the skin clear, smooth and free from shine. Colgate's Mirage is an excellent base for all powders.

Trial tube of either Charmis or Mirage Cream mailed for 4c each—or both for 6c.

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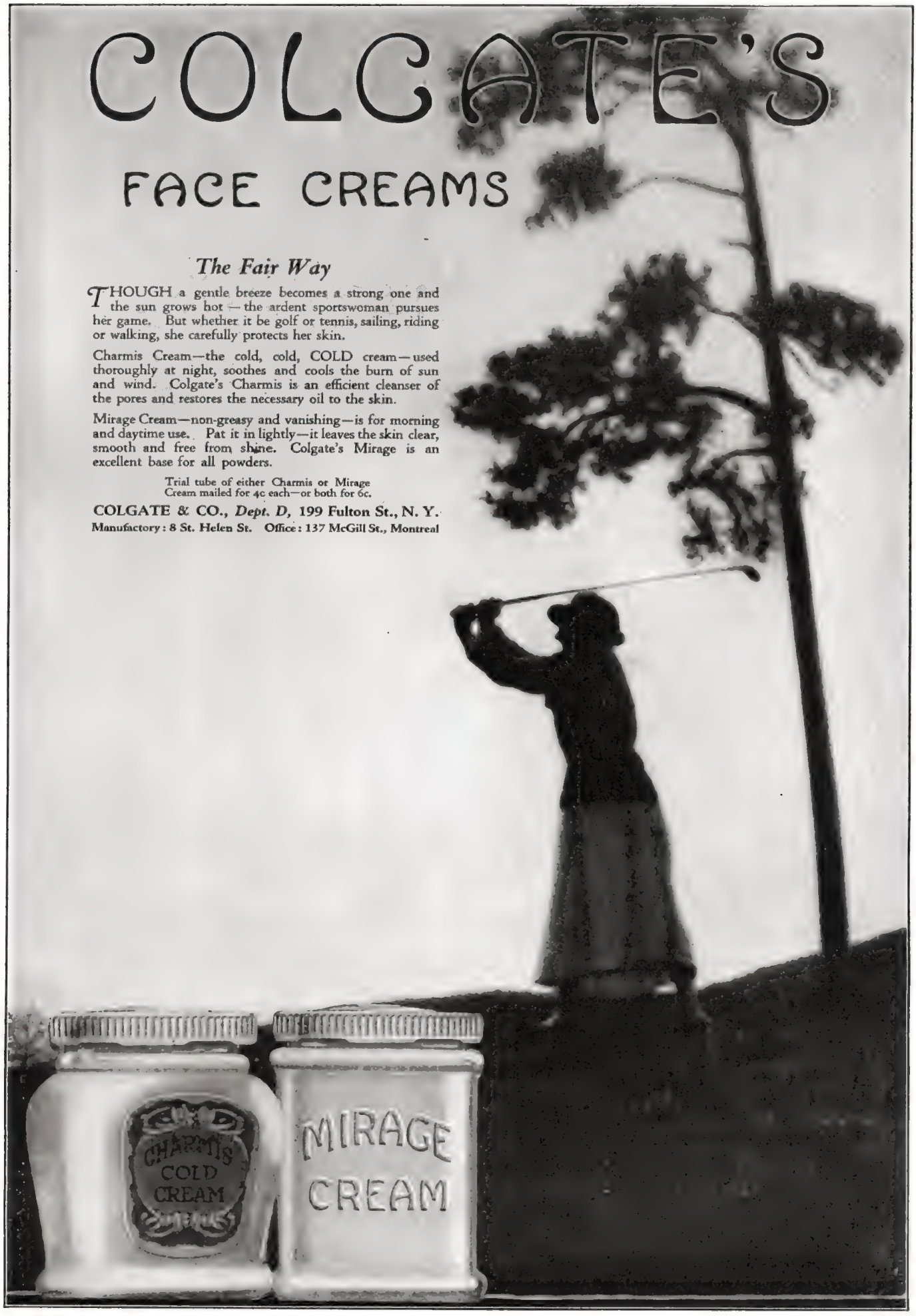

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A Single Drop Lasts a Week

Flower Drops, the most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. A single drop lasts a week.

Bottle like picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac $1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet $2.00; Romanza, our very latest Flower Drops, $2.50. Send 20 cts. stamps or silver for minature bottle.

Flower Drops Toilet Water, 5-oz. bottles, $1.50; Talcum glass jars, 50c; at druggists or by mail.

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PERFUME & TOILET WATER

Flower Drops

Rieger's Mon Amour per ounce $1.50; Garden Queen $2.00; Alcazar $2.25; Parfum Rienzi $2.50; Honolulu Boquet $1.00. At druggists or by mail. Nothing finer.

Send $1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.

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Send $1.00 For Five 25¢ Bottles

She sat down at the kitchen table and looked without apparent interest at the bruise upon her plump arm.

"It was a spring," she said dully. "Everybody all 'round had a spring. Our country's full of 'em."

"Tell me," inquired Milton, "what does a spring look like? I've never seen one, you know—only read about them in books."

"Springs? They're just sort of holes in the ground, with water in 'em, an' little runnels trickling out. In hollows, most of 'em are, though some's on hillsides. They put stones round, like an old-fashioned well, an' then there's a flat stone to one side for to put pails of milk an' crocks of butter on. 'Course there's a dipper to fill buckets with."

Her chin quivered for a moment. She turned her brightening eyes away from his, and a tear oozed out from beneath their downcast lids. Then, as naturally and unashamedly as though this continued the conversation, she threw her head down upon her arms. Milton, who had never before seen a woman cry, noticed with a sudden awe how violently her shoulders rose and fell.

"There," he said feebly, beseechingly, "there, don't cry."

Not until one of the silent electric patrol-wagons furnished by the city of New York for such police raids had drawn up at the corner, and the first-grade detective in charge had started with his men for the rear of the house, leaving the driver to guard the front door, did Elva look up and speak again.

"You're a good boy," she said, smiling crookedly at him. "You belong in the country, with real folks."

Milton saw that her sobs had stopped, although tears still ran down her shiny cheeks, following the pattern made by the creases in her sleeve.

She seized his coat and hung at his feet, begging him, with upturned pleading lips that seemed deathly pale under her forehead's livid bruise:

"Oh, take me home. Please, please take me home!"

"But—" he muttered.

He would have given anything to assuage her misery, but—

"I don't want him," Elva answered, paradoxically incoherent and plain. "I—I can't feel the same ever again. He just hit me 'cause I was in his way! He wasn't jealous or anything—just cold mean. I'm nothin': so he's nothin'!"

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, I mean it; I do mean it. You will, wont you?"

"Yes."

"You are so good. You don't know how good you are!"

She adored him with starry eyes.

"Oh—I forgot. I'm broke, Mrs. Dugan."

"That's all right. I got a little more'n two carfares hid away. I always been hoping to get Reilly to come, but it wasn't any use."

SHE threw off a momentary depression at mention of her husband's name, and started to enter the parlor. The sight of Luigi long since asleep upon the couch stiffened her with cold fear for an instant, and then his regular breathing reassured her. She tiptoed to the mantel and fumbled in the rustling depths of a large pink-and-purple vase, thrust her hoard into her bosom, and returned with her finger upon her lips.

"Loogi's in there asleep," she whispered. "He sneaked in at the window sometime since they left. Hadn't I better wake him and tell him to go home? He's on the box couch, and I got some clothes in there."

Unaware that the head detective and his men had at last and after considerable blundering located the back yard, and were even now swarming over the fence, Milton considered this new problem leisurely. Their fate hung even more acutely in the balance by reason of the fact that the driver stood at that moment before the house fruitlessly studying the almost obliterated number on the stoop.

"No," Milton decided at last, "you've seen enough trouble. Let's go now. We'll be safer out on the street, or waiting in the station, if Dugan finds us."

THE driver turned his flat, deliberate feet into the walk leading to the house next door. On its steps a number had been worn by many passing feet into an equal resemblance to 379, and this number he confirmed by a sleepy calculation from the corner. The entrance stairway cast a soft black shadow over the basement doorway, and into this shadow he turned, well pleased to be concealed so that his right hand gripped his apple-wood night-stick, while his left hand could thrust an unexpected revolver into the face of anyone hurrying down the steps.

Elva, obedient to Milton's decision, slipped into a wrinkled jacket and poised a hat of honest, blocky outline upon her yellow head. Milton took her hand, and they sneaked past the sleeping Italian, like two children tiptoeing guiltily away from responsibilities enforced upon them by their elders.

Mindful of the open window, they tiptoed down the steps, and not until they had come opposite the stoop where the sleepy driver waited did their heels echo hollowly down the block.

He thrust his head out of the shadow to peer at them as they passed his ambush. Just then Elva thrust her arm into Milton's and laughed her relief, quaveringly and hysterically.

"Comin' home from a dance," the driver speculated, and heaved a long sigh for his vanished youth.

Then a whistle cut through the damp air of early morning, and he stiffened, forgetting them. Axes crashed instantly upon the flimsy pine door of the kitchen, and the head detective gave hasty orders.

Luigi awoke and sat up. He was immediately alert, conscious, and master of his powers. He thought first of the stairs and the rooms, but so cool and self-possessed was he that he took time to tiptoe to the window and cautiously glance down the block. The emptiness of the patrol-wagon and the unguarded front of the house were clearly exposed by the arc-lights.

He grinned cynically at this, raised the window noiselessly and leaped catlike from the sill to the stoop. Swing-

The most humiliating moment in my life

When I overheard the cause of my unpopularity among men

A CHICAGO girl writes to me: "Oh, if I had only read one of your articles years ago! Many times I have heard women criticize you for publicly discussing such a delicate personal subject. But I know what I would have been saved had I known these facts sooner, and I know that many of these women who criticize you would benefit by taking your message to themselves.

"I learned the facts about myself, as unpleasant facts often are learned, by overhearing two girl friends talk about me.

"'Why don't the men dance with her,' one of them said." Here came a few words I couldn't catch, and then —'of course she's unconscious of it, poor dear, but she does suffer frightfully from perspiration.'

"It was the most humiliating moment in my life! I, who had prided myself on my daintiness, had overlooked what men could not."

An old fault — common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture —and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really *corrects* the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Saves gowns and cleaners' bills

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 816 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and $1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada, to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont.; for France, to The Agencie Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; for Switzerland, to The Agencie Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneve; for England, to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2; for Mexico, to H. E. Gerber & Cia., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City; for U.S.A., to

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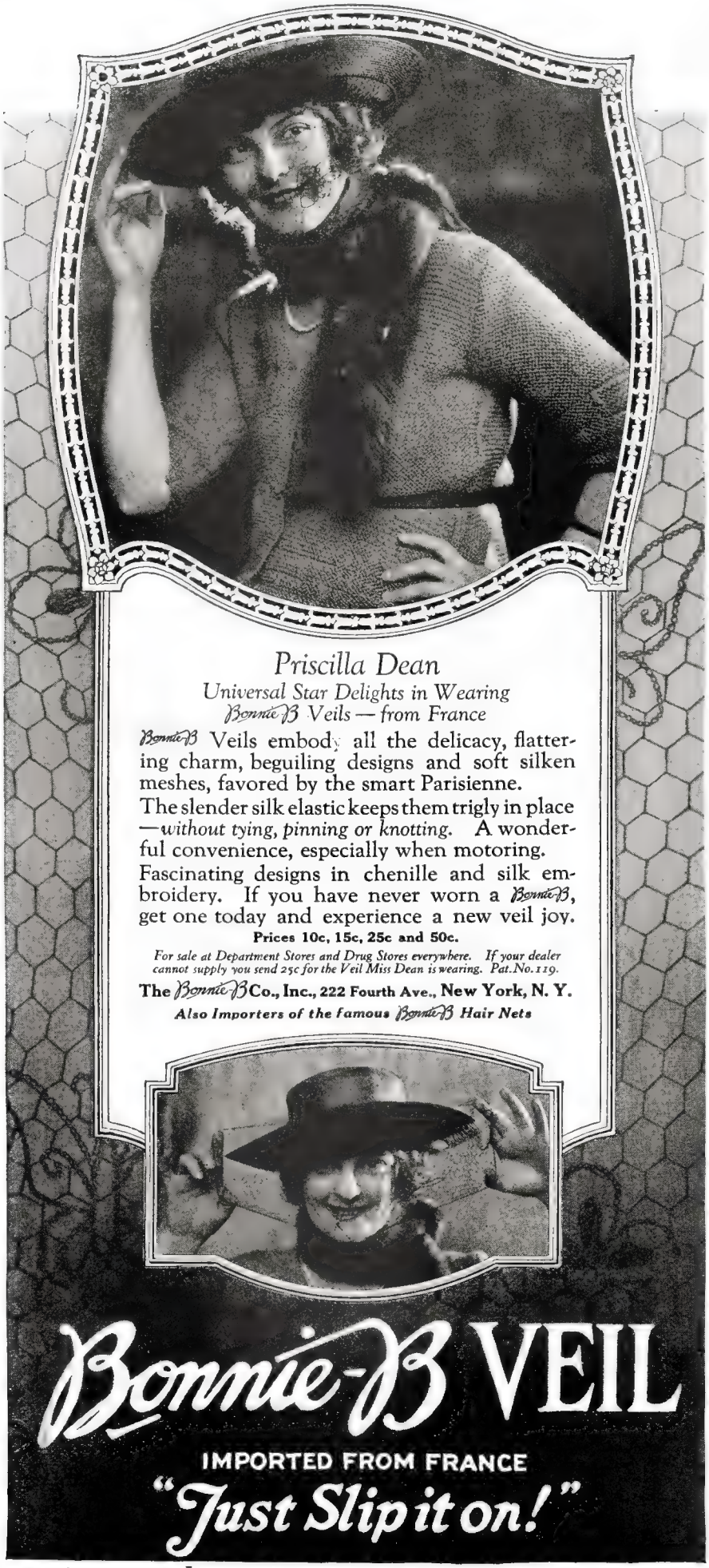
816 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio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Bonnie-B Veils embody all the delicacy, flattering charm, beguiling designs and soft silken meshes, favored by the smart Parisienne.
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IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
"Just Slip it on!"

ing himself easily over the railing to the stone-paved areaway, he stepped over the low fence into the next yard. Then he slipped, a furtive shadow, into the protective deeper shadow under the stairs—where the patrol-wagon driver stood ambushed with his night-stick ready.

Milton and Elva, who had now almost reached the corner, heard a faint sound, as though some one far behind them had said, sharply and distinctly: "Klop!"

Milton glanced over his shoulder. The house was still dark, and he saw only a vaguely outlined, stocky form bearing a long drooping burden up the steps toward the patronizing praise of the head detective. Luigi, too, had been betrayed by that special and characteristic strength which had made him powerful and successful in the criminal world. The same instinct that had warned Milton not to quicken his steps when they had heard the police whistle now told him to say nothing to Elva.

THEY came to the Avenue, supine under the monstrous feet of the centipedal Elevated, and crossed it. Another street, and they entered a little park and cut through one of the bench-bordered walks. The false dawn was upon them, and the first morning breeze whispered in the parched and sooty leaves of the shrubbery. An impudent and sophisticated sparrow chirped shrilly in a smoke-shriveled tree.

"Sunshine all day long," Milton said abruptly, "green fields like the valley of Hebron, and birds—if not the hoopoe and the turtle, other birds."

And Elva, unknowing that she spoke to a visionary fully as weak and even more impracticable and foolish than herself, replied:

"My wont that be grand!"

She trotted along at his side, musing too. A moment later she further identified her spirit with his by murmuring raptly:

"Gee, wont it be great to get home!"

"MAKING IT HUMAN"

(Continued from page 86)

Maud Farrington Vandaman was staring wide-eyed at a check. It was a whale of a check. It had come in the morning mail. It would bulge the eyes of the dignified trustees of the Peter Fenwick Fresh Air Association at their next regular meeting. It was duly signed, countersigned and audited. The names of all the high moguls of S. P. Brainerd & Company appeared upon it in one place or another.

The lady of the shell spectacles restrained a wild desire to whoop; instead she caught the check in one hand and a large package of bright red tickets in the other. She entered a room filled with filing-cases. A very pretty young woman was giving her undivided attention to a wad of cards she was inserting in their proper places in File B.

"Miss Fyles," said the highly exuberant general secretary, "take these tickets. Give them wherever you like, so long as you get such results as this."

Pompeian
BEAUTY POWDER

"Don't Envy Beauty— Use Pompeian"

EAGER partners hover 'round the girl with a clear and dazzling skin. Don't envy her. Use a complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette" and have a beautiful and alluring complexion yourself.

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), to soften the skin and hold the powder. *Then* apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. *Now* a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. Do you know a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle?

These three preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

Special Offer—Half-Box Powder and Trial Talc Can

Either or both sent to one person only in a family. For a dime you get a half box of 50c Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and samples of BLOOM and DAY Cream. For a nickel you get a beautiful trial can of Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talcum) for your purse. For 15c you get both. (BEAUTY Powder Offer is good only in case neither you nor any member of your family has tried it before.) Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with these trial packages. No letter necessary with coupon. We'll understand.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2019 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.
Also Made in Canada

Guarantee

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2019 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Send this coupon to above address. Enclose 10c (dime) for half-box Pompeian Beauty Powder. Or 5c (nickel) for handy can of Pompeian Fragrance (a talcum). Or 15c (dime and nickel) for both packages.

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Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested.

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He knows your car like "your uncle" knows your time piece. When he says "Use Garco"—take heed.

For he understands the vital need of a lining that holds in the face of all emergencies. He knows the steadfast service that Garco will give you.

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Unsightly run-over heels
—how to prevent them

Shoes with crooked or run-over heels—you know how they ruin a person's appearance—don't wear them. Here's way to prevent this fault.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads—worn unnoticeably inside your shoes—scientifically correct the improper walking and standing which *cause* run-over, crooked heels. A pair for 40c will save you dollars of shoe repair bills. At shoe and department stores everywhere.

There's a Dr. School Foot Comfort Appliance and Remedy for every foot trouble. Bunions, corns, callouses, weak or broken arches—tired, aching feet, etc., can all be quickly and permanently relieved by these scientific, simple appliances. Some shoe store near you has the genuine Dr. Scholl's. Buy by that name.

Write to The Scholl Mfg. Co., 708 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill., for free copy of Dr. Scholl's valuable booklet. "The Feet and Their Care."

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

She flourished the check before Susan Fyles' eyes.

"I'd like to try it, Miss Vandaman—I would, indeed. But you see, I'm afraid I can't do any more work here after today."

"You're not leaving us?"

"There's so very little time before the thirtieth."

"The thirtieth?" Miss Vandaman did not seem to understand at first. When she did get it, it came with a jolt. "Oh, my dear! Really! I am so happy for you—so very happy. You two are made for each other. I knew it that first morning he came here."

Miss Fyles went on calmly with her batch of application-cards. A delightful thought hit the general secretary.

"Why, you'll be one of the richest women in the world, my dear. When you are, you surely wont forget us and the work we're doing here, will you?"

Miss Fyles stuck the application of a lady named Mahoney somewhere back of the S index-letter.

"We wont," she said, and went on with her filing.

DUTIFUL DOROTHY

(Continued from page 35)

I bought a new suit this morning to wear to your party, and I had luncheon with a girl I knew in school, and afterward we went to two movies and then had tea here in the hotel, and tonight I'm going to the theater with a suitor from Loganville who just turned up, and afterward we are going to dance somewhere. I hope that's all satisfactory to you?"

"Perfectly. What has your father been up to? He doesn't seem to figure in the picture?"

"Oh, he argued a case in the Supreme Court and shook hands with old college friends at your headquarters, and tonight he is giving his justly celebrated lecture, 'The Present Viewed in the Light of the Past', in the People's Popular Course at Talbottville. You needn't be afraid I'm not chaperoned aplenty. The clerks, bell-hops, telephone- and telegraph-operators and the stout blonde at the news-stand and all the chambermaids and waiters in the Sycamore are friends of mine and take awful good care of me, and I've traveled around so much with Papa that nearly all the old ladies in the State are mothers and aunts to me, and they all give me advice. How goes the flirting out on Raccoon River?"

"Never a chance! You gave me so much information yesterday that I spent today all by myself in the heart of a lonely wood just thinking it over."

There was no good reason why he should trouble himself about Dorothy, and yet he found that he worried about her a good deal. It struck him that in her father's preoccupation with politics she was without the guidance and protection which a girl of her years should have; but it was not for him to warn the Honorable Caleb F. Atwood to keep a stricter eye on his daughter, who, all things considered, seemed to be taking excellent care of herself.

The next day he played twenty-seven holes of golf with one of the club regulars, and played badly with a total loss of three balls, and still found himself thinking more about Dorothy than about the conduct of the campaign. He realized that it was a bad symptom, but he reassured himself that Dorothy was only a child, anyhow.

"IT was so sweet of you to include Winifred," murmured Mrs. Scott as Ward escorted her to the table he had ordered set on the club veranda. "You may be sure we both appreciate your thought of her. I'm afraid she is only one of a great number of our young American women who don't quite realize the responsibilities of their new citizenship. The old subjection of our sex, I suppose! You men kept us in chains so long!"

"Oh, the cave-man has lost his club. You've got us tied hand and foot," Ward replied.

When he had assigned Winifred to a place beside Atwood and seated himself between Mrs. Scott and Dorothy at the round table, he had ample opportunity for studying Winifred in the light of Dorothy's revelations. He was thinking that her mother didn't waste much money on Winifred's raiment, when Mrs. Scott remarked in a confidential tone:

"Isn't it strange about girls? Winifred hasn't a bit of style! She simply wont spend her allowance on clothes, but gives most of it away to queer people she picks up."

Mrs. Scott's apologetic tone in speaking of Winifred affected Ward disagreeably. No one would have called Winifred beautiful, but there was something attractive in her very homeliness. She was a big girl, a little masculine as to build, with steady gray eyes that one might well consider a little, and a mouth and chin indicative of a positive character. When addressed directly, she responded, but she had evidently been schooled to keep herself in the background. As Ward pondered the matter, the suggestion of the demure Dorothy that Caleb Atwood's affections be deflected from mother to daughter seemed not really so fantastic. One would hazard a good deal to please Dorothy, particularly Dorothy in her new blue serge suit, with a sailor hat tipped forward as though to conceal the direction of her quiet observations.

He addressed a succession of remarks to Winifred, with the result that they monopolized the conversation for a quarter of an hour.

"I've been a good deal interested," he remarked deferentially, "in the suggestion that we stand for the budget system in our platform. There is complaint that the old method is too loose and leads to extravagance. Perhaps you have given thought to that subject, Miss Scott?"

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TAKE a pencil and jot down the things you would like to have, the things you would like to do, which could easily become realities if you were to double your present salary.

If you could double your present salary the high cost of living would solve itself—wouldn't it?

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You can ***never*** double your salary by continuing in the work and sticking in the job you have today. The ***only*** way you ***can double your salary*** and earn promotion and success is to ***prepare*** and ***train yourself*** to fill a position in which you can earn more money.

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Study the list of names in the center column of this page. These men and hundreds of others reported increases in salary during a period of only six months. They did it right at home. The increases reported range from 100% to 400% and the average is 145%. We can give you the names of such men from every state.

Each month brings hundreds of reports of advancement from LaSalle students and graduates. Many who report such increases have not half completed the home-study training course in which they have enrolled. They were able to cash in on the knowledge and training long before they completed their courses.

You Can Do As Well

All that is necessary is that you have ordinary intelligence and the ambition and the courage to be willing to spend part of your spare time in training by mail under the personal direction of LaSalle experts. It is the quickest, surest way to prepare yourself for the big job ahead.

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You are, in effect, taken behind the scenes of big business; taken into every department of business; shown the relation of each department to every other department; trained to look upon business as the great, smooth-working machine that it is. Under the LaSalle "Problem Method" you are not risking your position, your money, nor the time and money of your employer on untried schemes, ideas and methods.

LaSalle organization comprises more than 1,150 people, including 450 trained business executives, traffic experts, certified public accountants, efficiency experts, trained business correspondents, bankers, lawyers, business authorities, text writers, lecture writers, instructors and assistants. You are carefully and painstakingly coached in every duty of the position you are training to fill.

These Men Increased Their Salaries From 100% to 400%

—You Can Do the Same if You Will Train in Spare Time Under the LaSalle "Problem Method"

N. A. Borgen rose from $87.50 a month to $5,600 a year. He says:

"Less than a year ago, when I enrolled, I was earning $87.50 per month as a clerk with the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co.

I am now managing the promotion department of the Standard Oil Company, but in addition I am promoting sales, criticising correspondence, and gingering the salesmen of the White Salmon Development Company, The L. C. Smith Company, and the Northwestern Marmon Company. My present salary is approximately $5,600 per annum, or an increase of over 400 per cent.

I am writing this to show what a good course of study planned along specific lines can do for a man." Cordially yours,

(Signed) N. A. BORGEN

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Decide to train now and in a few months you, too, will have greatly increased your earning power. The first step is to fill in and mail the coupon below marking the course which would fit you for the high salaried position for which you wish to train. We will send you full information as to the LaSalle Problem Method of Training, the reasonable cost, the convenient terms of payment, and a copy of our famous book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book which tells how men with the aid of LaSalle training have obtained in one year promotion which without the aid of this training they could not have realized in ten.

Which course shall we tell you about?

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"I think," Winifred replied slowly after a timid glance at her mother, "that a declaration in favor of a commission to study the subject in all its phases would meet the situation. That would satisfy those who favor a budget without arousing the hostility of those who might oppose it."

As the Honorable Caleb had given little heed to Winifred save as she shone in her mother's reflected light, he looked at the girl with frank surprise not untouched with admiration. Expert dodger that he was, he couldn't have eluded the question more neatly himself.

"I believe you are right, Miss Winifred!" he exclaimed heartily. "We don't want to clutter up our platform with too many novelties, and your suggestion would meet the case admirably."

"I am just a little puzzled," continued Ward, his eyes fastened upon Winifred, "by the agitation in some quarters for a new ditch-law. I don't quite see why the State should undertake that business when the benefits are so largely local. Have you given any thought to that, Miss Scott?"

Winifred was silent for a moment, wholly unconscious that there was a purpose in these inquiries, but conscious enough of her mother's cautionary shake of the head.

"Isn't it always a mistake," replied Winifred finally, "to do anything that may destroy the initiative of the people."

"Precisely!" ejaculated the Honorable Caleb rapturously. "Anything that enfeebles the sense of civic duty weakens the fabric of the whole body politic."

Mrs. Scott murmured dissent, but it was only a murmur. The luncheon had been served, and the Honorable Caleb drew back his chair the more comfortably to inspect the young lady he had considered making his stepdaughter.

"I hadn't meant to speak of business matters," said Ward, satisfied that Dorothy had not exaggerated Winifred's value as a conservative force, "but it has been in my mind, Miss Scott, that we could use you to good advantage at State headquarters. Mr. Garvin, my secretary, is sadly overworked, and it would be a great help if we could secure the assistance of some one of your intelligence and discretion."

"I think—perhaps—perhaps, dear," interrupted Mrs. Scott, bending her gaze meaningfully upon her daughter, "I *fear* Mr. Beckwith doesn't realize your inexperience in public affairs."

"But my dear Mrs. Scott," cried Ward, "it is Miss Scott's very inexperience that appeals to me! What we need in our politics is the fresh point of view."

A slight pressure on the toe of his shoe conveyed to the State chairman a sense of his fellow-conspirator's joy in his last remark. Mrs. Scott was sending wireless messages across the table commanding a declination of this astounding offer, but Winifred chose to ignore the signal. Her cheeks flushed; her eyes brightened, and there was a defiant gleam in them. As Ward bent toward her expectantly, she answered very quietly:

"Thank you, Mr. Beckwith; this is very kind, I'm sure. I shall be glad to help you in any way I can. How soon do you want me to report?"

"Better say next Monday morning, if that is agreeable to you. I'll fit up a room for you next to Garvin's, so you'll be in touch with everything that's going on."

"I am sure," remarked Mrs. Scott impressively, "that Winifred will do her best. I want you to know that this recognition touches me personally very deeply."

"Oh, it's pure selfishness on my part," Ward answered, with difficulty refraining from laughter as he caught a glimpse of Dorothy's inscrutable countenance.

MISS WINIFRED SCOTT appeared regularly at eight o'clock every morning at her desk in the committee headquarters.

In the social circles of the capital, surprise was expressed that Mrs. Scott had at last succeeded in thrusting her shy, backward daughter into the limelight. Mrs. Scott was *so* patient with Winifred!

However, the word passed among the reporters assigned to headquarters that "that Scott girl knows her business." Ward was quickly satisfied that Winifred did, indeed, know her business. Her bump of discretion, her genius for sidestepping, impressed him from the hour she became a member of the headquarters staff. He turned over to her all the bores that infest a political headquarters, and she heard them patiently and sent them away feeling that their information had been lodged in appreciative ears.

Meanwhile the candidates for governor were prosecuting their campaign with increasing vigor. Atwood had set himself the task of speaking in every district in the State in the fortnight before the convention met. The day he began his tour Ward found Winifred pondering, pencil in hand, a mass of manuscript.

"I suppose," she said, "we have no business interfering with anything the candidates want to say before the nominations are made. But Mr. Atwood asked me to look over his speech."

"Of course, you are doing this merely as a personal matter," Ward replied. "You have my full permission. I assume that he's keeping to safe lines."

"It's mostly safe enough, but there are a few things here and there that he'd better not say, I think. The people wont understand it if a man who's always been extremely conservative suddenly takes up a lot of new things. It's likely to awaken —anxiety."

"Anxiety is a good word for it, Miss Scott. Just what is it you question there?"

"Well, for example here's this scheme for a new department of the Board of Agriculture to teach farmers how to make their homes more beautiful. That couldn't fail to make every country woman indignant."

"Dangerous, indeed! That doesn't sound like Atwood—decidedly not. I'd hazard a guess that some one put him up to that."

"He got that from Mother," Winifred replied slowly. "At least, she made an address along that line before the State federation and had it printed."

"I've seen the pamphlet. It's a beau-

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tiful idea, really it is!" he added warmly, remembering that he was talking to Annabel Lee Scott's daughter.

"All Mamma's ideas are beautiful, Mr. Beckwith," Winifred replied with her characteristic sobriety. "She's an idealist, and I admire her more than any woman in the world. But,"—she took up a pencil and drew it diagonally across a page with a steady sweep of her strong, capable hand,—"but—this is not politics."

LATER in the day Ward encountered the Honorable Caleb Atwood, valise in hand, hurrying from Miss Scott's sanctum with a look of supreme contentment on his face.

"A new genius has appeared in the party's councils!" he declared. "Miss Scott is quite wonderful—really a remarkable young woman. I hope you don't mind if I—er—lay my little personal affairs before her occasionally?"

"Certainly not; we are here to serve," Ward returned, pressing Atwood's hand with unwonted cordiality.

It was eight o'clock when he left headquarters that night, and he resolved that he would elude the hangers-on at the Sycamore and enjoy the luxury of a meal alone. He had seated himself in a corner of the hotel dining-room and was studying the menu when he was accosted by a familiar voice.

"Nobody invited me, but I should worry! I just got off the interurban and I'm starved to death."

"This is like an answer to prayer!" he cried, jumping to his feet. "I knew that if I'd be good all day, and gentle and kind to one and all, heaven would reward me; and here you are!"

His cares slipped from him. He told the boy who brought him a long-distance call to report to the operator that he was out of town. It was a joy to his spirit to be in contact with a young goddess who took life so easily, whose mind, he had reason to know, functioned perfectly. She ordered an amount of food that argued strongly for a sound constitution.

Being uncertain whether to take chocolate pie or ice-cream for dessert, she compromised by permitting Ward to order both for her, and after they were consumed she demanded to be taken to a movie.

Seated beside her in the big theater, Ward enjoyed the silent drama much less than her whispered comments or the occasional pressure of her hand on his arm at the high moments of the story.

At the end, after the much-enduring heroine had faded away in her lover's arms and the lights flared up, Ward saw tears in Dorothy's eyes.

Through all his philanderings, his heart had never behaved so queerly as at the moment when he saw the tears bright in Dorothy's eyes.

THE convention met in an atmosphere of tense excitement. The newspapers had predicted a lively session, and by nine o'clock the galleries were filled, the newly enfranchised daughters of the old Sycamore commonwealth all but predominating.

The appearance of the snow-crowned head and smiling countenance of Honorable Salem Rathbone, former governor, who had been chosen for permanent chairman, was the signal for applause and scattering cheers. Ward was not too engrossed to detect in the right-hand box, which she had stipulated should be set aside for her, Miss Dorothy Atwood, with a company of girl friends. The opposite box was occupied by Mrs. Annabel Lee Scott and half a dozen other women prominent in society and politics. Catching Mrs. Scott's eye, Rathbone walked to the edge of her box, where she and her friends rose to receive him, to the clicking of cameras. Ward seized the moment to extend hospitable greetings to Dorothy, who had chosen her companions with excellent judgment.

He was about to turn away, when Dorothy detained him for a moment.

"Winifred's down there on the floor—right there by the Columbus County delegation. That red-head she's talking to is Joe Barker of the Loomis City *Gazette*, who's got a voice you can hear a mile. Watch Joe! Something will be doing when he begins to sing. I'm just telling you!"

"I know the Screaming Woodpecker of Loomis County, and I hope his solo will be short," Ward replied, his thoughts elsewhere. "Now, Dorothy, if your father loses, I know you'll be a good sport and not cry. We must always be prepared for the worst."

"Don't be silly! Papa's got the nomination all buttoned up in his inside pocket right now. By the way, I never did justice to Winifred. She's perfectly marvel-ous!"

In a moment Ward was hammering for order.

After prayer and routine announcements Ward presented the permanent chairman as the noblest Roman of them all, and a committee escorted the Honorable Salem to the chair.

The presiding officer was explaining that nominating speeches must be restricted to ten minutes, when a delegate in the extreme rear took it upon himself to move that a message of condolence be sent to the Honorable Joshua J. Kemp of Railsback County, who was seriously ill. The chairman couldn't hear the speaker, and those who did hear were not deeply moved by the report of the Honorable Joshua's illness. Cries of "Out of order!" confused the chairman, who had mislaid the schedule of exercises Ward had given him and was uncertain whether the health of the Railsback County statesman could with propriety be injected into the proceedings. He turned to Ward, who explained that no motions of any character could be heard until the nominations were made.

All of a sudden, while this was being elucidated, the air was filled with flying paper. From twenty points in the galleries handbills the size of letter-sheets fluttered upon the delegates, and by similar concerted action the unknown distributors showered their offerings upon the galleries and stage.

The gentleman so deeply concerned for the health of the stricken statesman in Railsback continued to annoy the chair-

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man, who finally dealt the desk a smashing blow with his gavel and ordered the delegate to take his seat. Instantly a gentleman with fiery red hair popped upon a chair in the Loomis County delegation and arrested attention by his brilliant foliage and the penetrating power of his voice. He clutched a copy of the bill which was now rustling in every hand in the hall.

Ward, hurriedly reading the circular, grew hot with indignation. The questionnaire bore every mark of the handiwork of Mrs. Annabel Lee Scott. The Honorable Caleb F. Atwood was asked to state his views on ten of the great reforms with which her name was identified. It was a piece of unparalleled impudence, and threatened the peace and harmony Ward had hoped would prevail in the convention.

"I rise," the gentleman from Loomis declaimed stridently, "to denounce an outrage that has been perpetrated upon one of the candidates before this convention. I hold in my hand a series of questions addressed to the Honorable Caleb F. Atwood of Loomis City—questions well calculated to disturb the orderly processes of this body. In denouncing the concealed enemy whose foul hand has committed this infamy, I demand that the Honorable Caleb F. Atwood be given an opportunity to reply to these questions here and now." (Cries of "Out of order!" "Against the rules!") "I am well aware, sir, that it is not in order for any candidate to address this convention, but I submit that an act so unprovoked, and perpetrated at this vital hour, entitles the candidate from Loomis County to be heard as a special privilege."

A copy of the disturbing document had been placed in the hands of the chairman, who put on his glasses to read it. While he read, the turmoil increased.

The chairman put down the paper in bewilderment and hopelessly surveyed the scene of disorder. As he opened his mouth to speak, the anti-Atwood factions united in a roar well calculated to put fear into the heart of the calmest presiding officer.

"It is the ruling of the chair—" he shouted, swinging his gavel menacingly.

The din indicated that the convention was not anxious for the chair's decision. A favorable ruling would give Atwood a chance to make a speech, and a speech by Atwood was the last thing his opponents wanted. Nor did they care to risk an appeal from the ruling of the chair, which would uncover the weaknesses of the field that had united against him.

As the storm continued, Ward caught a glimpse of Dorothy tranquilly nibbling bon-bons from a large box he had sent her the previous night.

The Loomis County delegate clung steadfastly to his chair, and when a gentleman from another delegation attempted to dislodge him, he promptly knocked him down. This unhappy incident served to increase the disorder which seemed likely to continue through all eternity, for the chairman was still unable to announce his decision.

He never announced it, at least not so that it could be heard by the alert stenographer at his elbow. For slowly the Honorable Caleb F. Atwood emerged from the excited throng on the stage and forced his way to a place beside the chairman.

The opposition increased their protests for a moment, and then at the behest of one of their number who rose and attempted to attract the chair's attention, became quiet.

In the comparative calm the Honorable Caleb F. Atwood caught the ear of the crowd with a ringing sentence.

"I am here to plead for peace!" were his first words; and the hostile element thought he was about to rebuke his fellow-partisans. His words, were greeted with tremendous cheers.

"For twenty years, my countrymen, I have fearlessly protested against every invasion of personal liberty in this grand old State. Whoever framed these questions must be ignorant of my lifelong devotion to the people and the history of the Sycamore commonwealth. To one of them only I deign to reply, and it will serve as an answer to all. It is Number Seven and asks whether I would favor a law creating a commission to encourage the cultivation of esthetic taste in the homes of the honest husbandmen.

"My friends, in the name of the mothers and the wives and the sweethearts of the tillers of the soil of this my native State, I answer no! I recall with an emotion I cannot express how my mother, at the end of the day's labor, would gather the old-fashioned roses in the lane by the gate on my father's scant acres. I should be ashamed to face you if I encouraged for a moment any aspersion upon the noble women, the daughters of pioneers, who have made of their hearthsides a sanctuary, a place blest and thrice blest by their loving care. Men and women, it is not to justify myself in your eyes that I ask your indulgence for these few moments. I ask nothing for myself. But these questions are an assault upon the intelligence of every man, woman and child in this State. I plead for the old simplicities and sanctities of life, for the right inherent in every citizen to administer the affairs of his home in his own fashion. I would not set spies upon the women of my State, my sisters one and all, and my fellow citizens.

"And now, Mr. Chairman,"—the tense hush to which the hall had been subdued deepened,—"having violated a rule of this convention by addressing you, I tender my heartfelt apologies and withdraw my name from your consideration!"

A great cheer followed him as he turned and majestically stalked from the stage, thrusting aside the hands that were stretching out to him.

"The Secretary will proceed to the roll-call of counties for nominations for the office of Governor," ordered the chairman amid intense excitement. . . . .

Atwood was nominated on the third ballot, when Grimes and Hathaway withdrew their names, just as Dorothy had predicted they would.

THE statement promptly issued by Mrs. Annabel Lee Scott denying all responsibility for the handbill incident and deploring the use of her ideas in the

questions propounded to Atwood puzzled Ward a good deal. He had wrung from Dorothy an admission that Mrs. Scott had been greatly miffed by the appointment of Winifred to a position at headquarters, but as the summer grew old and the campaign waxed hot, the matter ceased to trouble him. Winifred was so tactful in managing temperamental orators that Ward gave her entire charge of the speakers' bureau. Atwood sent Dorothy with her aunt into the northern lakes for the summer, much to Ward's regret, as he had no opportunity to follow her; but he heard from her occasionally—amusing notes that often contained some wise reflections on the conduct of the campaign.

She reappeared at the capital as brown as a berry in September and declared her purpose to remain until after the election.

Early in October the last dance of the season at the Faraway fell on her birthday (her twentieth, he learned), and he had her word for it that she had a marvel-ous time.

"That day I chased you out here," she said as they started home at midnight, "I didn't like you a bit, for I thought you were aw-ful-ly stu-pid, and I could see you were laughing at me all the time."

"You are mistaken, Dorothy; but just what I really thought of you that day I'm going to tell you as soon as I get through with the election! The main business right now is to elect your father. Things haven't looked very good the last week or two."

"Papa will be elected," said Dorothy, "with fifty thousand to the good. He's making that old-fashioned roses and old-oaken bucket speech Winifred fixed up for him, and the people simply eat it up!"

AT two o'clock on the morning after the election, the Honorable Ward Beckwith issued a statement to the newspapers congratulating his co-workers on the splendid results of their labors. The opposition conceded Atwood's election by sixty thousand, and he was running ten thousand ahead of the rest of the ticket.

Ward had put on his coat to leave his office when Dorothy stuck her head in the door.

"Greetings!" she called in a stage whisper.

"Miss Atwood, permit me to congratulate you on your famous victory! I suppose you're satisfied?"

"Well, I'm going to be aw-ful-ly lonesome for excitement," she said, walking slowly into the room. "But one thing's off my mind: I don't have to be the first lady of the State. Winifred's going to attend to that."

"You don't mean it!"

"She told me herself just ten minutes ago."

"Well, as I remember, you chose her yourself to be your stepmother. But how will your father's new mother-in-law like the idea?"

"Winifred says Annabel Lee is dee-light-ed. You know she's been claiming all the credit for making such a smart girl of Winifred."

"Dorothy, stand perfectly still and tell

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But I can show you the man's own story. And that is only one instance. I can show you many more. Perhaps the most surprising part of it all is that these men were just average men. They came from all walks of life, from all fields of work. They had previously been clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, farm hands! Some of them had never earned more than $60 a month—some of them had drudged for years at dull, uninteresting work without prospects of anything better in life. And then, in one quick jump, they found themselves earning more money than they had ever thought possible. Suddenly all their dreams of success, position, and financial independence came true.

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I have shown hundreds of men how to step from small-pay jobs into the big money class in one quick jump. $10,000 a year—yes, and more—has come to men as a result of writing to me. Just let me send you the whole amazing proof—entirely free of cost or obligation.

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The answer is very simple. These men decided to get into the great field of *Selling*—they learned about the wonderful opportunities in this fascinating profession—why Salesmen are always in demand—why they receive so much more money than men in other fields of work. And they became Star Salesmen!

Probably if you had told any one of these men that it was possible for him to become a Star Salesman he would have laughed at the idea. If you had told him that it was not only possible, but that it could be done in his spare moments at home, without interfering with his work, he would have dismissed your statement as being too absurd to be even considered. For you must remember that most of those men had never had a day's experience in selling—they had no special qualifications for salesmanship—no thought of ever becoming salesmen.

What Makes a $10,000 a Year Star Salesman?

AS a matter of fact, these men who are today reaping such handsome rewards as Star Salesmen, would probably be working still as clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, etc., if they had not learned about the National Salesmen's Training Association's system of Salesmanship Training and Free Employment Service. This is an organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers formed just for the purpose of showing men how to become Star Salesmen and fitting them into positions as City and Traveling Salesmen.

Through its help hundreds of men have been able to realize their dreams of big opportunity, success, wealth and independence. Men without previous experience or special qualifications have learned the secrets of selling that make Star Salesmen—for salesmen are not "born" but made, and any man can easily master the principles of Salesmanship through the wonderful system of the National Salesmen's Training Association. Anyone who is inclined to doubt that this is so has only to read the stories of men who tell in their own words what the Association has done for them. Here are just a few examples:

J. P. Overstreet, of Dallas, Texas, who was formerly on the Capitol Police Force of Washington, D. C., states: "My earnings for March were over $1,000 and over $1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were $356.00. The N. S. T. A. dug me out of the rut where I was earning less than $1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success."

C. W. Campbell, of Greensburg, Pa., writes: "My earnings for the past thirty days are $1,562 and I won Second Prize in March, although I only worked two weeks during that month."

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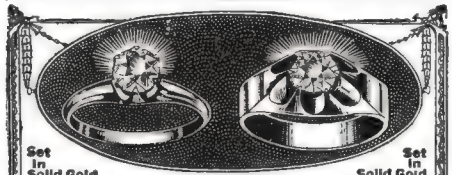

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me truthfully whether Mrs. Scott did or did not cause those bills to be distributed in the convention. Don't dare tell me you don't know!"

"That's a terrible secret, and I promised Winifred never, never to tell!"

"Telling me isn't telling. Hurry up, for I've got another matter to take up with you."

"Well, it was this way: Winifred wanted to be dead sure Papa didn't lose. And she figured that if he could only get a chance to hand the convention some of his old reliable stuff about the horny palm of toil and the roses in the lane, nothing could stop him. So to start the trouble I got the bills printed in Joe Barker's printing-shop in Loomis City,—Joe would do anything for me,—and the bell-hops and waiters at the Sycamore are all friends of mine, and a bunch of them did the scattering. You've got to admit it was high-ly suc-ces-ful."

"Dorothy," he exclaimed, seizing her hands, "I'm crazy to flirt with you, but I think I can do it better if you marry me!"

"We'd make a beau-ti-ful close-up, wouldn't we!" she whispered, with her arms about his neck.

MR. BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME

(Continued from page 81)

to decide," she answered in her soft contralto voice. "Perhaps he will not care to accept."

Mr. Billings impetuously sprang to his feet, placing the finger-tips of his right hand against his breast, and bowed so low that his hair almost was caught in the candles.

"Cousin Susana," he declared, "I do accept! I do accept—with all my heart. . . . ."

IT was the day of the Fiesta. Doña Susana stood at the window of her dressing-room, with Mr. Billings beside her, peering down excitedly into the street, which had already begun to pour bright crowds.

"Very pretty," said Mr. Billings, looking however into Doña Susana's animated face. "Very pretty. Hm! Very romantic! By the way, I must have a costume, mustn't I?"

"Of course!"

"Then I'd better go out and get it."

"Oh, no!" said Doña Susana hastily. "It isn't necessary. I've already sent Jefferson to the costumer's."

"You think of everything!"

"Where you are concerned."

Mr. Billings impulsively moved toward her, then checked himself. "If only I weren't," he thought, "if only I weren't a *gentleman*."

But he was a gentleman.

A little later Doña Susana went in to dress.

Mr. Billings swallowed his emotions and retired to his lordly guest-room, there to await the arrival of Jefferson. Shortly the negro appeared, bearing a voluminous blue domino and hood. This disguise Mr. Billings put on over his ordinary clothes. Then he made his way back to Doña Susana's drawing-room.

The revelry in the street had by this time grown loud. Stirring strains of music arose, and like a swelling groundtone ran the beat of innumerable footsteps. The Fiesta of the Revolution had inaugurated itself.

It was still light, though there was a toss of torches in the square, when Doña Susana at last came out of her room. She was dressed in a gorgeous Spanish gypsy costume—short red skirt, yellow blouse, black shoes and stockings and black lace mantilla. There was a red flower in her hair. She looked a veritable queen of the roving clan. Even her skin had taken on a duskier tinge.

"I would rather dance in the street than ride in a carriage!" she exclaimed. "But one must maintain one's position. How handsome you look in that blue domino, Cousin John!"

"Do I?" said Mr. Billings helplessly, staring at her as though hypnotized. "Do I?"

"Yes. It's just the thing for you. Come!" she added, laying her head upon his arm, "let us drink a glass of champagne and go. The procession will be forming."

They descended the stairs to the great dusk-filled hall, where Jefferson stood like an ebony statue, holding in his hands a silver tray. Upon the tray were two glasses of sparkling wine. Doña Susana selected one and presented it to Mr. Billings. She herself took the other.

"Long live the Government!" she cried, holding up her glass.

"Long live the Government!" echoed Mr. Billings.

They drank.

Then Doña Susana drew her mantilla across the lower part of her face, and Mr. Billings donned his mask; they walked out, arm in arm, to the open carriage that stood waiting at the curb.

Mr. Billings sank back upon his seat beside Doña Susana. A wonderful glow permeated his whole being. His eyes, peering out through the holes in his mask, beheld a blurred kaleidoscopic scene. Infinite numbers of torches, their flames pale in the twilight, waved and flowed before him.

A slight drowsiness momentarily threatened Mr. Billings' brain. The veiled profile of Doña Susana, seated statuesquely upon his right hand, grew vague and indistinct. He shook off the numbing sensation, however, and holding himself erect, tried to speak to his companion. Curiously enough, his tongue refused its office. The words would not come.

Then suddenly chaos descended upon the earth. The street rocked with a whirlwind. Or was it a wild band of horsemen thundering across the plaza? Or was it human storm plunging headlong through the crowds, splitting the Festival in two?

Out of the confusion of his senses Mr.

Billings saw strange and bizarre events transpire. The drowsiness that had assailed him a moment since now rose like a huge wave to engulf him; but for the instant he sat still conscious, still unengulfed, staring out from the shadow of obliterating sleep, watching the wild horsemen as they rode straight through the crowd toward *him!*

Not many were the wild horsemen, not more than a dozen at the most, but they made the noise of a thousand. They shot off pistols; they shrieked; they shouted; they lashed their ponies furiously over the cobbles. They had the countenances of devils.

Directly toward the carriage of Doña Susana rode the outrageous company. Immediately the negro driver flung down his reins, leaped from the box, took to his heels. Doña Susana, for her part, looked once more into the rapidly glazing eyes of Mr. Billings, smiled with faint compassion, and then, stepping easily out of the carriage, made her way unobserved across the square to the door of the President's palace, which opened to receive her.

The whirlwind, meanwhile, had come to a head about the abandoned vehicle in which sat, incapable of movement, the masked and costumed figure of Mr. Billings. Fearful watchers now saw this vehicle seized by the bandits. Gomez, their leader, himself sprang from his horse, mounted the box and grasped the reins. The other bandits, apparently by prearranged plan, jumped into the carriage, pounced upon our hero and firmly bound him with their sashes. Gomez, uttering a ferocious cry, laid whip to the horses, and the whole cavalcade was off at full gallop with a furious charge through the square and a last volley of gunshots.

Mr. Billings had a brief sensation of poignant astonishment; then somnolence, imperious and unfathomable, overwhelmed him. His head dropped forward upon his breast.

He slept. . . . .

IN the red-roofed villa by the shore road that had the jungle behind it and the sea before, two men waited, with tense faces and throbbing hearts, the arrival of a whirlwind. The two men were Señor Starbock and Excelencia. The former sat at a table, his hands clasped before him in an attitude of supplication. Excelencia stood by the window, now staring out with fierce expectation at the white road winding along the ocean's edge, now turning his glance toward the beach of the little cove that cut a glistening swath through the twilight. Upon the hard sand of this beach a small boat could be seen drawn up out of the water, its crew of four negro rowers near by. They too were waiting.

At last Excelencia, standing at the window, started, smote his hands together and cried out: "They are coming! I see them!"

Starbock sprang up and peered over the General's shoulder.

"Yes, yes—by my soul! It is Gomez! See, he drives the carriage himself. Ah, the good fellow! The brave devil!"

"They have got him! Ha, ha, ha! What a plan, what a scheme!"

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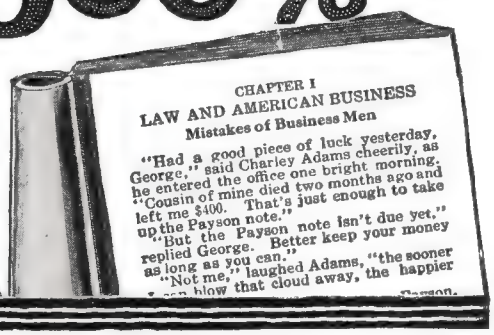
CHAPTER I
LAW AND AMERICAN BUSINESS
Mistakes of Business Men
"Had a good piece of luck yesterday, George," said Charley Adams cheerily, as he entered the office one bright morning. "Cousin of mine died two months ago and left me $400. That's just enough to take up the Payson note."
"But the Payson note isn't due yet," replied George. Better keep your money as long as you can."
"Not me," laughed Adams, "the sooner I can blow that cloud away, the happier

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"So, so! Did I not promise you?" chuckled Starbock, hysterically waving his arms in the air. "Nothing remains but for you to ride into the city and proclaim yourself dictator. The people will welcome you. The people love changes."

"First let me have my revenge!" said Excelencia hoarsely. "First let me look into his face!" He strode to the door and flung it open as the carriage, surrounded by its devils' guard, rolled up the driveway.

"Ah, Colonel Gomez!" he called out with extravagant gayety. "Good evening! You have succeeded in your little venture!"

"By the blood of a bat!" replied the bandit chief, "it is so. We have got the head of the government tied up in our sashes."

"Bring him in! I shall take the pleasure of looking at him!"

"*Si, señor!*" Turning, the bandit bawled an order to his men. Two of the latter picked up the blue-costumed form in the carriage and carried it into the villa, where they deposited it, still tightly bound, in a chair. Excelencia's eyes began to burn feverishly. He drew back his lips in a wolfish smile.

"Remove the mask!"

Gomez himself stooped and loosened the strings of the prisoner's mask, at the same time lifting the hood of the domino. Excelencia, leaning forward with a triumphant hatred, looked fairly upon the peaceful sleeping countenance of—Mr. Billings.

There was a moment of tense silence. Then Excelencia groaned aloud, a terrible, anguished groan that shook the room: "Name of a name!" he wailed. "Name of a name of a name!"

As for Starbock, he gave one frightful shriek and plunged forward across the table, clutching his head in his hands.

"By the eternal skin of a snake!' swore Gomez, blinking at the unconscious Mr. Billings. "It is that one. It is the round-faced señor! It is not the president, not Juarez at all! But Excelencia—I swear it!—we took him in Doña Susana's carriage."

The latter groaned again.

"Yes, in her carriage! Of course—in her carriage! She has outwitted us. Witch! She-devil! Angel of confusion! She has beaten us—she and that fool there!"

Cutthroat Gomez stood scratching his nose and swearing eloquently, if impotently. "What shall we do with him, *caballeros?*" he demanded of his outlaw crew.

One of these, with the beginnings of a mustache upon his upper lip, which he stroked solicituously, stepped forward.

"This man," said he, pointing to Mr. Billings, who snored gently in reply, "is a devil! I have known him from the first. Let us rob him and then throw him into the sea."

The bandit Gomez shook his head.

"*Por Diós,* Manuel, the first part of your advice is good—but your judgment of human nature is at fault. The round-faced señor is no devil. There is an innocence to him that moves my heart. Let us take him down to the boat, as we were to have done with Juarez, and send him off a-voyaging!"

It was so decreed. First stripping the costume from Mr. Billings' unresisting form, they lifted him and bore him down the beach to the sea's lip. There Gomez, with infallible practiced hand, removed from the breast pocket of Mr. Billing's coat a worn black leather wallet thickly stuffed with bills.

After which the insensible Mr. Billings was turned over to the four waiting negroes, who grinned and placed him upon a tarpaulin in the stern-sheets of the boat; then, shoving off, they rowed swiftly out into the dusk-veiled waters, heading toward the distant harbor. The night-wind bore away the sound of their oars.

The bandit company, when this was accomplished, returned to the roadside, leaped upon their waiting ponies and vanished with a clatter of hooves into the gathering darkness.

Hardly had they disappeared when a single *coche*, drawn by an ambling, listless pony, turned up the driveway and stopped before the villa. A man in a slouching Panama hat descended from it, walked up the steps of the house and entered the room where Starbock and Excelencia sat holding their heads at the table.

"Gentlemen," said he mildly, "you are under arrest."

Starbock raised his eyes slowly, his face as pale as death. His lips moved without making a sound. Excelencia, on the contrary, sprang up with a bluster of defiance.

"Under arrest, señor! What does this mean?"

"It means for one thing that the government of the island will not be changed this evening. For another thing, it means that the tobacco industry of the country will not be turned over to our friend Starbock, but will remain in the hands of the people."

"Bolsheviki!" shrieked Starbock, and shook his fist at the speaker. Then he fell into the silence of utter despair. But Excelencia was made of sterner stuff.

"There is some mistake, señor. If you will permit me to introduce myself—"

"It isn't necessary. I know you perfectly. You are ex-President Hannibal, former dictator of this Isla de Palma, and for the past year an exile in the city of New York. During that time you have plotted with our friend Starbock to overthrow the government of Juarez for your own special gain. You have conspired to kidnap Juarez and send him to New York on a steamer which sails tonight at seven o'clock, in about an hour to be exact. Meanwhile you were to proclaim yourself President in his place. You intended to represent to the people that Juarez had embezzled large funds from the national treasury—"

"Evidence!" cried Excelencia wildly. "Where is your evidence?"

The other smiled.

"You can hardly expect me to show you my whole hand," said he. "But there is one bit of evidence if you are interested to see it—"

He paused, and taking out his pocketbook, produced from it an ordinary cigar-band, at the sight of which Excelencia uttered an exclamation of hopeless disgust. "Lost!" he groaned. "That blockhead Manuel!"

"Yes," said the man in the Panama hat, "I took this from the pocket of your servant Manuel. I'm afraid I stole it, but no matter. It told me exactly what I wanted to know—namely the date of your little counter-revolution. You really should have used a code, gentlemen. Knowing that your plot was set for September 29th, it was comparatively simple to substitute for President Juarez our mutual friend Mr. Billings, who seemed providentially provided.

"*Madre de Diós, señor!* Who are you, then?" cried Excelencia.

"My name is Brown," replied Mr. Billings' former roommate, "William Brown, of the International Secret Service Bureau. For the past year I have been employed by Miss Susana Dale to prevent conspiracies against her government. A clever woman, Miss Dale. And now, gentlemen, if you will come with me, we will soon put an end to this little affair.

MR. BILLINGS woke with a feeling of complete and overwhelming bewilderment. A strange nausea beset his physical being, and appalling confusion his mental. He opened his eyes and found himself in a berth, or bunk; it was certainly not an ordinary bed. Moreover he was fully clothed, and the room that he occupied was a small box-like chamber with white-painted woodwork. Also it seemed to be in motion.

Mr. Billings suddenly realized that he was on a ship.

But what ship? How had he come to be there? The last thing that he remembered was a storm, a whirlwind. No, it had been a group of horsemen, horsemen plunging toward his carriage! He had been riding in a carriage; that was it! The festival—ah, yes!

"Cousin Susana?" he murmured, and twisted about to behold gazing down at him not the face of a beautiful woman but that of a weather-beaten ship's steward.

"It's time you was comin' to, sir," said the latter, wagging his grizzled head.

"Where am I?" asked Mr. Billings feebly.

"On the steamship *El Dorado*, sir, bound for New York."

"How did I get here?"

"Why, sir, you came aboard in a boat. Looked like you'd been havin' a bit of a time, sir. Dead to the world, as you might say, and no luggage! A bit of a time, I wouldn't wonder! But your passage is all paid for, proper enough."

MR. TERHUNE

He is the one writing man in America who knows the prize ring, no less as a contestant than as a spectator. His story, "The Hunch," which will be published in the next issue is, he says, the best "fight story" he has ever written.

"My passage! Paid for?" Mr. Billings suddenly sat up in the berth, thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat and drew it out empty.

"Gone!" he gasped. "All of it!"

"No doubt you spent it, sir," said the steward cheerfully. "Shall I bring you a bite of luncheon?"

"Luncheon! Good God, no! Go away!"

That afternoon, as luck would have it, the *El Dorado* was overtaken by a driving southeast gale that lasted, with variations, all the way to New York. Mr. Billings hardly left his cabin during the entire voyage. He lay in a sort of coma, attended from time to time by the sympathetic steward, trying to piece together the fragments of his shattered career, yet caring little—so badly did the ship roll—whether he succeeded or not. Nevertheless certain facts stood out vividly against the chaotic background of his recent past. In the first place he had been robbed of his money; had lost at one catastrophic stroke his entire fortune. In the second place, he had drunk a glass of champagne and had fallen into a deep, unnatural sleep. The conclusion thus forced upon his mind was that he had been drugged. Further, he considered it more than probable that the drug had been placed in the wine by Doña Susana.

The more he thought of Doña Susana in moments when thought was possible,—the more convinced he became that she had betrayed him. She had not been the woman that he had imagined her to be. No doubt she *had* dispensed with her character long since. Gossip was more often right than wrong. Ah, if only he had not been so *complete* a gentleman!

Suddenly Mr. Billings thought of Mr. Brown, and a connecting link was added to his chain of evidence. He had conversed with Mr. Brown about his ancestry. Brown had been connected with the whole adventure, had turned up several times in the most unexpected manner and always under peculiar circumstances. Yes! The likelihood was that Brown had been in touch with the beautiful manipulator of governments; perhaps had been an agent in her pay.

"But what could they have had against *me?*" cried Mr. Billings in ultimate amazement.

It was indeed a question that he could not answer; turn it and try it as he would. Indeed, the whole affair was shrouded in impenetrable mystery, so that eventually, like a wise man and a philosopher, he gave up worrying about it, recognized it as insoluble and sought to dismiss it from his mind. Before the ship reached New York, even the subconscious impressions that lingered in his memory, sharp etchings of actual experience, took on a growing aspect of unreality; became as blurred pictures smudged by the passing sleeve of time.

As for the loss of his money, he did not concern himself with that. It was not philosophy that sustained him here; it was sea-sickness.

THE moment the *El Dorado* rounded Sandy Hook, however, Mr. Billings' illness left him. He rose, dressed and went on deck. The ship was steaming up the Narrows into the Bay. Mr. Billings

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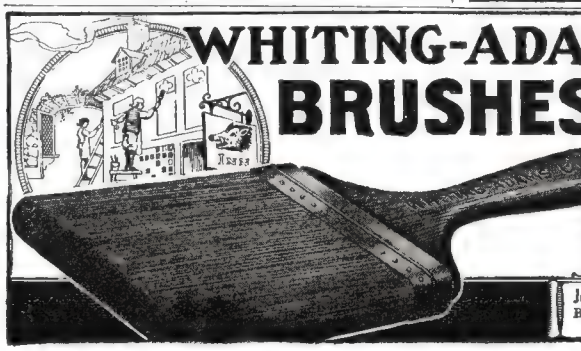

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stood by the starboard rail, a mighty yearning in his soul. When he caught sight of the shores of Brooklyn, with their massed ramparts of substantial brownstone, a lump came into his throat and tears to his eyes. He thought with sudden and overpowering tenderness of Miss Priscilla Parker. He seemed to see her smiling and showing her strong white teeth. He seemed to hear her firm, clear, honest voice. "These are modern times, Mr. Billings. I'll wait a month for you!"

He had been gone slightly less than two weeks.

The ship docked at noon. Mr. Billings was one of the first to disembark; he had no luggage to detain him.

Stepping out of the shadow of the pier-shed with a great sigh of relief, he crossed the broad, sunlit street and began to stroll along the sidewalk, conscious only of the joy of the returned wanderer. He had not gone far, however, before he realized that he was ravenously hungry. He had eaten practically nothing for four days.

An aroma of cookery, poignant and strangely familiar, drifted out of an adjacent doorway. Mr. Billings stopped short, turned and found himself facing a little restaurant across whose front window was printed, in white enameled letters: *"Cafeteria Español!"*

For some moments Mr. Billings stood merely staring at the fateful window. Then, quite unconsciously, the fingers of his right hand crept up, delved into his waistcoat pocket and brought to light a somewhat tarnished but thoroughly genuine silver dime.

It was the ten-cent piece that he had demanded of Excelencia over and above the five thousand dollars that the latter had paid him for the message on the cigar-band.

A queer smile twitched Mr. Billings' lips. He stepped forward resolutely, opened the door of the cafeteria and walked in, clutching his dime.

A new figure sat perched upon the proprietor's seat. Otherwise everything was the same. Upon one end of the wooden counter stood a glass case filled with cigars. Beside it towered a heap of sandwiches, neatly piled and labeled *Ham*—epitome of the inevitable.

Mr. Billings did not pause, did not waver. He approached his choice with the calm, composed air of a man who has seen life, both its romance and its reality, and who knows the worth of it. With a gesture at once certain, comprehensive and irrevocable, he stretched out his hand and deposited his last dime upon the counter.

"I'll have a ham sandwich," said Mr. Billings.

THE END

ON PARADISE PEAKS

(Continued from page 71)

of years, straggled along to keep him company. Old Rip kept them within view. Mr. Chandler, as the alert chevalier, was persistently riding with Columbine, and his horse had flirtation tendencies. The road was only wide enough for two abreast, and as Eagle was showing a bright and eager spirit that morning Ghent found himself leading the parade and setting the pace.

Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs behind him, and Mr. Chandler appeared alongside. Eagle jumped out, and Ghent grabbed the pommel, forgetting in his surprise old Rip's solemn proclamation that saddle-horns were made for ropes and not for finger-prints.

Chandler gave his horse a cut of the quirt, and Ghent realized that a race was being thrust upon him. Chandler's bay was thrusting his nose ahead of Eagle's blue muzzle; Eagle resented this, and so did Ghent. He spurred.

It became a wild gallop for half a mile. Chandler was using leather like a jockey, but Ghent merely spoke sweet words of cheer to Eagle and gave him his head.

The road ran along the high shoulder of a hill. Its disappearing turn down a steep slope was close ahead. Chandler shouted a warning at Ghent and checked the charging gallop of his bay. Ghent flew past him and vanished.

A quarter of a mile down the hill road he managed to persuade the rampaging Eagle that speed was no longer necessary, and turned back with the taste of victory on his lips to call out:

"I thought you wanted a race!"

He saw Mr. Chandler crushed under the weight of something more than defeat. Columbine had been in fierce pursuit of them, and now she was talking to Chandler like a mother.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she was saying. "You've been out here before, and you know that Eagle is an old cow-pony with a reputation to sustain. He'd run until he broke his neck before he'd let anything pass him that way—and on a bad stretch of hill, too! Mr. Ghent might have been thrown at that turn. You know he can't ride."

"I'm beginning to think he can," muttered Chandler.

A few miles farther on the tireless pointer dog that had followed the cavalcade, running hundreds of extra miles as he coursed the mesas in the pride of his youth, gave tongue in a way that signified a coyote. Old Rip's telescopic eye picked the coyote out as he squatted among the sage-brush, biding his time until he chose to make the tame dog, his enemy, ridiculous by his swift disappearance.

"A pretty shot," suggested Rip, and at the word Mr. Chandler plucked out his carbine, dismounted, took careful aim, and fired. A puff of dust flew up near the coyote, and then a yellow streak whipped over the gray hills.

Another rifle cracked. Ghent had fired from the saddle. The yellow streak jerked up into the air and collapsed, and the pointer fell upon it with devouring noises.

"That's shootin'!" shouted Rip.

"Sheer luck," declared Ghent with the proper amount of modesty. "Too bad to kill the poor thing—but they're a kind of pest, aren't they?"

Snowdrift Lodge was sub-Alpine. It perched among the boulders on the sunny slope of the lofty ridge after which it was named, not far from the crest.

The party arrived, took possession and prepared its travel-sore bodies with food, drink and sleep for the great deeds of the morrow. Kenneth was discovered there, according to Columbine's prophecy, but he was in passable shape. He seemed to regard the hunting expedition, however, as a calculated attack upon his desire for solitude, and he sulked in his room. After a conference with Columbine, old man Angus decided not to send him back to the Manor.

Paradise Peaks knew no game-laws, in practice, except those ordained by the lord of the domain. Angus couldn't have his guests annoyed by any necessity for strict adherence to the statutes of the commonwealth. If a visitor wanted to get his deer when the season was closed, he got it, with the help and blessing of Angus, if he could.

But as the faithful keeper of his own preserves, firm against the extinction of species, Mr. Angus ordained that the does should always be spared. To kill a doe was to become an unwelcome guest at Paradise Peaks, and all the guides were under orders to explain this to their gentlemen companions, and to make sure, if possible, that the target had horns before the shot was fired—all of which bears upon the adventures of Ghent the next day.

He went out with old Rip, to make a pretense at deer-shooting. He hoped it would be nothing but a pretense. There was nothing else to do, unless he wanted to stay on the front porch and get drunk with Kenneth. Mr. Chandler, Angus and Columbine made up another party with Mexican Pete, permanent guide and cook at Snowdrift; and the other two sportsmen sallied forth under the tuition of Kenneth's man, who was glad to escape from his morose charge and get a little exercise.

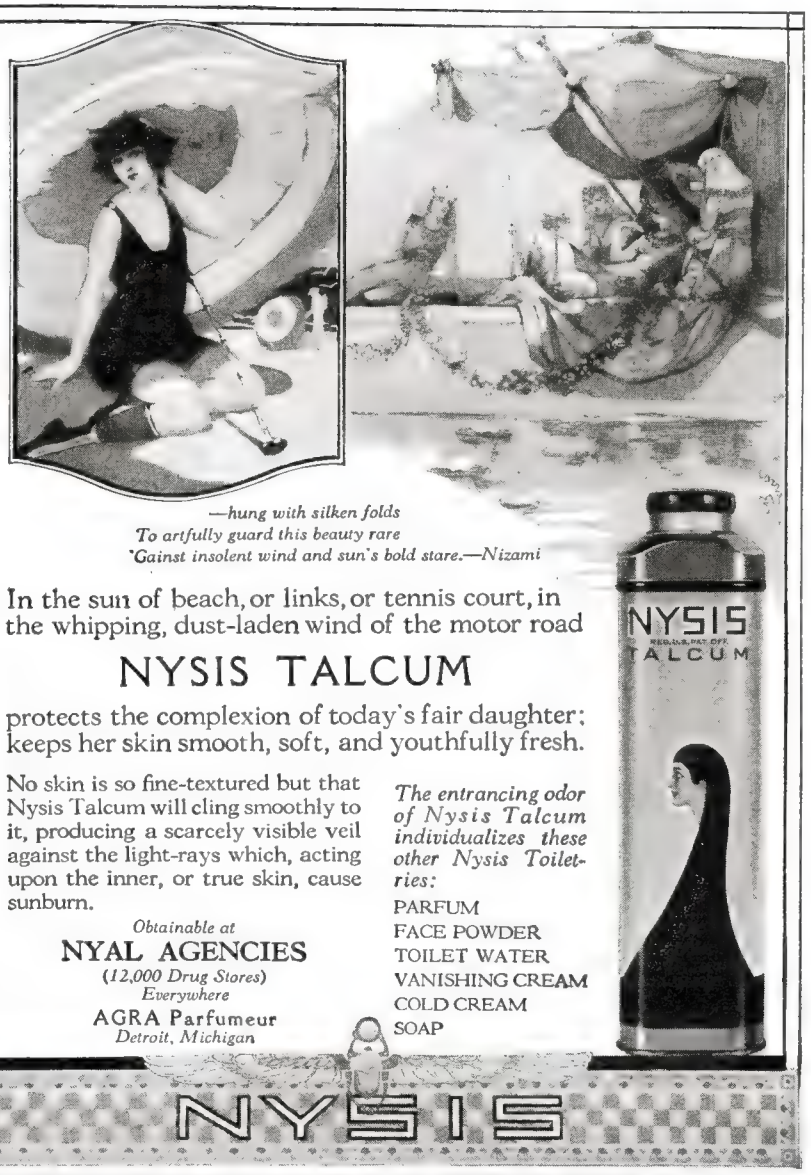
After several false alarms from deer that were too wary, old Rip stood up in his stirrups and peered like a bird of prey. Then he stealthily got off his horse, beckoning Ghent to follow, and began to crawl down the slope, taking cover behind rocks. Ghent imitated these Indian tactics, stifling his groans when jagged edges of rock cut his knees. At last Rip crouched under the blasted trunk of a fallen tree and waited. When Ghent came up he looked over the tree and then pointed.

Ghent also glanced over the top.

"I don't see anything," he whispered.

"Well, there he is, even if you can't see him. See him in your mind. See where his head is, and his neck, and his shoulder, and his foreleg. We can't try for a neck shot unless we can get the sights on him. So put one square into his shoulder, and blow his heart out."

Excited by this highly imaginative process, Ghent drew a mental picture of the deer, found the shoulder-point, aimed with designs upon the deer's heart and fired.



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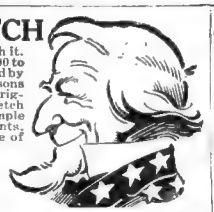

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Then came the sound of a falling and a threshing about among the aspen.

"Got him!" Old Rip leaped up. "Good kid!"

There was also the sound of another commotion among the aspen, growing more and more distant.

"That's funny," said old Rip. "Did he get up and run? He ought to have done his runnin' first. Never mind; we'll find him."

They went back to the horses and then rode down to find the victim.

There was a deer among the "quakin' asp," shot through the heart, according to old Rip's prescription. But it was a doe!

By studying hoof-marks and other evidence on the scene, old Rip, breathing strange oaths and lamentations, deduced this story. There had been two deer, buck and doe, browsing among the aspen side by side. Betrayed by the antlers of her spouse, although unseen, the doe had taken the bullet meant for him, and thus brought calamity upon the reputation for woodcraft of Paradise Peaks' top guide.

"We might have got both of them with the one shot, and that would have taken off the curse," moaned Rip. "Maybe we did."

He studied the signs again, and found blood-drops on the trail of the vanished buck.

"You stung him, all right—but he's going strong. Nothin' but a graze, I guess. That old he-deer was in luck today,—and we're out of it."

Meanwhile Ghent, unimpressed by the strangeness of these matters that caused old Rip to marvel, had looked into the glazing eyes of his quarry, which had a liquid appeal even in death, and had found shame there.

"Don't go mopin' around that deer, young feller," old Rip called out. She might have a last kick stored up in her. Tenderfeet have been killed that way. Them hooves are sharp as knives."

Ghent heeded the warning and moved away.

"And now we've got to dress the bride of the phantom buck and pack her into camp," Rip announced, "and that's some job. Any other guide in the string would let her lay here to feed the coyotes, but I've always played on the square with the old man, so back to camp she goes to get us into trouble. Well, she means venison for dinner, anyway."

With which Rip drew a hunting-knife and fell to his butcher's task. Ghent sadly turned his face away.

They returned to Snowdrift Lodge glum and gory—Ghent had to help Rip in the proper adjustment of the quarry across the saddle—and dropped the eviscerated doe at the kitchen door, hoping that she might escape the notice of the baron of Paradise Peaks until she was turned into venison steaks. In spite of Rip's brooding, however, Ghent did not realize the full iniquity of his deed, from a sporting point of view, until dinner-time.

Then Mr. Chandler, after describing in minute detail the sagacity with which he had stalked and killed a fine buck that afternoon, asked accusingly:

"Who shot that doe I saw around in back of the lodge?"

Old man Angus turned black as a thundercloud, arose from the table and walked out to view the remains. He returned, muttering oaths.

"I killed her," said Ghent calmly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Angus. It was an accident."

Columbine silenced her father with a look, but the situation was strained. Kenneth made matters worse by bursting into a cackle of laughter.

Then Rip, who was dining with them—for democracy prevailed at the hunting lodges—spoke up like an old Roman. He told the story and took the blame upon himself, ending with:

"Anyway, it was a good shot, and you've got to hand it to the kid. He really killed the buck, but the fool doe got in the way."

Angus didn't believe a word of it, and told Rip so. It was a lucky thing, though, he observed sardonically, that this wild blazing away into the quakin' asp, aiming at nothing in particular, hadn't brought down a man instead of a doe.

Ghent was crushed, in spite of Columbine's looks of sympathy. He wondered how soon it would be before he could catch a train for Denver.

"Never mind," said Columbine softly. "Tomorrow you shall go out and get a buck bigger than Mr. Chandler's."

"I'm through with killing deer," he answered. "I can't stand the look in their eyes when they die."

Mr. Chandler was in great form for the rest of the evening. He could not let the topic of Ghent's doe rest. He told funny stories of tenderfeet who had shot cows under the delusion that they were big game. He drew a verbal caricature of the poet weeping over his kill. He even composed a villainous limerick, thus:

A poetical chap, don't you know,
To hunt in the West, he did go.
With consummate ease
He aimed at the trees—
Missed the buck, but killed him a doe.

Some good came out of Mr. Chandler's jocularity. Angus was thereby restored to cheerful frame of mind. Even Columbine seemed to regard Chandler's comic muse with favor, for she told him that she knew where the biggest buck on Paradise Peaks had his stamping ground, and that tomorrow they would go out together—without a guide—and get him. He had the finest antlers she had ever seen, she said.

This suggestion caused Angus to beam upon them with a bless-you-my-children grin, and sent Mr. Chandler to bed almost ready to announce his engagement. Ghent's feelings may be indicated by the fact that he spent half the night sitting up with Kenneth in a discussion of Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," with benedictine and brandy on the side.

He slept late the next morning, and awoke feeling a trifle seedy after his ambrosial night, to find the lodge deserted except for himself and Kenneth, also a tardy riser. The latter was inclined to grumble because his guide and factotum had been commandeered again by the hunters, but he lent a willing hand to the improvisation of a breakfast. Then he had an inspiration.

"Now that the jelly-bellied deer-shoot-

ers are out of the way, and Sis has gone off philandering with the ineffable Chandler," he said, "let's you and me go sightseeing like a couple of plain literary guys. I'll show you the prettiest mountain lake in the world."

Ghent was a dweller by the Great Lakes, and his heart leaped up, therefore, at the thought of the sight of open water.

"There's a shack on the lake with some cooking-tools in it," continued Kenneth, "and we'll find some trout-tackle too. And there's a boat. We'll pack some grub; we'll fish a little to give ourselves an excuse for admiring the scenery, and then we'll fry a couple of the things that Chandler insists on calling speckled beauties, for lunch, and sit around smoking our pipes and telling the world to go to hell."

Then and there Ghent decided that his liking for Kenneth was not altogether because he was Columbine's brother.

They rode for ten miles, crossing Snowdrift Ridge and dropping down into the valley beyond. From the top of a forested rise they caught their first view of the lake. Ghent caught his breath with pure delight and stood at gaze.

"That's right, don't say a word," Kenneth remarked.

They descended reverently to the shores of Blue Flower Lake.

About noon-time, as their boat, Ghent rowing, moved slowly toward the cabin, Kenneth, drowsily perched like a Buddha in the stern, began to groan in his best hermit's fashion.

"Look who's here!" he said, pointing. "Civilization approaches on horseback. This means four for lunch."

Glancing over his shoulder, Ghent saw Columbine and Chandler riding down the hillside trail toward the cabin. He was better pleased than Kenneth.

"What luck?" Columbine called out to him.

"For me, none at all," he answered blithely. "I've tried all the well-recommended trout-flies,—the Pink Tarantula, the Red-headed Chauffeur and the Prime Minister's Delight,—but the trout seem to regard them with suspicion. Kenneth, however, has been catching them two and three at a time."

"On worms!" Kenneth bellowed shamelessly.

"Good! We'll have trout for a campfire luncheon. Wont that be nice, Mr. Chandler?"

"It would be nicer if Chandler had to clean the fish," Kenneth declared to the distant hills.

Ghent cleaned the fish; Kenneth made the fire and peeled the potatoes; Columbine was chief cook, and Mr. Chandler did nothing at all but offer suggestions But it was a successful luncheon, and Columbine's coffee deserved the congratulations it received.

"Where's that prehistoric buck you went out to get?" Kenneth wanted to know of Columbine and Chandler as he attacked another trout.

"Oh, we're trailing him," Columbine answered evasively.

"Did you think he came down here to take his daily bath?"

Mr. Chandler averred that they certainly had seen the hoof-prints of an

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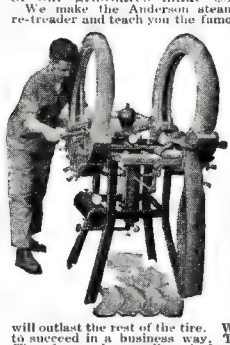

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extremely large deer. Columbine looked mischievous and changed the subject.

The lazy hour after luncheon was one of deep and quiet contentment.

The sky was cloudless, and the sunlight was like a sword. The granite bowl in which the Blue Flower bloomed escaped the breeze. The dry heat of the mountain midsummer was at its noontide blaze.

"I should like a swim," said Ghent sleepily.

Chandler, taking up the cue, spoke almost lyrically of the joys of surf-riding at Honolulu, and Ghent was tempted in his youth.

"How wide is this lake?" he asked Columbine, knowing the mountain distances are deceptive to the unpracticed eye.

"From here to that point, almost a mile."

"Mr. Chandler, I will swim you from here to that point."

Chandler stared at him as if he had gone mad.

"But Miss Angus—" he began.

Kenneth, without opening his eyes, interpolated:

"Oh, Sis can withdraw into the shrubbery while you peel. She's a modest little miss. I'll row across with you and carry the clothes. Go on! I bet five dollars on Chandler, the human duck. He has webbed feet."

Chandler gave him to understand that he regarded the challenge indelicate.

"Then I'll swim it alone if Miss Angus will act on Kenneth's suggestion and retire."

"Of course I will," Columbine answered. "There's a trail around the lake to that point; Mr. Chandler and I will ride around to be the reception committee—at a discreet distance. Kenneth can escort you in the boat, with your clothes."

"Roderick Ghent, the human polar bear, is now about to perform," Kenneth chanted like a circus ringmaster. "Scoot, Sis, before Mr. Chandler begins to blush."

Columbine scooted, followed by the displeased Chandler. When they were out of sight Ghent took the water, naked as an Indian, with a high-speed trudgeon-crawl stroke. Kenneth served as convoy and life-guard in the boat, whooping merrily. The distance meant nothing to Ghent, for he had competed in water Marathons, but he was not certain that he could escape an attack of cramps in Blue Flower's melted snow. To his surprise, however, he found that the water was not cold enough to sap his strength, and he changed to a slow, easy breast-stroke that brought him to the chosen landing-place unfatigued.

A fire was blazing on the shore, but Columbine and Chandler were gone. Spiked on a twig of pine beside the blaze was a note for Ghent, which read:

> Good boy! I was sure you could make it. I wouldn't have let you start if I hadn't known that the lake was fed by warm springs. See what a nice fire I built for you to toast yourself by. Mr. Chandler was *so* pleased to gather the wood. C.
>
> P. S. Follow us up Deerskin Canyon. I hope for some fun. Kenneth knows the way. We will ride slow.

Ghent showed the note to Kenneth.

"Sis has something up her sleeve," he said after studying it. "I know her little ways. We'll row back, get the horses and follow. Well, I guess Chandler will have to admit you're champion in water-sports and pastimes. Do you know that bird has been hinting you are a lunger? Say, how did you get that scar on your shoulder?"

"Where do you think I was summer before last?" asked Ghent as he pulled on his shirt.

Kenneth reflected and had a bright idea. "Army?"

Ghent nodded. "Argonne."

Kenneth broke into a cheer.

"This will be a great laugh on Dad and Chandler. Wait till I spring it on them! That accounts for your lucky shot at the coyote, I'm thinking."

"Yes, I had a sharpshooter's medal. Don't know how it happened. It must be a gift. And the cough that worried Chandler is a souvenir of boche gas."

"Corporal Ghent, the pacifist sniper, I salute you!" Kenneth gloated. "I will break the news gently to the deer-killers at dinner tonight. Are you ready, sergeant? Let's go."

So they went back for their horses, to follow Columbine's mysterious trail.

Deep in a forested cañon, about an hour later, they heard two shots, not far ahead.

"Chandler has potted the demon buck, I fear," said Kenneth.

He gave a cowboy's yell, which received a faint and apparently feminine answer.

"That's Sis. Something's doing."

A little farther on, they could hear laughter, long and unrestrained.

"Sis in hysterics," Kenneth suggested flippantly. "Chandler has tried to kiss her."

Columbine's laughter drew them through the silver-green groves of aspen like a siren's call. When they caught sight of her, she seemed to be doing a war-dance.

"Come on! Quick!" she called out. "See what Mr. Chandler has killed!"

Then she began to laugh again.

Kenneth looked, exclaimed profanely and also started to laugh. He threw himself off his horse, rolled on the ground and howled with a madman's glee.

"Have you both lost your minds?" Ghent demanded.

"Look at Chandler," gurgled Kenneth.

Ghent glanced through the tree-shadows at his rival, who stood in morose silence, rifle in hand, beside something that looked big enough to be a dead steer.

"He has killed Dad's bull elk," explained Columbine weakly.

"He has slain the sacred bull!" Kenneth chimed in. "Shun him. He is anathema!"

Ghent walked over to look at the dead. It was, indeed, a magnificent elk, Cervus Canadensis, or wapiti, nobly antlered. But he did not understand the joke, and Chandler volunteered no explanation.

Then Columbine and Kenneth began, in strophe and antistrophe:

"Father paid two thousand dollars for that bull elk!"

"It was the elk of all elks, destined to perpetuate his species!"

"The sacred bull bore a charmed life!"

"No one was allowed to harm that elk!"

"All the guides had extra-special orders to keep hunters away from the Mormon elk!"

"There is mourning and lamentation in all the lodge-halls of the Highly Exalted Order of Elks, to which Father belongs. And his slayer shall be accursed!"

They kept up this sort of thing until Mr. Chandler, with a weary gesture, walked over to his horse and rode off toward the trail. He did not seem to desire company.

"Better follow him, Kenneth." suggested Columbine. "He may not be able to find the way back to camp—and he's not speaking to me just now. Mr. Ghent and I will come along when I have recovered."

Kenneth mounted briskly.

"I'll comfort him," he remarked. "I'll ask him if he doesn't want to bring the head into camp as a souvenir—*Adios, amigos!*"

Ghent had not laughed at all, although he began to appreciate the humor of the situation. He merely smiled in a beatific way and was silent. Finally he turned to Columbine and said tenderly:

"You little fiend!"

"Yes, Columbine did it," she replied. "Columbine did it with her little hatchet. She cannot tell a lie. She led Mr. Chandler up to the sacred bull, and never warned him."

"It was hard on the elk. Why did you do it?"

"Because he was so mean to you about shooting that doe. Because he has proposed to me three times this week, and I wanted him to get out of the habit. Because Dad seems to be bent on my marrying him, and he bores me to death. Because Mr. Chandler is—oh, well, I must not be catty."

"And what am I?"

She became evasive.

"You are—just you."

He told her very gravely what she was to him, and she listened with happiness in her eyes, and the aspen leaves danced gayly about them as they talked and planned the old, enchanting plans.

After a long time they arose to take the home trail, but she stopped before she reached her horse and went back to the glade where the elk had fallen. She stroked the bull's cold, hairy muzzle lightly and whispered:

"Poor old thing! Please forgive me."

WHEN they came out of the cañon, an afternoon rain drifted over the mesa, and they seemed to be in the heart of a soft, silver splendor that hid the contours of the hills. The shower soon passed, and the Eastern sky became a miracle of color.

Columbine had been saying:

"We wont tell Father right away. We'll wait until I prepare him for it by asking him to get you appointed head of the English Department at the State university. He's on the board of trustees. Oh, rainbows!"

They stopped their horses to look. Two giant bows flung the spectrum in soaring half-circles across the sky above

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"The symbol of hope," said Ghent. "Does it mean us?"

"The two big ones," suggested Columbine gayly, "are you and me, and the four little ones are our—"

She ended in laughter on his shoulder.

Then they rode on, enraptured, toward the rainbows. . . . .

Angus' wedding-present to his daughter was of small value but great importance. It was nothing but an elk's head, superbly mounted.

THE YELLOW HORDE

(Continued from page 41)

hunted in some far corner of his range, and the familiar cry failed to reach her.

This sense of familiarity led her at last to wait for a sight of him. Breed traveled one night toward the howl which always had the power to draw him, and he suddenly saw Shady fifty yards ahead. She would permit of no nearer approach, fleeing before him as he came on, stopping when Breed stopped, but always keeping that fifty-yard gap between. Every night for a week Breed strove to narrow the breach but without success; but Shady's doubts were wearing down before his constant advances, and she found no menace in his actions. She eventually allowed Breed to draw near, and they viewed one another at a distance of ten yards. Their course through the sage was a series of eccentric loops as each circled repeatedly down-wind to catch the other's scent.

Then their relations were reversed, Breed the retiring one, Shady the aggressive. There was the scent of the stables, a horsy smell clinging to Shady which Breed could not understand. There seemed, too, some vague taint of man about her which held him back. Shady grew bolder in the face of his timidity, and Breed's new-found suspicion eventually waned before her friendly insistence. Their friendship once established, they romped together night after night.

Shady was puzzled over the fact that this new playmate invariably left her early in the night. These meetings took place before Breed raised his voice to summon the coyote pack for the nightly hunt. He would break off in the middle of a race and send out the call, then leave the wondering Shady to her own devices for the rest of the night.

His curiosity satisfied, Breed answered her invitations less often, and she saw him only at infrequent intervals; and there was a reason for this flagging interest. Wolves and coyotes mate for life, or till one or the other of a pair falls victim to the wiles of man. When once a pair is broken, the survivor will not take unto himself another mate till the next running-time of wolves. There were pairs of coyotes running together in Breed's pack; there were also single she coyotes and single dogs; but while the mated ones were as devoted as ever before, these single ones had only a general interest in the others, their attitude uninfluenced by the lure of sex. And Shady, hampered by her relations with man and so unable to follow Breed's leadership at will, exercised less influence over him than either Peg or Cripp.

Breed killed abundantly, the coyotes picking the last morsel of each victim before dawn. Often he killed twice in one night. Word had spread that a breed-wolf had turned up on the range and was running with the coyotes. Private rewards were added to the State bounty, till a total of two hundred dollars was posted as the price on his scalp. Every rider kept a sharp lookout for the breed; yet so great was his caution that except for that first day of his return when Collins had seen him, no man had set eyes on the yellow wolf.

Breed's watchfulness for traps and poison-baits had waned from the fact that he found none of either on the range, and he now gave them scarce a thought. On the other hand his caution to avoid horsemen was quickened from seeing many of them, and his vigilance in that particular was never relaxed. He chose his beds with care, and he slept so lightly that the least sound penetrated his consciousness and carried its message to his brain. The shrill cachinations of a prairie dog, the shriek of a burrowing owl or the bawling of a range cow—any of these usual sounds of the open failed to rouse him; but invariably he knew when a man was dangerously near. If the menace was up-wind and within reasonable distance, his nose detected it. At times the creak of saddle-leather reached his ears or the sound of the horse's hoofs warned him.

In addition to this, Breed had many other means of protection at his command, and usually knew of the approach of man long before the direct message reached him over the paths of his own physical senses—this from his vast knowledge of the ways of animals and birds and his ready understanding of their wide-spread systems of communications.

Collins knew the wolf habit of bedding on a rise of ground. He also knew that the dog who turns round and round before lying down is not merely chasing his tail but instead is exhibiting a relic of his wild ancestors' way of rising frequently from his bed and turning to look off in all directions before resuming it. Day after day Collins swept the range with powerful glasses; and through his knowledge and persistence he located Breed at last.

Breed lay on the crest of a knoll. Peg and Cripp were hunting in the shallow basin below him, and he watched with keen interest the diabolical cunning of his two chief followers. Peg ranged in the open, while Cripp paralleled his course, moving along just behind the wave of a low ridge. A long-eared jackrabbit

bounced from his bed in front of Peg and fled swiftly for a hundred yards, then halted to look back as he discovered that he was not pursued. He reared on his haunches, forefeet clear of the ground, as he watched the coyote, who had veered away from him and was now questing aimlessly through the stunted sage. Peg turned toward him again, and the jack bounced away toward the ridge, stopping again as Peg swung away.

From Breed's point of vantage he could see the cunning Cripp keeping even with the jack, following closely its every move and peering at it through the scattered sage that topped the ridge. Peg, apparently unconscious that there was meat in sight, rambled in erratic tacks that crowded the rabbit toward the ridge. Breed saw a crouching shape slip behind a sage within ten feet of the jack, whose eyes were occupied with Peg. There was a flash of yellow as Cripp struck him, and the dying squeal of the big hare floated to Breed's ears. He rose from his bed in excitement, then paused to sweep the country with his gaze before resuming his nap.

Collins had seen! From the point of a commanding ridge five miles away he had centered his binoculars on the yellow wolf. The wolfer's horse grazed in the bottom of a gulch, his reins trailing loose, and Collins moved swiftly down to him and swung to the saddle. He had covered less than two hundred yards before Breed, five miles away, knew that a man rode toward him!

The pronghorn antelope has a most peculiar signal system of his own. He is furnished with a white patch on his rump, the hair long and stiff, and when alarmed, instead of bristling his neck-roach as do other animals, the antelope bristles this white rump-patch. The sun strikes light from the glistening hair, and every antelope within view follows suit, the warning flashed from band to band till every antelope throughout an area of many miles knows that some man is abroad on the plains.

Whenever a band of antelope sported within view of Breed, his eyes flickered open for frequent glimpses of them. Ten minutes after the two coyotes had killed the jack, Breed opened his eyes for a view of a pronghorn buck that had taken his stand on a low ridge half a mile away. Breed caught the danger signal and was instantly alert. For as far as his eye could reach, he could see the glistening points of light which he knew for antelope flashes. The whole antelope tribe was facing toward the danger and so pointed out its direction for Breed. It is this sort of signaling which men will not understand, preferring instead to credit an animal, warned at a distance of many miles, with some mysterious occult knowledge.

A band of antelope joined the buck on the ridge and fled with him toward Breed, stopped to look back, stamping their feet excitedly, then swept on past as a rider topped the ridge they had just left.

Breed flattened in his nest, resting his head down between his paws. The horseman came on at an angle that would take him three hundred yards to one side, then altered his course and angled the other

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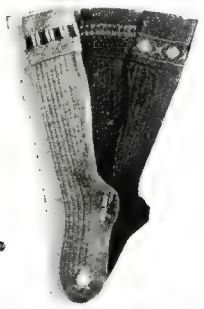

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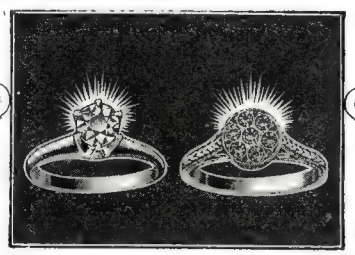

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way. He stopped to look over a bunch of cows, shifted again to view another bunch and circled round it, came on again but turned to head a stray steer back toward the rest. Collins was using the same tactics in approaching Breed that the two coyotes had so recently used to stalk the jack. He seemed about to pass two hundred yards away but lifted his horse into a keen run and whirled him straight for the point of the knoll, then shifted his course again to round the shoulder of the little hill instead of over its crest, knowing that Breed was running at top speed down the opposite slope. He pulled the horse back on his haunches and flung from the saddle with the first glimpse of the fleeing wolf.

Breed did not stop to look back as most other animals would have done, but ran with every ounce of his speed. He flinched away from the sharp crack near his head as a rifle ball passed him and the crash of the report reached his ears. The next shot struck close behind, and the biting gravel stung him as the ricochet hissed past within an inch of him. He held straight ahead but resorted to the coyote ruse of flipping from side to side in sharp tacks, his tail snapping jerkily outward to balance him on the turns. Bullets ripped through the sage about him as Collins emptied his gun. Then he was safe on the far side of a swell, and Collins was grinning ruefully at a wolfless landscape.

"Coyote stuff!" he said. "A man might as well gun up the corkscrew flight of a jacksnipe as to pour lead through the gaps in a side-steppin' freak like that. But you, Breed—you better keep your eye on me. The Coyote Prophet is out for your scalp; so walk soft, old boy—walk soft."

BREED struck a swift, gliding trot and held it clear to the base of the hills, stopping only when far up the first slope of them to sweep the low country for sight of his enemy. That night when he raised his howl, it reached the ears of perhaps a hundred coyotes far out across the flats, and immediately thereafter there was a strange movement in the coyote tribe. The majority of them rambled in all directions on personal business or pleasures of their own, but through it all, strung out over a five-mile front, more than a dozen coyotes were running swiftly toward the hills. They were not to be turned aside but held their course, gathering to the wolf who had led them to many a kill—willing to follow wherever he should lead. An hour later, when Breed raised his voice from the divide, a wave of coyote answers rose in unison; and when he headed toward the parent range, there were fourteen coyotes traveling with him through the hills. They moved together, but not as man understands that term, for they did not travel closely grouped. Some were half a mile to either side and some far behind, and there were gaps of several hundred yards in the line. Their trails sometimes shifted and crossed, but noses and ears kept them well informed as to the locality and actions of the rest.

They entered the rough mass of the main range and pushed on, traveling in this loose formation. Toward morning Breed stopped and listened to a far-off sound which reached him. Every coyote in the pack had also stopped to listen, their red tongues circling hungrily along their lips as they caught the significance of the sound.

There were no sheep on Breed's immediate range. Trouble between the cow-men and those who grazed sheep had been temporarily adjusted by apportioning the range. Sheep now grazed far to the south, but the cow-men allowed the privilege of pastoral transportation across the cattle-strip twice a year for those who summered their sheep in the hills. The snows were late in falling, and the flocks had been held correspondingly late high in the hills.

Breed had known sheep in the past—and this was the sound of sheep. Two herders had combined their bands to work them down to the low country, and the camp tender stayed to help them with the crossing. Breed listened long to the droning undertone, the maddening blat of five thousand woolies on the bed-ground, its querulous volume persisting through the sound of water and wind and drifting to him across a distance of five miles. Then he stretched forth his head and issued his hunting cry.

The savage peal ripped through the plaintive chant of the sheep as the prow of a canoe cuts sluggish water, and traveling against the current of sound, it reached the ears of the camp tender, who rolled over in his blankets and cursed. There was a half-minute cessation of the baa and blat, and before it was resumed, the tender had prodded the two herders into wakefulness.

"Better sleep with one eye open," he advised. "There's a wolf in the hills. Just crossing through, mebbe—but anyhow, you better stay awake to hold the sheep while I fire a shot to scare him off if he comes too close. He'll put 'em off the bed-ground and scatter 'em if he slips past the dogs."

The cry sounded again, this time less than a mile away, and a clamor of coyote howls rose with it.

"Coyotes!" the tender exclaimed. "Night-shooting wont scare those cunning devils off—they know a man can't see at night. It sounds like they was running in a pack, and enough of 'em to make a noise like as if the whole damn coyote nation had took to the hills. Wonder how come they're pranking round with a wolf? They'll likely only hang along to cut out some strays—but if they do come in close in a mob like that, it's good night, sheep! Them shaller-brained woolies will take to the peaks."

THE sheep had risen from their beds and were huddled close. The tender and herders stood with drawn guns, and the three dogs bristled savagely and turned their gaze toward the timbered slope that rose on one side of the open side-hill bench that served as a bed-ground. There was a movement among the sheep; the fleecy mass buckled and surged as those on the outer edge turned and sought safety by plowing toward the close-packed center. The three men stationed themselves in a triangle three hundred yards apart, hoping to steady the sheep and hold them. The dogs circled swiftly round the milling horde, driving merciless teeth into every panic-stricken sheep that sought to quit the flock. The whole mass suddenly crowded off to one side and all three dogs sped round to hold them.

One herder saw a flitting streak leave the timber edge and glide toward the sheep—another; there was no moon, and he could not be sure. His gun barked twice as a dozen shadowy forms crossed the open, strung out for two hundred yards. Then hell broke loose on the bed-ground.

The fear-crazed herd streamed past the other herder and the tender. The men shouted and struck out with heavy staffs, trying to stem the tide and turn it back. But the resistless sea of fleece surged on and was swallowed in the gloom of the heavy timber down the slope. And in the center of it all Breed and the coyote pack were working.

They ripped through the mob and split it, drove through again. The sheep split into a hundred small detachments and blundered on under the trees. The men stumbled through the down-timber windfalls, and their shouts and the frantic barking of the dogs rose above the clamor of the sheep—but there was not a sound from the yellow killers who had started the stampede. Every coyote knew the location of the men, and each one singled out a stray band for his own and swept ahead with it. The dogs worked like fiends, but the marauders were in too great force for them. Whenever a dog bore down upon a coyote, the raider fled straight away from the sheep and their blats recalled the dog to duty. The mad wave rolled down the slope and up the next.

The first light of dawn revealed each of the three dogs holding a large band of sheep. The two herders and the camp tender had each rounded up a smaller bunch. They worked their separate ways back toward the bed-ground, gathering strays along the way. The camp tender held them in the open, while the two herders and the dogs combed the surrounding hills for stragglers; and as they worked, they cursed the coyote and his ways. It was no unusual thing in their experience for a few coyotes to fly at a bunch of sheep and scatter them, cutting out a few that straggled away from the protection of men and dogs; but this savage attack in pack formation, and the harrying of five thousand head of sheep far through the hills, was new to them.

All through the morning they rounded stragglers toward the flock, and shortly after noon they headed the tired sheep down toward the foothills, fearing a repetition of the stampede. Just at dusk they milled the sheep and bedded them on a ridge in the low country a mile from the base of the timbered hills.

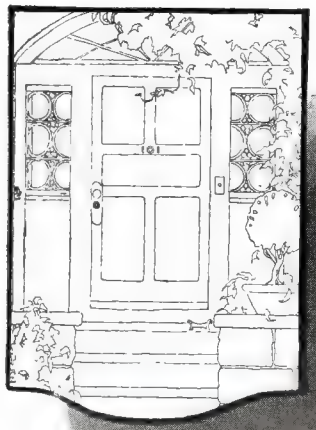
The camp tender looked them over with practiced eye and shook his head.

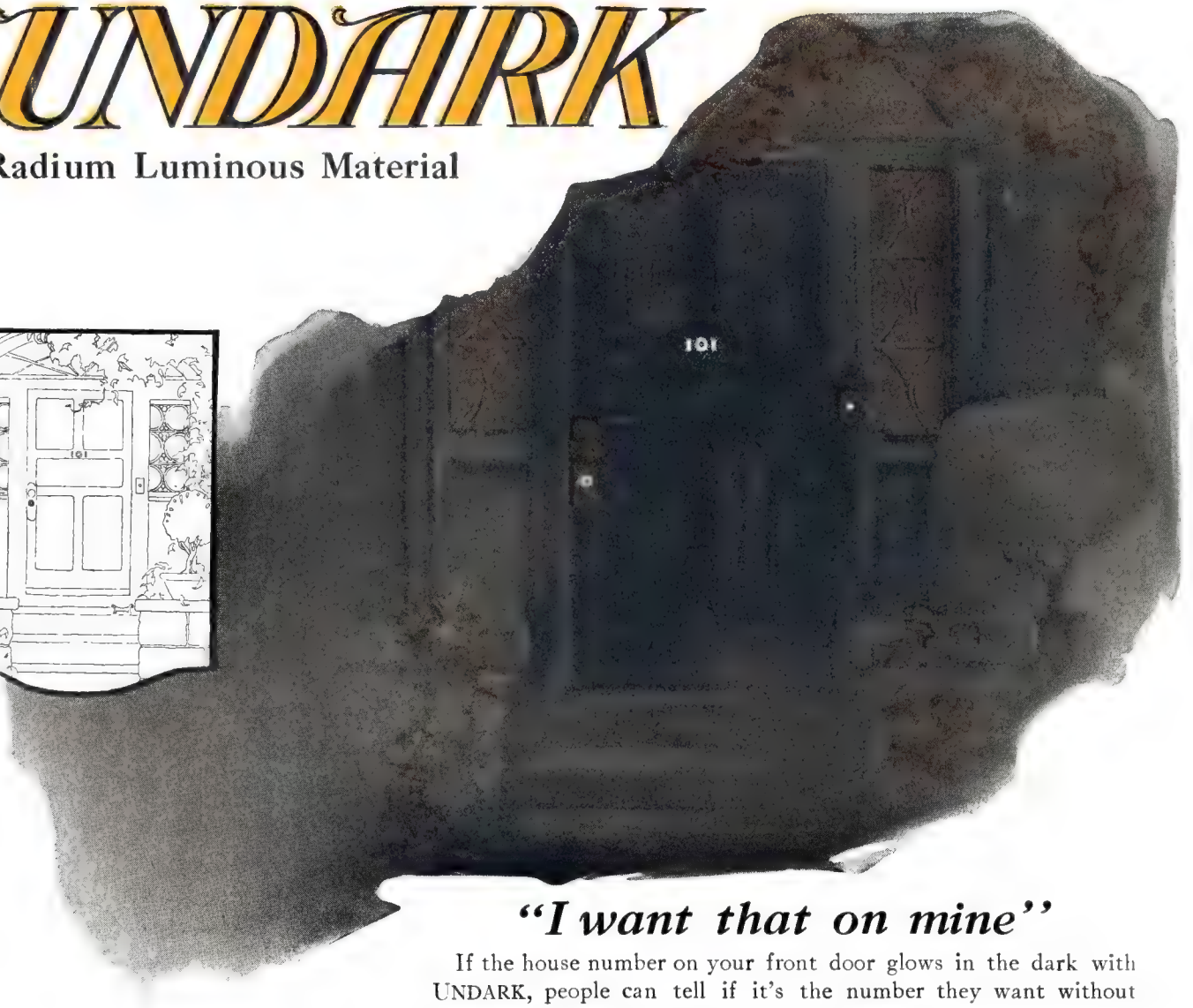
"There's no chance to make a count now," he said. "But when we do make one, it's dollars to dimes that we'll tally out two hundred short."

(The next installment of this remarkable novel of the Great Outdoors includes some especially interesting chapters—in the forthcoming September issue.)

UNDARK

Radium Luminous Material





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Hospital Call Bells	Fish Bait
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Locks	Convention Buttons
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Names of the makers of these furnished upon request

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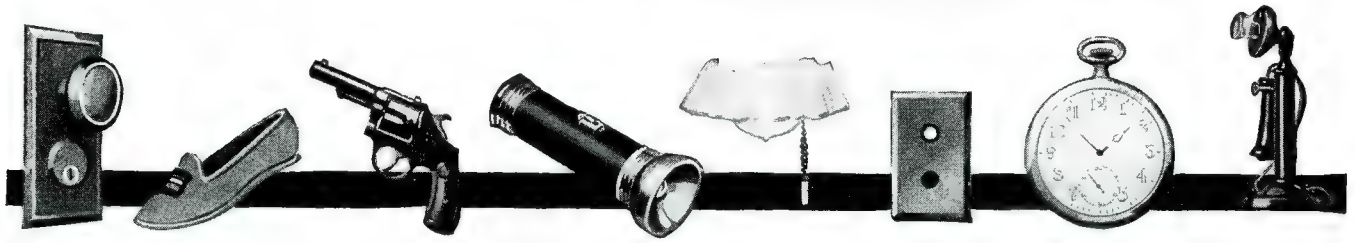

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in bottles or at fountains

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A DAUGHTER OF DISCONTENT

(Continued from page 66)

Ogus she imagined in the rôle of husband; she selected an unknown, a hypothetical man. But it was not different. The horror, the loathsomeness, remained.

Jane summoned to her aid the fact that all women seek husbands, enter into the marriage relation, and that the great mass of them lead contented if not happy lives. How, then, did they endure this thing? She brought to bear the Chagnons, obviously happy, Mrs. Chagnon blissfully happy. How account for that?

Could it be that her whole conception of life was erroneous? That was the question Jane Lang asked herself, and asking, hesitated to give the answer which she felt to be true.

JANE looked at her watch. It was after eleven o'clock. With sudden determination she put on her hat and coat, for it seemed to her that the room had become too small to hold her thoughts, that its four walls cramped her mind unendurably. She craved exercise and the stimulation of walking. Surely it could not be unsafe to walk out at this hour in such an unfrequented part of the city; no one would see her; no one had reason to suspect her presence or to watch for her. So she went down the stairs toward the front door, quietly, but not so quietly that Mrs. Clotts did not hear her movements and emerge from her room to confront her.

"What do you do?" demanded the woman.

"I'm going for a walk," Jane said.

"You should not go out of the house." Mrs. Clotts placed her back to the door. The action aroused Jane. She was no prisoner, but was there of her own volition. She would not submit to coercion.

"I'm going for a walk," she said. "I'll be back in half an hour."

"He said you should not go out of the house," Mrs. Clotts said without change of expression or inflection. "You should go back to bed."

"Mrs. Clotts," said Jane, "I'm going out. I'm not a prisoner. Nobody has the right to forbid me to go out. Will you please step aside?" She looked straight into the woman's eyes. "I'm going out," she said, and Mrs. Clotts understood that nothing but physical opposition could prevent Jane from carrying out her intention. She stepped aside without a word. Jane opened the door and stepped out upon the street.

The cool air, the sense of space, the very darkness were stimulants. Jane walked rapidly. At the corner was a lighted window, and glancing toward it, she saw it filled with an astonishing variety of objects. And above the door of the shop hung three golden balls! Jane stopped. It was at pawnshops that needy individuals obtained money!

Money! The possession of money, even of a small sum, would revolutionize her position. She thought of her watch. It had been given her by her father on her twentieth birthday, and suddenly she wanted to be rid of it. It was a bond connecting her with Daniel Lang. With some misgivings she opened the door and entered.

A small, bald, crosseyed individual sat smoking behind the showcase and in front of a huge old-fashioned safe. He looked up and squinted and nodded.

"I want to get some money for this watch," Jane said hesitatingly.

"Lemme see it. Where did you get it? How did you come by it?"

"My father gave it to me on my birthday."

The man grinned sardonically. "That's what they all say," he remarked, and fixing a watchmaker's glass in his eye, he opened the case and peered into the works of the timepiece.

"How much you want?" he demanded.

"As much as you will let me have."

"Huh! Filled case. Cheap watch."

"It is not a filled case, and it is a good watch," said Jane, surprised at herself for her ability to assert herself.

"Ten dollars," said the man with a tone of finality.

"Give it back," said Jane.

The man retained the watch and squinted at Jane. "Well, fifteen dollars. And you get no more."

Jane received the money and the pawnticket. The sensation of touching those bills was inexpressibly pleasant and reassuring—like to that of a man in peril of his life who discovers a weapon lying on the ground. As she stepped upon the sidewalk again, she noticed an old woman with shawl-covered shoulders who crouched over some sort of portable contrivance from which arose steam and a not unpleasant odor. The old woman looked up and met Jane's eyes.

"Good evening, my dear," said the old tamale-vendor.

"Good evening," said Jane.

"You don't belong here at this time of night," said the old woman, "or at any time of the day, for that matter, I can see that. I'll venture you were never inside a pawnshop before."

"I never was."

The old woman nodded her head. "I know. I can tell, for I see them all, every kind. One gets to know about the world by wandering about the streets at night. Such things one sees! You wouldn't believe it. Much bad and some good. Yes, some good. In strange places, too. Oh, I could tell you queer people who have done good things. I like to think about them. It keeps up your faith."

"Are you out every night, at your age?"

"Every night, summer and winter."

"You have to do this? There's nobody to take care of you?"

The old woman smiled. "Nobody to take care of me," she said. "No, nobody. Who would take care of an old woman like me? But you, my dear! You're young, and you're beautiful. How do you come to be here? Are you married?"

"No."

"Somehow I didn't think you were. It's something besides that that sends you into a pawnshop, something unusual, I'd guess. Not that I'm trying to pry. It isn't my way to pry. You ought not to be here. Do you know where you ought to be?"

"I don't know."

"You ought to be in a home, with a husband you love. A good many men must want you, because you're very beautiful, and men love beauty. It's right they should, for that's what beauty is for—to make men love you, good men. I was never so lovely as you, but I had enough of it to make a good man love me, and so I have always been happy."

"Happy! You have always been happy?"

"I'm happy now—because he loves me yet, and I love him."

"He loves you—and lets you do this, at night, at your age!"

"I'm happy because I can do it for him—for him that's been my husband these forty years, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health. And now it's in sickness. Rheumatism, it is. He can't stir to work. Not that he doesn't try, poor man, but what with bent back and twisted legs and crooked fingers, and pain all the time, he can't work—not for five years or thereabouts. But he's never hungry," she said proudly, "and he never wants for medicines."

"You do this! You work like this to keep your husband!"

"It surprises you, eh? That's because you don't know. You're very young, and you've never loved. It's plain to be seen. If you had loved, you'd know. It wouldn't seem strange to you at all, but the most natural thing in the world. It's why I can be happy, because I'm doing it for Amasa."

"I've never believed in love," said Jane.

THE old woman laughed. "Many don't, till they get it. I didn't at first, but I found out different. It was when I got to know Amasa. But when I did love him, and he loved me, then nothing else counted in the world—though it did make a lot of trouble!"

"Trouble?"

"Well, you see, Amasa was my father's gardener. I didn't have any business falling in love with him. He was just a gardener that worked for wages and loved plants and flowers and was good and clean and honest. Amasa wouldn't have it, but I made him run away with me and marry me. And I thank God for it every night. My father never wrote to me nor spoke to me again. He was a hard man. But I had Amasa. I used to have a sort of horrified thought about marriage and having children, and that part of it. It seemed as if I couldn't bear to have a man touch me. But I remember the first time Amasa took me in his arms and kissed me! It was all different, and somehow I knew. I wasn't afraid after that. We never had

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but one baby, and he didn't stay. We were kind of poor always. Amasa couldn't earn much, and we couldn't save a great deal. What we saved was lost in a bank. And then the rheumatism got Amasa, and thank God, I've got strength to work for him, and shall have until he goes. Then I'll go too. That makes me glad. I know I'll follow right after him, and we'll be together again."

"That is—love?" Jane said, and then answered her own question: "That is love!"

"Yes, my dear, that is love. And all the money in the world isn't worth an hour of it. Maybe you've met a young man, and were drawn toward him?"

"I don't know," Jane said. "There's a man I admire. That's all, I think. I guess I trust him. He doesn't approve of me."

"And that troubles you—because he doesn't approve of you?"

"I—I'm not sure." She was thinking of Weeks Ledyard.

"Then," said the old woman gently, "you'd better find out. You'd better give it a chance. Sit by and see if it doesn't turn out to be love. . . . . I've got to be stirring along now, my dear. You oughtn't to be wandering about alone. Which way do you go? All ways are alike to me. I'll walk with you to your door."

At the steps leading up to the Clotts' front door, Jane paused and said good night.

"Good night, my dear," said the old woman. "Don't risk losing it. Give it a chance."

THE door was unlocked, and Jane entered. Mrs. Clotts peered out at her as she passed down the hall, but did not wish her good night, and Jane re-entered her own room. Quickly she took off her clothes, and almost instantly was asleep.

Jane slept late. On awakening she went downstairs, for she was hungry, but Mrs. Clotts was not in dining-room or kitchen. Jane called, but nobody answered. She went upstairs. No one was there. It was very queer. The house seemed strangely silent, oppressively silent, as if some unseemly event impended. Jane mounted the stairs to the third floor, to Henry Clotts' attic, where he slept with his wife and where he worked at his elixir. . . . . That room was untenanted also.

Jane stood on the threshhold looking into that forbidden room. She stepped inside, urged by curiosity. It was a plain room, and meticulously clean in spite of chemical experiments. Its furniture was scanty. In the middle of the floor stood a tub of liquid sending its odor about the room. It was the elixir, in the fumes of which the Clottses slept, deriving from them eternal life! On tables and shelves was an arresting collection of objects, which seemed to Jane unholy. There were frogs and mice and turtles, petrified in the elixir. Lying on a table was the hairless stone body of what must have been a cat! Jane shuddered, stood gazing about her with a dread that had in it something of superstition. Then she stepped forward, uttering a little cry of fear, of amaze-

ment. Lying on a sort of desk, as if it had been carelessly left, as if its owner had been unexpectedly frightened away, was a small cardboard package, a container for mailing some small object. Jane recognized it. It was the counterpart of that container she had discovered on her father's desk—a bomb! A bomb to be sent through the mails and to be opened at some innocent, unsuspecting breakfast-table! Henry Clotts had been working upon it!

She did not suspect. Certainty came to her in an instant. It was Henry Clotts, the chemist, who fabricated those bombs. This house, strange, uncanny, was a bomb-factory! Urged to further search, she opened the door of a closet; and there, in neat piles, dozens of them, were other containers, completed, bearing their deadly messages in innocent exteriors, ready for mailing.

Jane rushed from the room in sudden fear. She descended the stairs to the first floor, in panic making for the street. But as she was midway down the stairs Mrs. Clotts entered the front door with her husband at her heels. Mr. Clotts was uttering plaintive sounds of grief, but his wife was silent, austere, as expressionless as ever. Her preternaturally bright eyes rested on Jane.

"My daughter iss found," she said without inflection. "She iss dead. She iss murdered. Did you know that?"

"I? How should I have known, Mrs. Clotts. Oh, I am so sorry."

"Sorry iss no help," said the woman. "Somebody has kill' Anna, some man." She looked fixedly at Jane. "When I shall know what man it iss that has murdered Anna, then you shall see. Oh, you shall see."

CHAPTER XXV

SIX men were gathered in the room behind Henry Clotts' secondhand book-store, and one of them was a negro. He was not a black negro, but yellowish. Even the whites of his eyes were cast with yellow. His face was intelligent, with a sort of vindictive, sinister intelligence.

"Not in the South," he said, as one who defines his position on a subject. "It must be in the Northern cities. Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston. My people up here are not afraid as they are in the South. They can set the example."

"Perhaps," said Peter Ogus.

"Not perhaps. I know. Let it spread southward like a disease. It will spread. If you plan on a negro uprising, you're off on the wrong foot. But we can make trouble."

"Every trouble helps," said Ogus.

The negro nodded. "It's the government in the North you've got to kick over, anyhow. If you succeed up here, I think I can promise success below Mason and Dixon's. My people will fall in line, but they wont lead. Don't depend on us to start it. But if they see things falling to pieces, why, they'll join in. And if they join, there wont be a white person left alive in some States I can mention. I can handle things here in Chicago."

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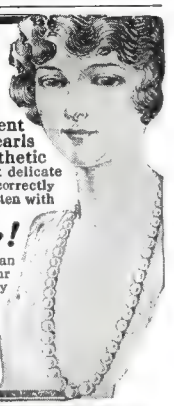

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Above is a girl who is conducting a motion picture troupe through the Orient. At the right is a girl who at eighteen is a successful, money-making farmer.

The stories of a woman landscape-architect; of a woman who makes moving pictures; of another who feeds a railroad's workmen; of "The Indiana Tie Girl"; of a successful girl farmer; and of other women who are winning their way. There are many timely articles like "The Woman in Business for Herself" and "Does Your Vacation Belong to You?" and many fine stories and serials—twenty-four notable features in the August issue of—

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On one morning the strong men of the bourgeois government will be destroyed. We are undermining the police. One great city is ripe to be picked. We're back of these unions of policemen and firemen. The coal-strike will stop the country still. It will throw out the men of all industries. We're sure of the steel men and the longshoremen. The Sab Cats will take care of the Pacific States. We've got men and arms and explosives—and money. The country will wake up on a morning to find its leaders gone, its police protection destroyed—and no law, no law for anybody. . . . . What we need is just one more straw to lay on the backs of the mass of people."

"We've got the straw," said Doc Keenan, glancing across the table at Omar Borginski, who sat opening and closing his twisted hands and scowling uneasily.

"What straw?"

"Food."

"Meaning?"

"Control of food, control of the price of food, to raise it to a cost the people wont bear. To starve a city if we want, to starve the world! Starve people, and they'll fight—they'll fight anything. What's at the root of all revolutions? Starvation."

"That's true enough, Keenan; but we haven't control of food. If we had—"

"We have." Keenan licked his lips and glanced again at Borginski. "Anyhow, we've got control of the man who has control of food. We can guarantee that, can't we, Omar?"

Omar Borginski growled unintelligibly and scowled.

PRESENTLY Mrs. Clotts appeared silently with a tray of bottles and glasses.

"Where's your husband?" asked Ogus.

"He does not come down today. Our Anna, she iss dead. Some man has killed our Anna. Her body it iss found in the water."

Keenan's face wore a sneer as he watched Omar Borginski's hands open and shut nervously. "Too bad, Mrs. Clotts!" he said. "Too bad. Murdered?"

"By some man!"

"What man?"

The woman shook her head, but eyed Keenan with her preternaturally bright eyes. "We could not know—yet. But we shall know. And when I know—" She did not finish the threat, but the venom that coated her words made even Keenan draw his sleek shoulders together.

"I hope they catch him," he said, and glanced slyly at Borginski again.

Mrs. Clotts left the room silently; the men drank; and the meeting, its business completed, adjourned. Borginski did not rise from the table. Keenan signaled Ogus to remain, and in a moment the three had the room to themselves.

"What did you mean about food?" Ogus asked eagerly.

"What I said, eh, Borginski? Omar and I run onto a little secret. We could keep it for ourselves if we wasn't generous to our fellow-men. It's worth money." He displayed a roll of bills. "Look! Whenever we ask for it, we get it—all we want. But the way we look at it, we can get more when everybody's scrambling."

"What are you talking about? Come clean." Ogus spoke sharply. "What secret? Whose secret?"

"Islip's."

"Abner Islip?"

"You might say so—though it haint him. But it'll run him like he was on the end of a push-button."

"Go on—go on!"

"Murder!"

Ogus started. "Murder! What do you mean."

"That's the secret—a murder. It belongs to Omar and me, but we're turning it in to the general fund. Good of us, eh?"

"What murder? Who is murdered?"

"Anna Clotts," said Keenan.

"How does that touch Abner Islip?"

"Because it can be laid to his son."

Ogus leaned forward, betraying excitement. "Are you telling the truth? You can lay a murder on young Islip? That means he didn't do the murder."

"Just as good as if he did. He was there, on the spot. He was there to meet Anna Clotts, and we took a letter off of him from her making the date. We got that letter. Omar and me was there, and we swear we seen him kill her and throw her into the lake. See? Anything the matter with that?"

"How came you to be there?"

Keenan grinned. "Oh, Omar, he was stuck on Anna Clotts, and followed her. I was sort of keepin' tabs on young Islip, and I followed him. See? I wasn't expectin' to see Omar, and Omar wasn't expectin' to see me, nor young Islip wasn't expectin' to see neither of us. But it got to be quite a sociable party."

Ogus regarded Borginski through narrowed lids. "So Omar killed the girl!"

Borginski sprang to his feet and stood crouching, breathing heavily, his little eyes blazing with fear.

"Aw, sit down, Omar," said Keenan. "Nobody's goin' to give you away. It's a favor you've done us. If it wasn't for you, the girl wouldn't be killed, and we

couldn't lay it onto young Islip. Sit down."

"You've got that letter?" Ogus demanded.

"It's safe."

"I wonder—" Ogus sat back with half-closed eyes. "Abner Islip is a big man," he said.

"I get you, Ogus. But nobody's as big a man as you're thinkin' about. He'll come through. You was thinkin' he might do the old Roman, and let the boy drop through the trap? Not him."

"It's an outside chance, but we've got to take it. Food! Control of the food of the nation! Keenan, this is the biggest thing in the world. No revolution ever had anything like it. What a weapon! Starvation!" He leaped to his feet and paced up and down.

Borginski's little eyes reddened and glistened. "It's me done it. It's me run all the risks. What I want to know is what I git out of it?"

Keenan laughed in his throat. "We'll let you pick out a nice big bank, and loot it all by yourself," he said.

"The thing to decide is how to use it," Ogus said. "It will take planning. We've got to be right—the first time."

"We've got the kid where we want him. Omar and me have made him sit up and take notice. He'll do anything."

"It's his father that counts. Is it best to make the boy put the clamps on his father, or for us to go direct to the old man?"

"I'm always for direct action," said Keenan.

"When?"

"One time is as good as another. More money in it for Omar and me if it lays awhile. We're milkin' the kid reg'lar. Darned if I aint almost sorry for him! That kid's in a hell of a stew."

"The best way," said Ogus, "will be to make young Islip go to his father with us. Make him back us up. He'll work to save his neck, and the old man wont be able to stand it to see the boy squirm. That's the plan."

"When?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Suits. Omar and me'll get along now. We got to keep our eye on him. We'll have him ready tomorrow at, say ten o'clock. You pick us up at the building where the old man's offices are."

They pushed back their chairs and left the room. It was not until the street door of the little secondhand bookshop closed behind them that there was a slight movement upon the stairs just off the room of the meeting—a slight noise as of some one moving stealthily. The door, not tightly closed, opened wider, inch by inch. Mrs. Clotts' face appeared, expressionless, and her bright, unwavering eyes peered into the unoccupied room. She stared and stared as if she saw something, some one. Then, silently, the head withdrew, and she might have been heard softly ascending the stairs and—a thing never before recorded of her—humming in a low tone, humming no tune, only a low, monotonous hum.

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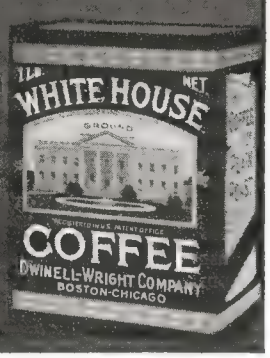

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"THROUGH HELL FOR HIM"

(Continued from page 46)

owned horses and stables, entertained right royally.

Another letter from Bob added to her depression, drove her thoughts into forbidden paths. Because he wrote uncheerily she was alarmed, for Bob was not the whining sort. But he intimated, in a few terse words, that he was thinking of giving up college for a year or so until he could earn a little for himself and go back, self-supporting and self-respecting, as a man should. He was already twenty-four years old, almost Wilfred's age. Two years of delay would cripple him terribly in his career.

She laid the matter before her roommate Judy Allen. Judy was a slivery, hard spinster with amber-rimmed spectacles, a hank of faded hair and the awful square-heeled shoes satirically called "common-sense." When Ethel told her about Wilfred's talk with his father and his subsequent proposal, Judy hardened her little colorless eyes and said:

"You fool! Why didn't you accept him?"

"In the first place," responded Ethel, "I can't bear him. In the second place—well, I'm pretty human, I suppose. And you've got to love a man a lot to want to go through hell for him."

A few days later Ethel found a card shoved under her door. It was nicely engraved, "*Mr. Wilfred Bowdin,*" but the romance lay in what was scribbled on the reverse side.

> I'm awfully sorry. I wouldn't have said a word if I hadn't cared so much. When will you let me see you?

Hard, mercenary temptation again entered her soul, held sway over her brain. Hell with a butler at the door, hell where all the bills were paid on the first of the month, hell where there was always a generous surplus with which to help the deserving wherever help was needed. It was a motion-picture version of hellish grandeur, perhaps, but it charmed as it haunted. And yet she made no move to answer Wilfred's scribbled appeal. She was secretly disappointed when a week went by and nothing more was heard from poor misguided Wilfred.

On Saturday afternoon, Judy having gone to a free concert, Ethel sat in a shabby scrollsawed rocker attempting to settle her mind over a paper-backed copy of "Ivanhoe" which she had borrowed from the delicatessen-dealer's wife. Above Sir Walter's mighty highfalutings the question of the day kept tap-tapping at her brain.

Then a louder tap-tapping brought her to her feet. It was a knock upon the door, an impertinent, peremptory, insulting knock which seemed to say: "Open in the name of the law!"

She went to the door, and as soon as she had swung it wide, stood irresolute in the presence of Mr. Alcis J. Bowdin himself.

Quite without an invitation, and neglecting to remove his pearl-gray hat, the little giant strode into the room. His hard, red face was inscrutable, but his quick, marvelously intelligent eyes were taking in every detail of the shoddily furnished interior. Finally he decided to remove his hat.

"Ethel," he began roughly, "now, you look here: you'd better reconsider Wilfred's proposition and have it over with."

"That would be impossible, Mr. Bowdin," she said quietly. "Wont you sit down?"

He threw himself into the comfortable rocker and sat studying her.

"Ethel," he resumed, "I've talked it over with Wilfred, and I think it's all right."

"That's very nice of you," she remarked, not without sarcasm.

"You see, the boy's taken an awful shine to you, young lady. And I'm beginning to agree with him—for the first time in my life, I guess. He told me what you said. That was hot shot, Ethel—hot shot. You fired from the hip and let him have it. Now, that's the stuff Wilfred needs. I've given it to him in proper doses these many years. But it goes into one ear and out of the other. It needs a woman with guts—excuse me—to get hold of him and tell him the truth about himself."

Quite apparently the father was proposing for the son.

"I wont marry a drunkard or a gambler," she announced, her lips tightening.

"Good!" Old Alky snapped this out as once he had snapped a quirt over the ribs of a misbehaving bronco. "If I settle that, get him to put it down in black and white, will you take him?"

She closed her eyes just a moment. She wasn't in love with Wilfred or anybody else. She had once cared recklessly for a young engineer who had been killed in Mexico.

"Yes, Mr. Bowdin," she said coolly, "you can tell him. It's all right."

"I think you're a pretty fine woman," growled the ex-cowboy as he took her hand.

The parting remark, which sealed the bargain, implied that he admired her with certain reservations.

EARLY and glorious California spring found Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Bowdin competing with several other large American fortunes at Hotel del Coronado. Old Alky, who had done everything to hasten the union, had made amends for his curtness by sending Wilfred a lavish allowance on the first of every month. Sudden sobriety had not improved the young man's health, but he was sticking to the letter of the bargain, written, signed and sealed on good white paper. The doctor had looked him over and decided that California and a year's rest would bring him back to his none too vigorous normal.

Soon the medical advice proved itself, for Wilfred, happy, almost energetic and

constantly adoring, was gradually becoming more presentable in appearance than Ethel had ever seen him during their peculiar intimacy. He was wonderfully patient with her—too patient, she thought in her moments of boredom. If he would only fly into a fit or rage now and then, chide her thriftlessness, splutter his jealousy as other husbands did. His subservience was quite unfashionable.

Her marriage to Wilfred had been a cold bargain, and she was determined to make the most of it. Her natural extravagance, pent up during those hard, grinding years, was now given full head. Luxury-mad as some parvenue Cleopatra, she had glutted her appetite for clothes before they left New York. She had revived that appetite in San Francisco and plunged again into a dressmaker's saturnalia; and from the latter city they had motored south in a newly-purchased motorcar. That surly animal Alcis J. Bowdin had thrust a magnificent pearl necklace at her as a wedding-present. But in San Francisco she had found one she liked better,—principally because it had cost her more,—and she had traded her father-in-law's gift in part payment for her heart's desire ere they took their golden way toward Coronado and wilder extravagances.

Wilfred's poor physical condition forced upon him a sedate way of living. He rested most of the afternoon and retired early at night. But to Ethel he was an easy boss; this to her was his saving grace. In her excellent clothes, which she wore well, she was easily the most beautiful woman at the resort—too beautiful, some of the ladies took pains to say. Society knew that she was a graduate stenographer who, due to some romantic hokus-pocus, had married Bowdin for his money. But Harry Krugg the polo-player, and Shirley de Fontaine the aviator, and Pontius Craven, a gentleman of leisure, were inclined to broad-mindedness in regards to Ethel. She permitted their escort to polo-matches and, rather daringly costumed, laughed with them on the beach. And dancing! All the pent-up enthusiasm of youth glowed in her veins at the drawl of a fiddle or the gleam of neat slippers on a polished floor. Also she had pretentious kennels built near Harry Krugg's stables as quarters for her troup of Belgian police dogs, at that time a novelty on American soil.

Naturally people made the most of the situation. Wasn't it pitiful the way she was using the Bowdin boy! What could he be thinking of, marrying that common little thing? Didn't he have any spirit? What did Bowdin, Sr., think of all these goings-on? Pretty scenes young Bowdin must be having with his wife in the secrecy of their big suite on the second floor!

As a matter of plain truth, there were no scenes in the big suite on the second floor. Wilfred was always kind, humble and meek as one of Ethel's well-broken dogs. It was constantly a sort of dog-like gratitude for a tossed morsel or a pat on the head. Only once did he flare up.

"Etty,"—he faced her solemnly,—"do

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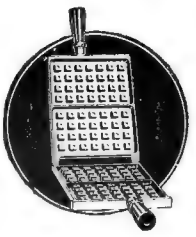

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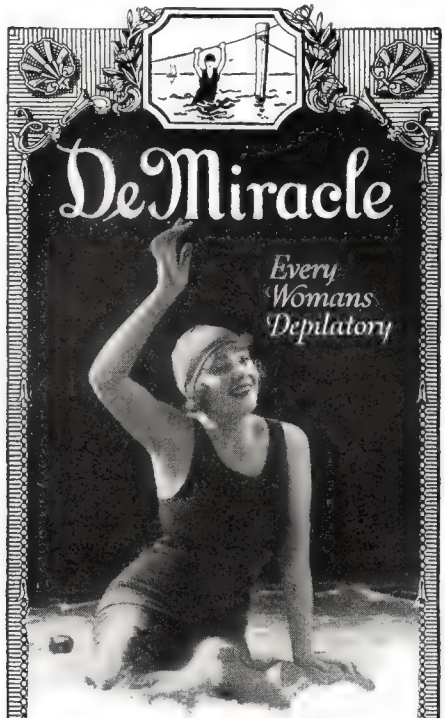

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you know the old man's howling calamity?"

"Calamity?" She straightened up.

"He wont tell me what it is, but I know by the look of his letters that something's apt to go wrong. And we're nearly twenty thousand dollars behind our allowance now."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" she asked rudely.

"What was the use?" he began, then checked himself. "I don't want you to think I'm a tight-wad."

"I always have to beg for the least little thing!" she wailed, and lost her voice in a torrent of childish sobs.

The crash came in early winter, just as the skies were beginning to drip with the first warnings of the rainy season. Most of the desirable young men had gone long ago. The sea looked dreary, and Ethel had just come back from a walk during which she had decided that it should be New York and at once.

She found Wilfred pacing the room, his face terribly distorted, his body all a-tremble. Shreds of notepaper strewed the rug.

"What in the world's happened?" she asked, truly alarmed.

"Busted!" He choked as he said it.

"What do you mean?"

She held him by the arm or he would have fallen.

"The old man's put everything into the jack-pot. He tried to swing more than he could carry. It's gone. Every cent gone. He's having a close squeak," —he sank into a chair before he could complete the information—"a close squeak keeping out of jail."

"You mean there's nothing left—for us?"

It was a selfish question, and she knew by the look he gave her that he appreciated its selfishness.

"Our debts," he laughed bitterly.

Her first impulse was to run away. In this crash had vanished the one beauty that had made him tolerable to her. Then a curious shame overcame her; and the thought of a living common interest, now gently stirring, reminded her of the one thing they were destined always to have together.

"Can't we sell out," she asked, "and manage it so as not to make any talk?"

"I haven't got a stock or a bond to my name," he told her disconsolately. "We depend on the old man for every stitch we wear, every crumb we eat."

"I know that," she replied rather crossly. "But I was thinking of my jewels and our cars. We can sell them. And then I ought to get something for my gowns."

Wilfred sat all doubled up, rubbing his forehead.

"Etty!" he cried at last, looking up, "What a good sport you are!"

He leaned over to kiss her, but she moved away.

THEY went to Los Angeles next day to hawk the last remnant of their finery. Here again the impulse to run away from Wilfred came and tempted her. It would be easy enough to catch a train for San Francisco during one of her expeditions of unwilling salesmanship.

But it was while she was alone in the hotel sitting-room, consulting a time-table, that neglected conscience stole in and got in its word: "And now he's found something human, something he can bank on, a woman who isn't afraid to tell him his middle name."

The words of old Alky on the day she had made her bargain came ringing at her ears. After all, it wasn't a matter between her and Wilfred; it was the bargain she had made with Alcis Bowdin and the woman who had died for him to make him strong.

She paid a porter to take her bag back to the room, and now full of a hard, dry courage, she went at it again to salvage what she could from the wreck of their fortunes.

Ethel had to conduct most of the transactions, because Wilfred moved in a daze. She was afraid he would begin drinking again, but he too was keeping his share of the contract. Their business was settled in a week. She did fairly well, and there was a surplus—a pathetic surplus—remaining for a dark and doubtful future. They were debating the advisability of moving East and joining forces with the Bowdin misfortunes when a telegram came forwarded from Coronado.

Your father very ill. Come at once.
STUART MACMONAGLE.

"We've got to go. We've got to go," Wilfred kept repeating stupidly.

Possessed of a sudden nervous energy, he brought out his suitcase and began packing, as though catching a train were a matter of minutes. Ethel felt only disdainful pity for his irresolute frenzy and turned her back upon his poor efforts at helping himself. A dull thump brought her back to his case. Wilfred, bending over his baggage, had fainted and lay huddled on the floor, his head jammed against a radiator. He was unconscious.

IT was all very well for the house physician, a froglike little man who came in his own good time, to talk about Wilfred's having a long rest. He had had nothing but rest, so far as Ethel knew, during the pointless years of his insignificant life. But Wilfred was obviously ill since the shock which hurled him swooning over his open suitcase. The goggle-eyed doctor mentioned anemia, nervous prostration and a series of difficult Latin names. Like all second-rate professional men, the house physician spent a great deal of time displaying his knowledge.

Wilfred went to bed, very white, very silent, very pathetic.

"We can't stay here!" was about all he said, but he repeated it with a persistence so childlike that Ethel was driven to a frenzy of despair.

He was all too right in that oft-reiterated plaint. Hotel-bills were actively eating into their surplus. Nevertheless the young Mrs. Bowdin realized that the medical frog would kill her husband in time, and so she went to Dr. Delaney, a man then locally eminent, and frankly confessed their plight. With something of the broad-minded generosity which had gone toward putting him up in the profession, Dr. Delaney smiled at the pros-

pect of another bad risk, came and looked into Wilfred's case.

"He's had a severe nervous shock," was his verdict. "It will need time and a great deal of patience. Medication, of course—but it wont amount to much here. What he needs is quiet, building up, good plain food. And don't by any means try to take him East until he gets a lot better."

All this sounded so simple!

"You know, Etty," declared Wilfred in his feeble voice as soon as the doctor had gone, "it was a rotten shame the way I keeled over. It's positively nothing. I've had those spells a dozen times and been fit as a fiddle next day. If you'll only help me into my clothes—"

"Stay where you are!" she commanded none too gently, and went forth again in search of something, somewhere, to be their shelter during the terrible months to come.

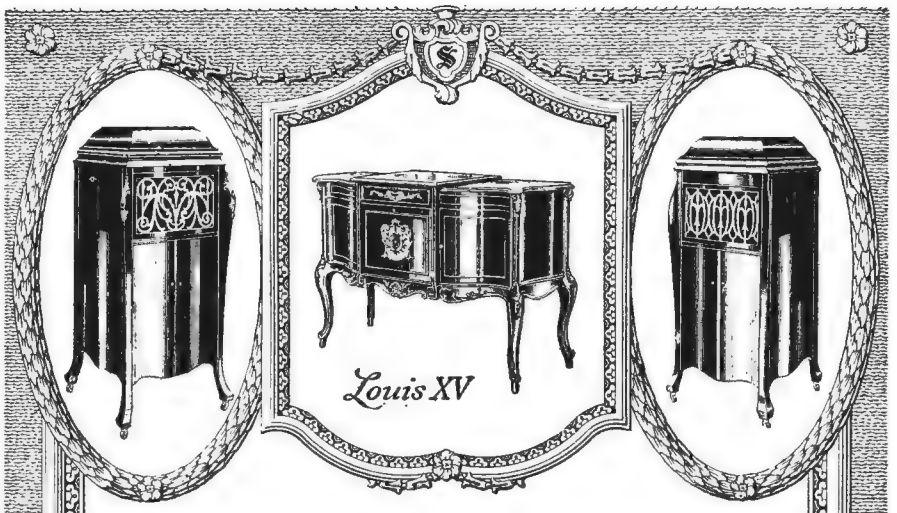
A comfortable house in a wholesome neighborhood, plenty of light and air, all modern conveniences—that was all she wanted. It was raining half-heartedly, and half-heartedly she waded through seas of mud, searching the cheaper suburbs.

Floundering, prying into squalid neighborhoods infested by Japanese, her mind was forever on life's fateful trickery which had brought her to this. Wilfred prostrate in Los Angeles, old Alky collapsed—dying, probably—in New York. Money gone, position gone; and a baby was expected sometime in February!

There were a few dim lights on the horizon. After the hotel-bills were paid, they would have enough left to maintain them in almost comic poverty for two months. Then there was this small consolation—the people did not recognize them as the once prodigal heir and his stenographer bride. They had registered at the hotel under the name of Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers, and she had adopted this pseudonym, which agreed with the initials on their baggage. She was glad, too, about Bob. He had graduated with honors, and she had promised him a course at the Beaux Arts. Of course that must go glimmery, but she had got him on his feet.

She found an untidy little bungalow in an untidy little valley between Los Angeles and Pasadena. Dripping palms, dripping pepper trees, and rivers of adobe mud were all the details of landscape she comprehended. The agent told her it would be paradise in the spring; it was the reverse now. She recalled old Alky's text about a woman going through hell for her husband.

Had Ethel taken the unpromising home in hand and turned it into a model bower of simple comfort,—as she had read of heroines doing under similar circumstances,—she might have ferried over the slough of despond and come out cheerfully upon the green pastures beyond. But she had been poorly trained in housekeeping. Moreover her condition did not permit any prolonged physical exertion. There were three rooms in the bungalow, separated by paper-thin, knot-holed partitions. Wilfred had his own sick-room; in the relics of what had been a dining-room—it was an orgy of shoddy secondhand furniture—Ethel



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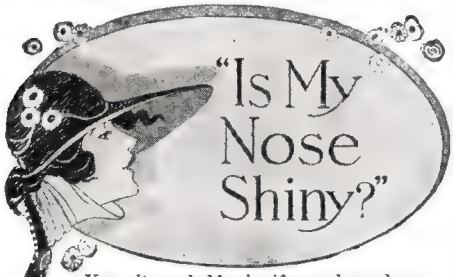

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slept on a flimsy couch at night, and during the weary dark days she sat in this chaos and tried to mend. The kitchen, with its bare floor greasy from a leak in the kerosene stove and a continual drip from the unmended roof, she hated most of all. Here she made a miserable farce of washing the family clothes in a damaged zinc tub. The life was a nightmare.

Wilfred slept very poorly, and week in and week out she read to him, often until after midnight. She hated the trashy novels that interested him. A woman in love might have endured all this under a splendid impulse to sacrifice. But that was the curious thing about Ethel. The more she gave, the more her resentment grew. Her husband's occasional moments of tenderness were unpleasant to her. Had she held him as positively to blame for this dingy anticlimax, it might have been a degree less discouraging. But Wilfred could never be anything positively. He was a negative irritation, a negative stumbling-block, a negative husband.

The life, too, was telling on her. Her face and hands were growing thin, indicating the strain that was on her at a time when a woman should be most fastidiously cared for.

TOWARD the end of January, their money being nearly gone, she rummaged the advertising columns of the Los Angeles *Times,* hoping desperately for some kind of work that would keep them alive, keep their pitiful home together until Wilfred was well or dead or that new life, for which she felt a burning responsibility, had come into being.

She found an advertisement which looked more promising than the others. An author wanted the services of a typist familiar with scenarios. She had copied a few scenarios for Mr. Dorian back in the Brooklyn days; and she hoped to find something here which would permit her to work at home—for her condition as well as her responsibilities prevented her staying away for any great length of time.

Therefore one morning, between breakfast-dishes and luncheon-stew, she floundered through the mud and took the trolley for Los Angeles. She found Mr. Glossky, the author, working in an untidy room over a shoe-store. His face was almost criminal in its hardness and dissipation, but his look softened to pity at the sight of her condition, and he even suggested a place where she could rent a practically new typewriter for four dollars a month. He turned over to her a mass of obscure handwriting and loaned her a finished scenario as a guide.

The next day her rented machine came, and she set to work tick-tacking out frightfully comic scenes in the midst of the prevailing squalor and depression. For more than a month the sun had been a stranger to the people of earth; rain was now descending in sheets, lashing the mean little windowpanes which seemed to cry and cry the tears which Ethel was too proud and too indignant to shed.

"*Caption*—You poor cheese!"

Ethel stopped in her typing at this remark, which she had just copied from Mr. Glossky's fearfully comic manuscript. Poor cheese indeed! How she wished she could find a little love in her heart to color the prevailing gray! She could see her husband in the next room sitting up in bed poring over a damaged book she had brought him from the public library. She realized how sullen and ungracious she had always been to him, even in their days of gaudy prosperity. Poor Wilfred, poor Ethel, poor Alky, poor world!

HER baby was born in the middle of February, or, atmospherically speaking, during a high mist between storms. Less than an hour before the doctor came, the postman brought a letter from old Bowdin's lawyer, Mr. Macmonagle. It had been forwarded to "Bowers" from Coronado, and merely said that Mr. Bowdin was now able to be moved, but required constant care, as the paralytic stroke had left him a cripple. It intimated that the younger Bowdins should take care of him.

Ethel got the letter before Wilfred saw it—he was now on his feet and moving about, making futile efforts at housework. She hid Mr. Macmonagle's communication without a word to her husband. Suffering though she was, she sat at the typewriter and tick-tacked a reply:

> Dear Sir:
> Yours of Feb. 12th received and contents duly noted. In reply would say that, since Mr. Bowdin has made you rich and is now down, it would be only fair for you to pay his expenses to California and say nothing about it.
> Awaiting your reply,
> Yours very faithfully,

And she signed it proudly: "Ethel Cray Bowdin."

The baby, who proved to be a girl, was born with a mop of hair and looked, so the nurse said, more like her mother than her father. This, of course, was fortunate; but Ethel felt none of the triumphant joy of young maternity. This would mean harder, fiercer grinding for her, one more to feed, one more burden to carry. It was but an added drop to her already full cup of sorrow.

But with poor Wilfred it was otherwise. He seemed to walk in a land of dreams. He learned to carry the baby the way the nurse—who only lingered two days—had shown him.

"Eyes like her mother's," he kept saying, his homely face beaming his delight.

He made pathetic attempts to repay Ethel for her long sacrifice. His version of bed-making brought to her the first real smile she had indulged since the big rain began. The nurse had shown him how to prepare invalid's food, and he did it surprisingly well. The scenario-writer, Mr. Glossky, came as another surprise. He puffed up in a roaring roadster and announced that he had seen the birth-notice in the paper and was insistent upon inspecting the first-born.

"I'm sorry I got behind with my pay," he announced before leaving.

Ethel, you may be sure, had not forgotten that he owed her something like twenty dollars, and so she was grateful. But after he had gone, she counted over

the pile of bills on the table and realized, with trembling lips, that the queer, cruel-looking man had over paid her eighty dollars. She might have returned it, but she understood the chivalrous gaucherie and clumsy understanding that had prompted the gift. There was some one who understood, and she wept for the first time since the day of her wedding.

Early in March the sun came out and claimed his world again. The real-estate dealer, on that sloppy, desolate day when she had taken the bungalow, had declared that the valley would be paradise in the spring. For the first time she seemed to be gazing with eyes full open. All the surrounding hills, Aladdin-mounds of emerald, gleamed and gleamed, shooting green rays back to the hot life-giver whom some peoples—small wonder—have worshiped. Down in the valley swift streams, already decreasing, gurgled. A meadow lark, short-tailed and heaven-winged, shot recklessly upward, sweetening the air with his wildly happy thrill.

California spring! A squat Chinaman with a seedy hat and two baskets swung on a long pole jogged merrily by, chanting in falsetto. And inside the bungalow Ethel could hear the drone-droning of a harsh male voice:

Bye, bye-lo, bay-bee,
Bye, bye-lo, bay-bee—

It was monotonous, patient, quite without tune, almost without time. She gazed through the porch window and saw Wilfred rocking back and forth, the little bundle against his chest. His rugged little face, again gaining in color, was turned toward the sleeping child, and she could see written there the love she had never given him, never given his baby. What hells they had been through! What stygian tempests had battered them back and forth, days without gladness, nights without stars! How they had fought for life, bound together by the inseparable cords of pride and custom!

Ethel came suddenly to her feet and rushed into the cluttered room.

"My dear!" she whispered, and sinking to her knees, embraced the woman-child and the child-man who were equally in her care.

"What is it, honey?" he asked, his voice grown still and husky as he put his rough cheek against hers.

"I've been bad, bad!" she told him, then cried and cried.

"Bad? You've been an angel."

Do angels live through hell, come winging from the pit, their golden crowns unblackened, their godly pennons unsinged by mocking fires?

"I wanted to help!" she said wildly over and over. "I tried—and oh, how I hated it!"

"I know, dear," he said solemnly. "I realized what a burden I was to you."

"I think that's why I love you so—now."

That was all she said, and lay nestling for a long time against her child and her man.

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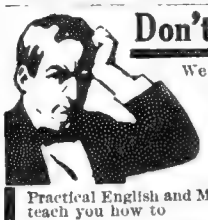

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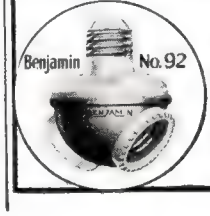

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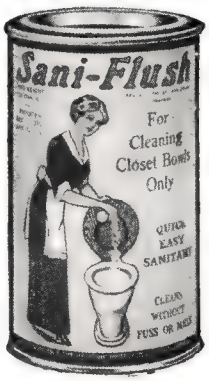

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white house on the hill, a spotless patch among shaggy eucalypti, sleek-leaved, golden-bulbed orange trees climbing the slope. You will admire the fatness of the white leghorns and red cattle among the well-kept barns. If you are a curious traveler,—as of course you are,—you will ask who is living there and who is the old invalid sitting in the wheel-chair under a live oak.

"He's Alcis J. Bowdin," the guide will tell you. "You remember? He went busted in the Indoga cattle scandal of 1913. Place belongs to his son, but his daughter-in-law runs the ranch. Had a hell of a time, they say, at first. But young Bowdin made a small stake in street railways and bought this choice bit of property."

"She must be a capable woman," you remark.

"Oh, yes," says the guide tolerantly. "But you can do anything in this climate."

Just such a sight-seeing tour had gone by one afternoon when little Mab, now seven and going on eight, approached her grandfather gleefully and gave him a free and skillful exhibition of orange-sucking.

"If you eat too many of those darned things," croaked the old man in his sour voice, "you'll get hardening of the arteries."

"Why doesn't Mother like you?" asked the child.

"Because," said Alcis J. Bowdin, "I proved to her that I was right. Women don't like that, you see."

"Don't you like Mother?" asked Mab, spilling orange-juice down the neck of her frock.

"I do," declared old Alky. "And I shouldn't be surprised if she liked me too. Only it wouldn't do for her to admit it."

"Why?"

"That would be proving that what I said was right."

"What did you say, grandfather?"

"Not much."

His clear old mind was wandering back to the afternoon in the Brooklyn flat when he had believed that she was a very good woman.

"Father loves her, anyhow," declared the observant child, "and she loves Father."

"If he didn't," said old Alky, "I'd kick him all the way from here to Pasadena."

"My!" Mab's rosebud mouth flew open. "Could you kick that far, Grandfather?"

Under the blue steamer-rug Mr. Bowdin tried to move one of his withered legs, and as he did so, he smiled a whimsical, dry, wry and gallant smile.

"MATTHEW BEMAN"

(Continued from page 51)

In the end Mistah Beman had the money; and Mistah Markyn, he was ruined."

This was not very plain, Peewee thought, but the result was clear; Mr. Markyn had been "broke."

"Did Mr. Beman throw up his hat upon the Floor?" he asked.

"I wouldn't wondah. 'That's like what you did to me about the oats,' he said to Mistah Markyn; and afteh that they nevah spoke again, and the two families didn't, till Mistah Waltah Markyn ma'ied Miss Ma'ion, and then they come togetheh again."

This was more clear to Peewee; he had known that his father's marriage had reconciled the families.

BURTIN, when he took Peewee up to bed, would have helped him undress, but the boy would not submit to this indignity. He was still dazed with the wonder of what the day had brought to him as he snuggled in the cool, smooth sheets after the old man had left him; but now he was beginning to appreciate it more distinctly. This house was wonderful, he thought. He would play about in this pleasant house until, sometime in the day, Mrs. Markyn would come, and he would see her and talk with her and touch her!

He dressed hurriedly in the morning, so as to be ready if she came, and after breakfast he sat by the window watching for her; but she did not come.

In the late afternoon Burtin came and got him and took him to the library. Beman was there now.

"Come here," Beman commanded.

Peewee approached uneasily.

"Can you read?"

"I can spell."

"Spell this, then—spell it out loud."

Peewee took the printed clipping which the old man held out to him.

"'Reward,'" he spelled, "'for information as to the whereabouts of H. Seabury, probably aged ten, formerly inmate of St. Anthony's Orphanage and various boys' homes. Room—100 Washington St.'"

"That you?" Beman inquired.

"Yes sir," the boy admitted miserably.

"Spell this." Beman held out another paper to him—one now which was merely written.

"'Helen Lampert,'" Peewee spelled, "'born Chicago, age thirty, never employed, associate of various men in Chicago, New York and Seattle, known also as Helen Howse and Héloise Labell, of late frequenter of Chicago West Side cafés.'"

"That's your mother," Beman asserted. "What do you think of her? Not much, if you're wise."

"She's dead," Peewee offered hopefully; Beman, at any rate, could not send him back to his mother.

"I know she's dead. You there when she died?"

Probably Beman knew the answer to this too; Peewee did not dare to lie. "Yes sir."

"Anybody else there?"

"The nurse."

"No one else?"

"No sir."

"Anybody come there while you were there?"

"No sir."

"Not a tall man with blue eyes—very blue, like yours and black hair like yours?"

"No sir." He looked with premeditated candor squarely at Beman, but internally he trembled. Beman, he saw, knew who his father was. Was Beman going to turn him over to his father?

"Sure about that?"

"Yes sir."

"Mother didn't tell you about any man?"

"No sir," Peewee lied desperately. Beman certainly could not know what had been told him by his mother; they had been quite alone together when, with her hot hands covered with their glistening rings, she had clutched him down against her and held him while she made him write down his father's name.

"Ever see that ad before?"

"No sir."

"Know that address?"

"No sir."

"Don't know of any lawyer at that address? Might be a lawyer's ad, you know."

It was exactly that, Peewee knew, as he watched Beman; Beman knew it was a lawyer. "No sir."

"Don't know who's advertising, then?"

"No sir," Peewee iterated.

It was, of course, his father advertising; it could be no one else. Didn't Beman know it was his father? Peewee thought he did, and he began in panic to back toward the door.

"Stay here," Beman commanded sharply.

The boy halted, shaking nervously.

"Sit over there," Beman directed, pointing to a chair.

PEEWEE, keeping his eyes imploringly fixed upon Beman, backed to a chair and pulled himself up onto it.

A bell rang somewhere; a servant crossed the hall; an outer door opened and closed, and the servant came to the doorway of the library.

"Show him in," Beman said at once, before the servant could announce the visitor.

Peewee, watching in panic, saw the man behind the servant. He had looked, since he had his new clothes, so often at the boy in the mirror that he recognized unmistakably the man's startling likeness to himself; they had the same distinctive, regular features, the same very dark blue eyes, the same black hair which grew in the same way upon their necks and temples.

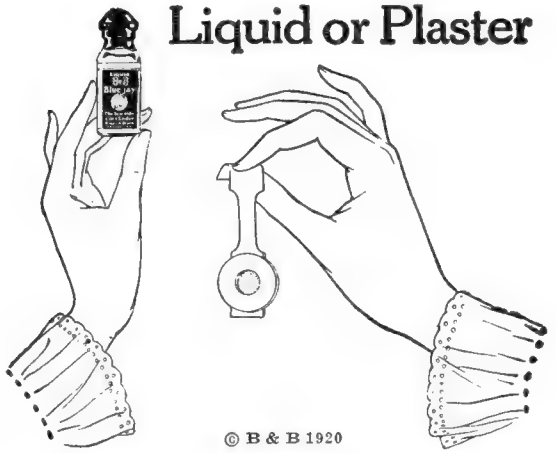
The man, expecting plainly to see Beman, instead first saw Peewee. His gaze, as the boy stared back at him, quickened with surprise, then with inquiry and certainty. He flushed angrily, and Peewee shivered.

"Come in, Markyn," Beman invited.

Peewee's throat closed up, and he sidled off his chair away from his father.

"Got a little guest here, Markyn," Beman said in explanation. He turned then to the servant. "Take the boy away."

Liquid or Plaster



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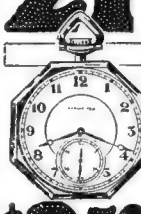

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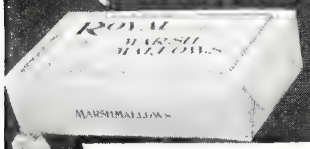

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Peewee fled to the servant, and twisted his head to gaze back at his father as he was led from the room. The servant took him upstairs to his bedroom and pushed him in and shut the door. He did not, Peewee appreciated with surprise, lock the door. He reopened the door softly and listened, but he could not hear the voices in the library. Was his father telling Beman how he would get rid of him? He went part way down the stairs and again listened. The door of the library was closed, but through it he heard his father's voice, high-pitched and loud with bitterness:

"She might have known something would happen, if she trusted you!"

Peewee stiffened with surprise. Beman and his father were not, then, in agreement. Beman was not merely turning him over to his father. What was he doing? Some one, Peewee knew, would discover him if he stopped to listen outside the door of the library, but there was a room next to the library into which probably no one would come. Peewee ran into that room; here too the door into the library was closed, and he went to it and lay down close to it on the floor.

"Go back farther," he heard Beman saying. "Go clear back to the wedding."

"It goes still farther back than that."

"Very well; but wasn't I right? The little fool was bound to marry you. Now, by God, the thing works out! I couldn't tell where Jeff Markyn's grandson would go wrong, but I knew he wouldn't go straight."

"No. You merely hated my family. It isn't the man who's injured that never forgives; it's the one who inflicts the injury."

Peewee grew tense with perplexity. What was the meaning of this talk?

"She came here"—this was Beman speaking now—"several days in succession and sat by my front window where she could look out. She was watching, I discovered, for a boy she'd taken an interest in. She'd seen him on the beach here nearly every day. I got it out of her she meant to find a home for him—not in your house, not in any institution. The thing looked queer to me, and I said: 'Bring the boy here; I'm all alone in this big house, and it'll be good for me.' She wouldn't consent at first; finally she agreed to it."

"Because you made her think that she could trust you. We all believed you'd buried that old family feud as we had."

"Not with you, I hadn't. You married my granddaughter in spite of me; the boys on the Board could have told you to watch out."

Peewee's heart beat fast. He commenced to understand why Beman had not thought it necessary to lock him in his room; it was not merely that Beman had thought he would not run away from this delightful place. Beman had asked Peewee questions the answer to which he himself already knew. Peewee comprehended now, only for the purpose of finding out how much the boy knew. Peewee had denied any knowledge of his father. So Beman had shown Peewee to his father, and at once had sent the boy away. Why had he done that?"

BEMAN'S voice was again going on: "She brought the boy here, and by heck, he looked as much like you as peas! What lawyer would you go to, I wondered, if you were in trouble? You'd go, I had no doubt at all, to Sallet. I put a man to dig in Sallet's office; Sallet, he found, was advertising for a boy. In twenty-four hours I had the whole blamed thing. I had the boy's record in the institutions; I had the mother's name. Like to hear it? I had her looked up too. I was almost sure what all this meant. I sent for you to come over here, and I watched you when you saw the boy; that made me certain. You're no fit husband for Matt Beman's granddaughter—coming to her straight from another woman, and with a child running the streets who doesn't know his father!"

"I never knew there was a boy."

"What does your knowing matter?"

Peewee heard his father's voice after a long interval: "What is it that you mean to do?"

"I'm going to take her back, away from you. This house is lonesome. I'm old, but I aint a dead man yet. I'd like a young woman—my granddaughter—around as well as anybody would."

Peewee thrilled delightedly. Beman was not only not going to give Peewee over to his father; he was also going to bring Mrs. Markyn here.

"You've considered the effect of this, of course?" This was Peewee's father.

"You mean the scandal? It aint necessary there should be any scandal. I don't mind mere gossip."

"No; I mean the effect of this on her."

"Of course I have. She wouldn't believe any story against you merely by itself. And you've made her trust you so that the boy, without the story, isn't enough to make her suspect you. But I've got both the story and the boy and by the Lord, she'll have to believe the two together, because you wont be able to deny."

Peewee chilled. So Beman was going to tell Mrs. Markyn who Peewee was. That was the way she was to be brought to live here! Yet he was no longer so sure she would hate him if she knew. She suspected something, and in spite of that she had kissed him. It might be that when she knew, she would forgive him for being his father's son.

"You don't understand," he heard his father say. "Marion still has perfect faith in me. She's told you the promise we made to one another when you sent her abroad. She kept that faith with me. She asked me if I had kept it with her. How could I tell her about this? God knows I'd never loved anyone but her. I lied to her!"

"Of course. Jeff's grandson would."

"She's built her happiness about that lie. I'm not thinking about myself; I'm sure I'm not. I'm thinking about her."

Peewee drew back swiftly from the door; a servant had gone into the room opposite and switched on the light. Peewee had not noticed that it had grown dusk; the servant would come to this room next, perhaps. Peewee darted across the hall to Beman's den.

He sat there miserably, staring toward the library. It was not, he perceived, a question whether Mrs. Markyn would forgive him when she knew; it was a question of her happiness. She would never be happy after this; she would grieve inexpressibly. He had heard that in his father's tones; her desolation had been in his voice, her agony. Would his father succeed in changing Beman's intention? Burtin had said Beman never forgot what had been done to him; that he remembered and remembered and remembered. It might be that so long as Beman had Peewee, nothing could change the purpose of that obstinate old man. Then Peewee would have to run away from Beman, from Beman's wonderful house and his good food, back to the streets.

THE door of the library opened, and his father passed through the hall, stumbling a little, as though his fixed gaze fastened itself on objects without seeing them. Beman came from the library and crossed to his den; he saw Peewee and smiled at him with satisfaction.

"What a man must do, boy," he said triumphantly, "is wait. His time will come at last."

"Yes sir," said Peewee unhappily.

The words did not make so plain to him as the old man's victorious manner that his father had not been able to change Beman. Pewee moved out into the hall and went slowly to his room.

He choked at the room's look of comfort. How soft the bed and pillows were—they had a smell of cleanliness! His room! As he stood in the doorway, he perceived the boy in the mirror standing in the reflected door in his new clothes. They called the clothes his as they called the room, but both, he realized, belonged to Beman. He went suddenly to the drawer into which the servant had tumbled his old clothes, and choked again as he saw that the clothes still were there. Then he began to take off his new clothes.

He folded his coat and shirt carefully and put them on a chair, then his knickerbockers. He unfastened his shoes; then he hesitated, and refastened them. He looked a long time at them, but finally he took off the shoes and stockings. He put on his old clothes, which had been damp when they were tossed into the drawer and now smelled moldy and dirty. His eyes filled with tears as he looked round the room, and he felt blindly for the door, and blinked the tears away and looked out into the hall. The hall was empty, and he went noiselessly down the stairs, but stopped halfway. A servant passed below him without noticing him, and he heard Beman's voice speaking to the servant.

He perceived the futility of trying to run away from Beman. He had run away a dozen times before, from a half-dozen different institutions; yet they had always caught him, though they had had no reason for seeking him except the ordinary transaction of their business. They would, he had learned fully, always catch him in the end, upon the streets. Beman, who had more reason for catching him than the authorities had, and who could use their agents besides others of his own, would catch him too, inevitably, if he was upon the streets. And he had, he realized, no place except the streets to go.

He went on down the stairs, trembling uncontrollably, but not now from fear of Beman. He opened the great front door, went out, noiselessly reclosed it and ran down the steps. He went north till he had counted four blocks, then—very slowly—west. He had decided what to do. The great square house he was approaching was his father's, and his legs shook so that he could hardly walk. He did not dare to go to the house, but sat down across the street from it. He would see his father eventually, going in or coming out.

He perceived at the end of the street, where it merged into the park, his father passing and repassing under a street-lamp, as he paced absorbed in troubled thought; and he started up and went hesitatingly toward him. Each step, as he approached, was slower than the last one, and his flesh was cold with terror as he forced his trembling legs to take him on. What would his father do when he saw him? In what dreadful way would he get rid of him? His

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father's look—hands clenched, eyes fixed on the ground, turning back automatically at each end of his short walk as if he did not know that he was doing it—increased his dread. His father, unquestionably, was considering what he would like to do to Peewee.

He had got close to him now, but his father did not notice him. Twice, in his absorption, his father almost brushed him. Peewee tried to speak and could not; then desperately he stepped in his father's way. But his father merely moved to go around this obstruction, and Peewee perceived that, in his old clothes and the dark, he did not recognize him as the same boy he had seen in Beman's house.

"I'm the boy," Peewee croaked.

HE saw his father start and stare down at him, then swiftly bend; he felt his father seize him and twist him about so that the street-lamp lighted up his face. Peewee waited, his eyes closed, his body resting weak with fright against his father's arm.

Dry sounds whose meaning he could not determine came from his father's throat. He gathered courage; nothing terrible had yet occurred.

"He was going to tell her," he explained.

"Tell her?"

"About you and me."

"About—you!" His father, Peewee recollected, had not known that Peewee knew their relation, but he must comprehend that now. Yet he saw, to his surprise, no anger in his father's face.

"So I ran away," he confided.

"From him?"

"To you. Because I didn't have anywhere to go he wouldn't find me, but you wanted to get rid of me."

"You want me to—get rid of you?"

He felt perplexingly friendly to his father. "She's nice," he said. "She talked with me. I didn't want her to be spoiled." He saw his father understood him now.

"Son," his father whispered, "son, you were afraid of me! What did you think I'd do?"

"I didn't know."

"I wanted to send you away—somewhere you'll be taken care of. I love her; so, I think, do you. Will you let me send you away, let me do that?"

Peewee felt queerly comfortable; he saw tears shining in his father's eyes.

"For her," his father urged him.

"Sure!" he said.

His father took his hand, and they turned together away from the Markyn home. His father, he realized, had not told him where he meant to send him, and he did not ask. He did not like to be taken care of; he had continually run away from that. What kind of people would be taking care of him now? Would it be another institution? Would it be something else? Would the people beat him? He would not mind what they did to him, he thought, since he would be enduring it for her. He twisted his head to look up at his father confidently as they walked along.

The next story in these chronicles of Peewee's Quest will appear in the September number.

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PERIWINKLE HOUSE *(Continued from page 56)*

"Kind to you? God bless you, I would die for you."

"Oh, you make love soon! But wont you please go now! Quick, I hear something."

"You hear my heart. Let me stay ten minutes, and then I go."

"Ah, but why would you give me ten minutes of fear?"

He saw that her anxiety was real, and his heart smote him for cruelty to this dazzling creature whose father he would hang with a rope brought from the North.

"Yes, I will go. I wanted to tell you something, but my regret at going is so deep that I forget what it was. But I must come again when the sun is not so low. Now tell me please, when that shall be."

"Never would a man before talk like this to me. . . . . But if you must come when I beg you no, let it be next Thursday. My father then will be in the hills to buy the cattle."

"This is Friday, and that will be a week, lacking one day. You have set doomsday for my return."

"If you come before, you will not find me. And now it is the good-by."

She drew back quickly through the door; and down into the fringe of tall cane he went, parting his way to the canoe that lay nosing the mossy bank.

Only now that she was gone and night had come did he remember—remember that this girl who had bewitched the swift minutes with him was the daughter of his sworn enemy Stepho la Vitte.

A voice called him as he was cursing himself for a traitor to his father's memory. On a point of land he saw three men standing. One of them beckoned him, and he turned in toward them. One of them spoke:

"Would you be kind to set us across? The night he comes, and we would not be lost in the swamp. We will get to the river. Would you please?"

"Yes, but I don't know that my canoe will hold four. We may get a ducking."

He pulled alongside and steadied the canoe while they got in. Now he paddled carefully. The man who had talked, and whom the other two addressed as Tonez, requested to be set on a bushy shore where the water was so shallow that the canoe was almost stuck in the ooze. With his paddle Drace propped his craft steady for them to get out. Tonez got out—and with the quickness of a cat snatched a rope from beneath his coat and threw a noose about Drace's arms. Then two men in the boat threw themselves upon him. There was a hard struggle, in the canoe and then out into the water, but they brought him ashore, wound about with the rope.

Now they made haste to tie him securely. The canoe was dragged ashore; Drace stretched out in it, and now they took it on their shoulders and hastened through the tangled underbrush. He had fought hard, but had not cried out. But as he was carried along, he swore bitterly at himself for not looking at first with suspicion on the brutes who now had him in their power.

"Ah, you would steal about and spy," said Tonez. "But you steal about no more. The carpetbaggers, they say, 'You brave?' and you say 'Yes, I am brave.' Then they say, 'You find old Stepho.' And you go to find him. He is not at home. But his men, they come just in time."

"You are liars. I was—"

"Ah, you come with the joke. Tomorrow, we will laugh. Will you? No, you will not laugh."

DRACE lay quietly tugging at the ropes that bound him. If he could spring out free, what a scattering he would make of them! They stopped, entering some sort of doorway, and rested the canoe on the ground. Tonez lighted a candle, and Drace saw that he was in an old cabin, almost ready to fall. They rolled him out on the floor, face down, and beneath his arms they passed the paddle of the canoe, so that he could not turn over. Then the others went out, leaving Tonez holding the candle.

"Does the kind gentleman know why they gone? They go to get the dry rushes and the dead bark. For why? To make the fire. It is not cold, no? But they will make the fire of the cabin, and when the morning come, there will be the ashes of the kind gentleman; and the people they will say: 'Ah, he lie down to sleep, and burn up.'"

Drace heard them piling their murderous fuel into a corner. Again he appealed to them, tried threats, told them that his friends would hang them; but they laughed, Tonez bending over him with the candle.

"In a few minutes I light the blaze and take the candle away. . . . . You talk of Stepho's daughter. Remember she may love me some too."

"You Spanish devil!"

"The kind gentleman he come close. I'm Portuguese. But no matter. When Stepho come, we tell him what we do, and he pat us on the back and give us money. But the light would hurt the kind gentleman's eyes when he lie that way on his jaw. I will not stoop so low with the candle. . . . . Oh, what a fine pile they get! It will make the blaze beautiful. All ready, yes? I will touch it off."

Drace could not see him, but he heard the first crackle of the dried rushes, saw the flame dim the candle's light. Now he roared aloud, the men laughing, the mounting flame crackling louder. Tonez came back to him.

"We leave you now. You will not need this candle to light you to bed; so I blow it out, see? And I take it with me."

They hastened out, and he heard them laughing as they ran through the underbrush. With all his harnessed might he strove to break the paddle so that he might roll toward the door, but it was strong, and he broke only the tip of the blade. A louder crackling told him that the dry boards above were catching. Soon the roof would fall in; great sparks would fly upward, fall and hiss in the water.

Why should he lie there, seeing all this in his mind, he wondered. He had read that men approaching death sometimes speak foolish words, and here he lay, with his mind on trivial things. Soon he would writhe in a furnace. How all about him glared! He wondered how long it would be before a tongue of flame should lick him with its agony. . . . .

And then something touched his hand, something cold and swift. A knife cut the ropes that bound him; and in his great and sudden joy Drace almost lost his reason. But he did not cry out; no word was spoken. Just one look, and then he screened her from the flames as they fled through the door, out through the light, into the shadow of the trees. And then he spoke: "God bless you, Nadine!"

CHAPTER IX

HE had held her hand, leading her as they ran, but now in the shadow safe from danger, she withdrew it from him, and when he reached again to take it, she shook her head.

"No, it must not be. I told you to go quick, but you did not go quick enough. Then Tonez he see your boat, and with the others, he wait for you. I run around and I watch him, with the knife to stab him if he hurt my brave friend. Then in dim light I see them carry the boat, and I think they have killed you; and I steal along to stab, but then I know you are in the boat. All I do then was to watch till them go, and then I go in. It was not hard to do. No."

"You are an angel."

She laughed, shaking her head.

"Angels do not go into the fire. They do not belong there. . . . . Now I tell you. I show you the crooked way, through the woods and out to the river. The moon has come, and we can see. If you know the way, you are safe; but if you do not, you mire down and die in the ooze, and not in the flame. You would please follow me now."

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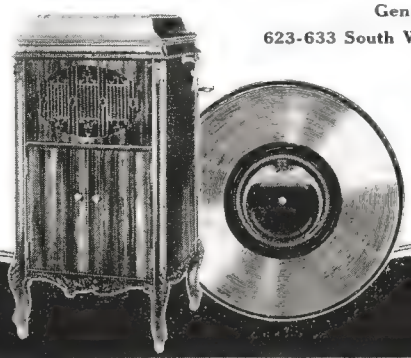

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

He followed her, hoping that she might be slow, to prolong the joy of his being with her, but she was agile, walking swiftly. Sometimes she would turn slightly about to warn him of a dangerous place, and once she smiled, the moon full in her face. "Tell me," he inquired then: "What has passed tonight, I hope, does not change what was set for Thursday."

The land was beginning to rise, and she was walking faster.

"Thursday you may come."

She halted in an open space and pointed toward the river.

"The bird, I hear him sing now. The magnolia trees are over there. And now it was again good night."

She gave him no chance to detain her, for in an instant she was running; and he stood looking till in the deep shade her form was lost.

OLD Stepho had not come home when the Creole girl reached the house in the swamp. She went to her room and lighted the lamp, revealing the gilt and plushed finery taken from the cabin of a steamboat. The walls were not papered, and the blue ends of stuccoed periwinkles gleamed out upon her. All was as neat as a fairy's abode. The bed was fleecy, and white as a noontime cloud, sun-sucked of its rain. There was but one window, vined and without glass. The carpet was of rushes, which she herself had deftly woven. Her mirror, framed with mother of pearl, was from the bride's apartment of a ship.

She sat down to think and to listen for old Stepho's footstep. He did not come; and undressing, she lay down, mused a long time, and slept. . . . . A knocking on the door, and Stepho's voice called her:

"The sun he was high, but the leetle gel she sleep."

Soon she came out, and he drew her to him and pressed his sandpaper cheek against the coil of her hair. Away from home he knew no rest, but here he sat relaxed in his rocking-chair; and she sang as she prepared the morning's meal.

Sometimes he would sit in a long period of silence; and none can be so oppressed with speechless pondering as the man who is at outs with the world. His had been a tempestuous life. If he had done acts of kindliness, no one would have believed a recital of them. A Spanish Creole woman, taken with a sort of wild fancy, had consented to be his wife, had striven hard to tame his wild nature and had failed.

He had built this quaint hermitage as a safe retreat, after his wife's death, when the air of the vagrant law threatened too much to scorch him; and though by nature and by habit he detested seclusion, yet often he was compelled to fix his residence here six months at a time.

They sat where the house threw its cool shade. Slowly he rocked in his big chair, looking up at the cane that hid his home.

"This air, he good. He come through salt marsh from the gulf, with not the malaria. You bloom always like the flower."

"But Father, when do we leave here? It must not be that we are here to live all the time."

"Ha! The little bird wish to leave the nest, to try her wings? That is the way of birds and women. Soon, I suppose, you will wish to marry some fine man and leave your old father."

"No—it is not that. I love you. . . . . But it is lonely here, and—"

"Mr. Boyce, he is a fine young man. If you marry him, you would not so much leave me. I see him often. He buy from me the mules and cattle which I bring down from the hills. Why you no wish to marry him?"

"But I do not love him."

"You would soon learn; he is a fine young man. I owe him much; and he know much about my business that he would keep quiet about if—if he was of the family. And he would take you often to the city and give you rich dresses and diamonds."

"My dresses they are fine enough. I have the diamond too. But you must know that I get lonesome here. I cannot play with the book all the time. . . . . You are going again to buy cattle in the hills, are you not?"

"I will buy them, yes."

"And you must on Thursday go to the hills?"

"Yes, on the Thursday, I will go."

He fell asleep, for he was tired; and when the sun came about, she drew his chair into the shade. He opened his eyes, patted her hand and slept again. She heard a slight sound, and looking, saw Tonez coming through the cane. Swiftly she advanced toward him, with hand upraised, cautioning him.

"You must make no noise. He is asleep."

"But I have come to tell him that the carpetbagger spy he gone to come back not again."

"Go away, and you can come back and tell him."

"No, I stay and talk to you."

Stepho's voice called out: "Tonez, come. I am here."

She did not wish to hear them talk. She looked at the Portuguese and mused as she walked away: "You do not know, you scorpion, how close you come to the stab. Your time will come, and I watch you."

On the island were two great live oaks, not far apart, and between them lay her theater. With creative fancy the one, with weariness of noise the other, youth and old age may make fruitful their solitude. Here Nadine had built a universe, peopling it with men, women and children from Paris, London, New York, and from her native town, lying crescent along the river. But now, out of life, there came one to dwarf the others, to thrill her, new to her art; and she trembled in exquisite fear, she who would have been cool and firm to stab the Portuguese.

CHAPTER X

IT was a long time before Drace found a boat to set him over to the opposite shore. It was so late when he reached the Bethpage place that he did not go up to his room. The house was so quiet, the hounds themselves asleep, that he stole into the garden to pass the remainder of the night on a couch in the summer-house. The air was heavy with roses breathing in through the lattice; and as he straightened out, grateful for repose, this thought came to him:

"Pale they call death, but to me it will ever be red. And I have looked into its red countenance, and was not afraid. I thank God that He gave me that strength. . . . . But what a melodrama!"

Day must be coming, for dark-haired night was bleaching her tresses. Plantation bells began to ring the rising hour for toil, and stabled mules blew loud their brazen trumpets, marshaling the negro roustabouts whose duty it was to feed them.

At the breakfast-table, Tycie, with mother tenderness, upbraided Drace for sleeping out for fear of arousing the house. Afterward Drace and the General strolled out under the trees.

"By the way," said the General presently, "I have an engagement to deliver an address before a teachers' meeting in Natchez, and I should much like to have you bear me company. We can leave this evening on the *Black Hawk* and reach there early in the morning."

"I'd like very much to go," answered Drace. "But can we get back before Thursday?"

"Easily by Wednesday morning. Anything importan. for Thursday?"

"Oh, no. An old fellow down at the ferry wants me to go fishing with him Thursday, and I gave him my word that I'd be on hand. Most remarkable old man, full of fun, quite a character."

"You must mean old Spence. But are you sure it is not that pretty daughter of his that attracts you? You'll have to be a little careful, my son. We may associate with men out of our social running, but not with women. . . . . Ah, Tycie! Mr. Drace has just consented to give me his company to Natchez."

THE *Black Hawk's* band played a welcome, and the captain came down the plank to conduct the General on board. From a quiet, lazy and almost deserted landing the place leaped into the full throb of life. Negroes and shiftless whites came from their hovels to gaze upon the magic splendor of this journeying palace, and the three-shell man stepped ashore to gather up dollars.

Dinner was a state occasion, and after it the ball. Then their staterooms—then morning, and Natchez.

The address was to be delivered in the afternoon, and when the time came, the General led him over to the hall to hear the speech, imprisoned him without bail in a corner, and there he had to sit. The address was long, academic and dull, and the sufferer mused:

"I don't see why Shottle ever called you a remarkable character."

Everybody came about the General to take his hand. Young women told him that they had never been so thrilled. Drace lied to him, too, swore him an orator.

"Let us walk off alone," said the General.

Slowly they walked at first, but after a time the old gentleman struck a brisker pace, toward the River.

"Now, my boy, as we've got through with those beaters of dust out of old

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Hot towels—
not needed

Finger rubbing—
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a third mistake

Lather that dries
a fourth mistake

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carpets, we'll have some fun. Old Colonel Pemberton wanted me to go home with him, and he has a delightful house, a gracious wife and handsome daughter, but I had to decline. I've stood about as much now as I can. We'll go down to old Tobe Mason's tavern, under the hill. Tobe is a gentle old fellow, never killed but three men. One of them shot Tobe's leg off, and now he wears a peg; and I want to tell you that when he unstraps it and hops around in a fight, he's right meddlesome. At a trial in the courthouse here not long ago, the judge issued an order that all deadly weapons must be left with the deputy sheriffs at the door—and sir, they made old Tobe take off his wooden leg."

THE tavern was as tough a place as river-men could make it. Built of logs, bricks, stones and clapboards, it looked like an architectural stagger, trying to climb the hill. In the main room was the bar. Herein Tobe gave his famous 'possom feasts and dances, when the spirit of liquor mounted high enough to swing its partner off the ground.

"Well, I'll be knocked in the head for a steer!" old Tobe cried out, stumping toward the General. "I haven't seed you since the River tuck fire. Well, well! Thinkin' about you the other day. . . . . Glad to shake your hand, Mr. Drace. Set right down."

"Tobe, I'm glad to see you," said the General. "And fetch us about two quarts of that summer-grape wine. Let me tell you about it, Drace. We have a wild grape here that gets ripe along in August. It's much larger and is not sour like the fox-grape, and its vine likes to climb about a sassafras sapling. And then you see an umbrella of grapes. Now don't say a word till you've had a good taste of it. Tobe makes it himself, and he'll fetch us some that's at least twenty-five years old. Here we are."

The wine was as red as blood, cool and yet warm. Its flavor was the ripened sweetness of the spirit of autumn. It was as mellow as the scent of the apple at harvest time.

"What do you think of it, hey?"

"Uncle Howard, are you sure that this was not made by Bacchus instead of Tobe?"

"Good, my boy! Enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, I'm doing fine, General. You see, I can't express myself as well as you can. I haven't as much to draw from. You've not only book-knowledge but experience, worth more socially than all the libraries in the world."

"You hit it off well. But what is better than it all? Moral freedom. This table here is rough, with one rheumatic leg slightly drawn; these chairs we sit in, bottomed with strips of hickory bark, would be scorned at a sheriff's sale; but sir, Mark Antony, in his first triumph, his chariot drawn by lions, was not more regal than we are this moment, enthroned and sceptered with moral freedom. Pour out, for as that same Antony said: 'Scant not my cups.' —Tobe, where's that old scoundrel that used to play 'The Arkansaw Traveler?'"

Tobe stumped his way over from the bar.

"You mean old Slithers?"

"That's the man. What's become of him?"

"Nothin'. And I reckon he's playin' right now down at Cadman's joint, that ought to be wiped off the earth. Want him?"

"Need him, Tobias. Send a nigger after him."

OLD SLITHERS, bald and winking, came with his homemade fiddle. The General greeted him warmly, introduced him to Drace; and the most comfortable chair in the house provided him, he sat down to play the famous old tune and to recite the dialogue, improvising where his memory failed him:

Traveler: Why don't you cut yo' ha'r?

Squatter: Cause it aint ripe yit.

Traveler: Why don't you mend your shoes?

Squatter: Cause I stole 'em an' you don't 'spect me to work on another man's property fur nothin', do you?

Traveler: How far is it to the next house?

Squatter: Thar aint no next house. Wind blowed it away.

Traveler: What's your name?

Squatter: Aint got none. Had chills last fall an' shuck it off.

The General roared his delight, said that he would go on the stand to swear against Sour Socrates in favor of the fiddler's dialogue. "Tobe," he shouted, "fetch in the buck-and-wing dancers."

Tobe went to the door, yelled as if calling hogs; and in came two big negroes, a throng of idlers following them. At it they went, shaking the house, and when weariness threatened to seize them, for refreshment they drew off, and leaping, butted their heads together like goats. After a time the General gave them a dollar apiece, dismissed them—gave the fiddler five with an order to play that old tune again. Old Tobe was now lighting his evening lamps. The General called him.

"Toby, what have you for supper?"

The old fellow closed one eye.

"'What have I got?' he says. Ah, that's it. An' I'll tell you. I've got hoe-cake and roasted doves."

"No, you don't mean it!"

"Hoe-cake and roasted doves, I said."

"Good, by Gideon's Band. Fetch us, Tobias. And mark you, along with it all bring about a trowel full of that wild-plum jelly. Hah, as old John said, 'Now comes in the sweet of the night,' or something like that. . . . . Wait a moment, Tobe. Got any bear-bacon?"

"'Bear-bacon?' says he. 'Have I? Got the middlin' of a bear I killed in a canebrake five years ago, hung up his sides and smoked 'em with green persimmon wood. 'Bear-bacon!' says he."

"All right; you broil strips of it and pin them to the breast of the doves. . . . . You are scanting your cups a little, my boy. I'm about ready for another quart."

THE doves and the strips of bacon and the hoe-cake and the jelly came on, and arising, the General saluted the repast.

"Talk about quail! Quail, sir, is insipid, white, dry and tasteless compared with the dark richness of the dove. And look at this bread, made of mealed pearl. You never tasted any bacon like that, my son, fed on acorns showered down from Olympus. . . . . The sweet of the night!"

They had finished the meal and were sitting back, smoking, sipping wine, when Drace noticed a sudden change in the General's countenance, a tightening, a grimness; and turning about, he saw standing against the wall a strange figure —a man not tall, but broad of shoulder, his body sloping lithely down to feet expressive of sinewy restlessness. His mass of hair was like tangled flax-straw, dark and yet gray. Like the bristles of a wild boar, his short mustache stuck out, and his heavy eyebrows looked like great hairy caterpillars crawling across his lower forehead. In his dress there was a wild touch, a barbaric aspect. Slowly he came forward.

"This is General Bethpage, heh?"

"That is my name, yes. What do you want with me?"

"Whut I want, heh? I come to 'pologize to think them mule be mine."

"Well, go on away. I don't want any apology from you."

"No? You put pistol at me. That was in Louisiana. This is Mississip'. An' I tell you here you haf turn' carpetbagger."

"What! If General Andrew Jackson should arise out of his grave and tell me that, do you know what I would say to him?"

"You would beg hees pardon as you will mine, heh?"

"I would say to him as I now say to you: You are an infamous liar."

Drace sprang between them and seized the man by the wrist; a dirk fell from his hand.

"Stand back, General," cried Drace. "There is not going to be a fight here. Stand back, Tobe!"

The dark-faced man looked Drace in the eye.

"Monsieur was ver' strong. But—I see him some other day."

Turning, the fellow made off.

"Now, who the devil was that?" asked Drace.

"That, my dear Drace," replied the General, "was the fellow you asked about the other day—Stepho la Vitte."

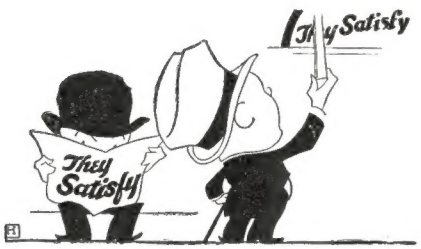
(The conclusion of this picturesque romance of the Mississippi will appear in the next the September issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.)

"UP IN THE AIR"

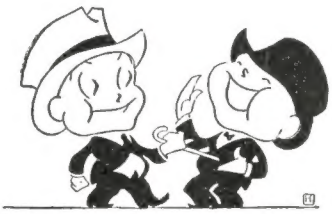
F. Britten Austin takes you there in a story of commercial aviation—the sort that is now in successful operation between England and the Continent—in his story that will appear in the next —the September—issue.

With acknowledgments to K. C. B.

"All right, Bill - You can stop reading 'em"



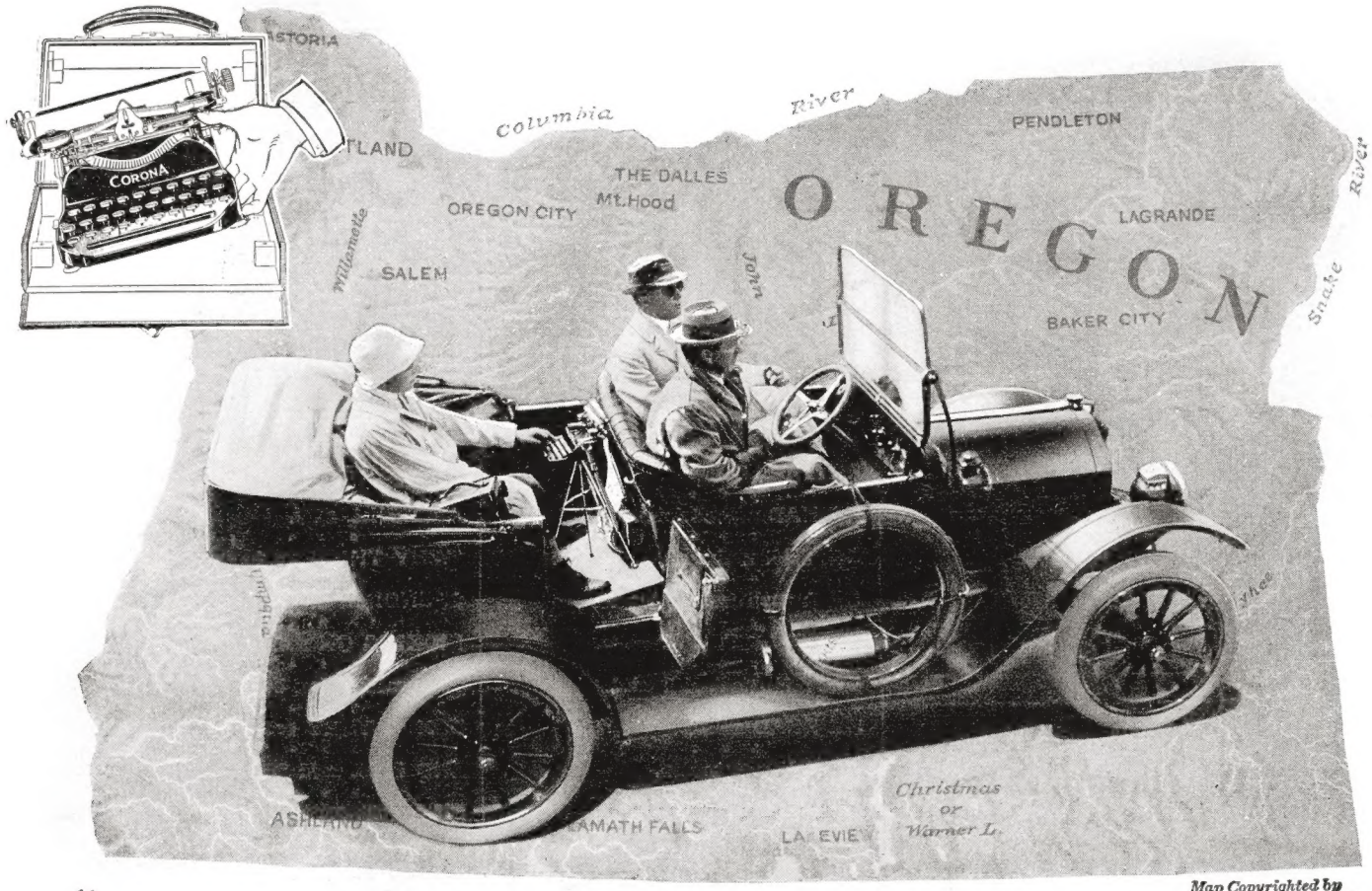
BILL TOLD me.
* * *
HE HAD a good joke.
* * *
ON THE maker.
* * *
OF A well-known brand.
* * *
OF CIGARETTES.
* * *
LAST NIGHT, Bill said.
* * *
HE READ an ad.
* * *
OF THIS cigarette.
* * *
IN A magazine.
* * *
IT SAID "They Satisfy."
* * *
AND THIS morning.
* * *
IN HIS newspaper.
* * *
HE READ "They Satisfy."
* * *
AND ON a billboard.
* * *
AND ON a card.
* * *
IN THE street-car.
* * *
AND IN the dealer's window.
* * *
AND ON the counter.
* * *
HE READ "They Satisfy."
* * *
AND HE bought a pack.
* * *
OF THESE cigarettes.
* * *
AND I asked him.
* * *
"WHERE'S THE joke, Bill?"
* * *
AND BILL said.
* * *
"WHY THE darn fools.
* * *
SPENDING THEIR money.
* * *
PICKING ON me."
* * *
SO I said, "You bought 'em.
* * *
DIDN'T THEY satisfy?"
* * *
AND BILL said "Sure.
* * *
BUT HERE'S the joke.
* * *
FOR OVER a year.
* * *
I'D ALREADY been smoking.
* * *
THAT BRAND."
* * *



WE admit it, the joke's on us. And over three million other smokers are "in on it" with Bill. But the real joke is on anybody who looks for "Satisfy" anywhere but in Chesterfields—for the Chesterfield blend *can't be copied.*

They Satisfy **Chesterfield**
CIGARETTES

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



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"—and they Coronatyped all over Oregon!"

IN 1917 Corona recorded a 1400 mile motor journey of E. T. Buzzelle, of Salem, Oregon, whose job was to make a property inventory for the Washington-Oregon Telephone Company. The trip was accomplished through all kinds of weather and over all sorts of roads, and Mr. Buzzelle kept on typing, often when the car made 30 miles an hour. Despite a coating of sand and dust, Corona finished in excellent condition.

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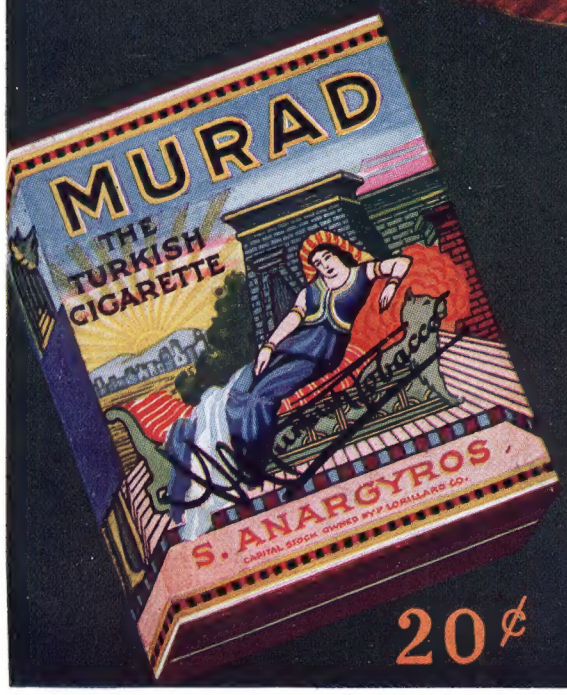

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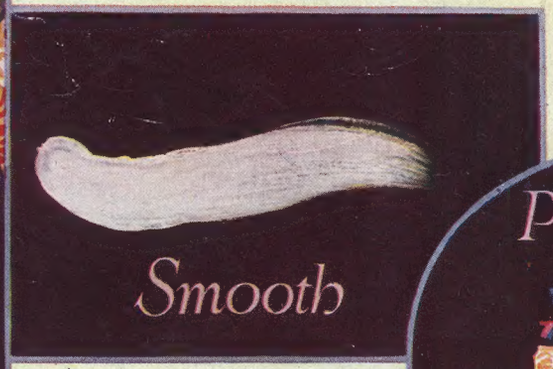
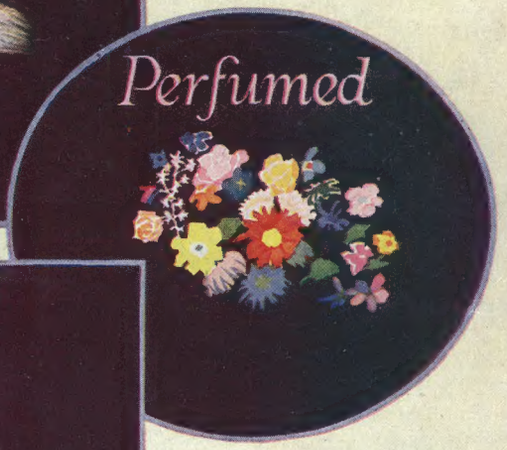
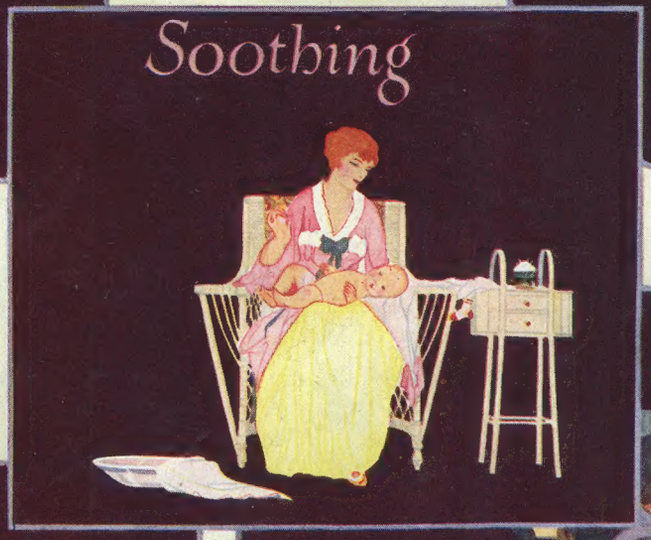
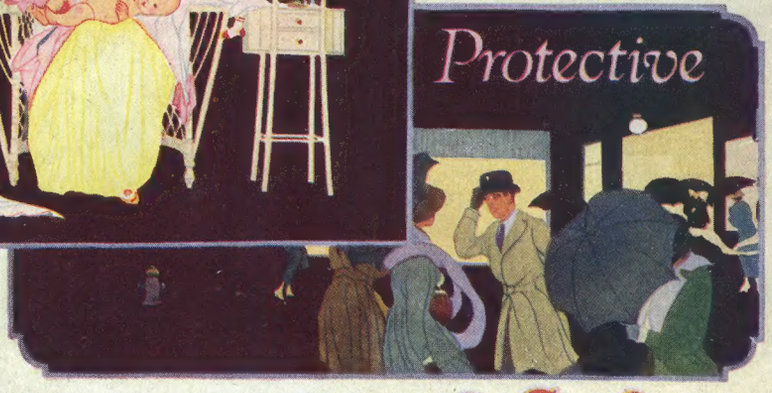
COLGATE'S
Talc Powder









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Colgate's Talc contains		10.54%	of boric acid*	
Talc No. 2	"	no	"	"
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Talc No. 4	"	1.12%	"	"
Talc No. 5	"	.40%	"	"
Talc No. 6	"	no	"	"

*Just the right amount.

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